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THE MODERN REVOLUTION.

Historical Inductions.

NEW FOLKLORE RESEARCHES—GREEK FOLK-PROSE.

'Thug e doibh sgeul air Rìgh na Gréige, agus mar a bha Nighean an Rìgh air a gleidheadh 'san Dùn, 's nach robh aon air bith gu AILLIDH, Nighean Rìgh na Gréige, fhaotainn ri phòsadh, ach aon a bheireadh a mach i le sàr ghaisge.'

SGEUL CHONUIL GHUILENICH.

AnF
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NEW FOLKLORE RESEARCHES.

GREEK FOLK POESY:

ANNOTATED TRANSLATIONS,
FROM THE WHOLE CYCLE OF ROMAIC
FOLK-VERSE AND FOLK-PROSE.

BY
LUCY M. J. GARNETT.

EDITED WITH ESSAYS ON
THE SCIENCE OF FOLKLORE,
GREEK FOLKSPEECH, AND THE SURVIVAL
OF PAGANISM,

BY
J. S. STUART-GLENNIE, M.A.

And he told them the Tale of the King of Greece, and how his Daughter was kept in the Dun, and that no one at all was to get BEAUTY, Daughter of the King of Greece, to marry, but one who could bring her out by great valour.—CAMPBELL: *West Highland Tales*, Vol. iii., p. 258.


VOL. II.—FOLK-PROSE.

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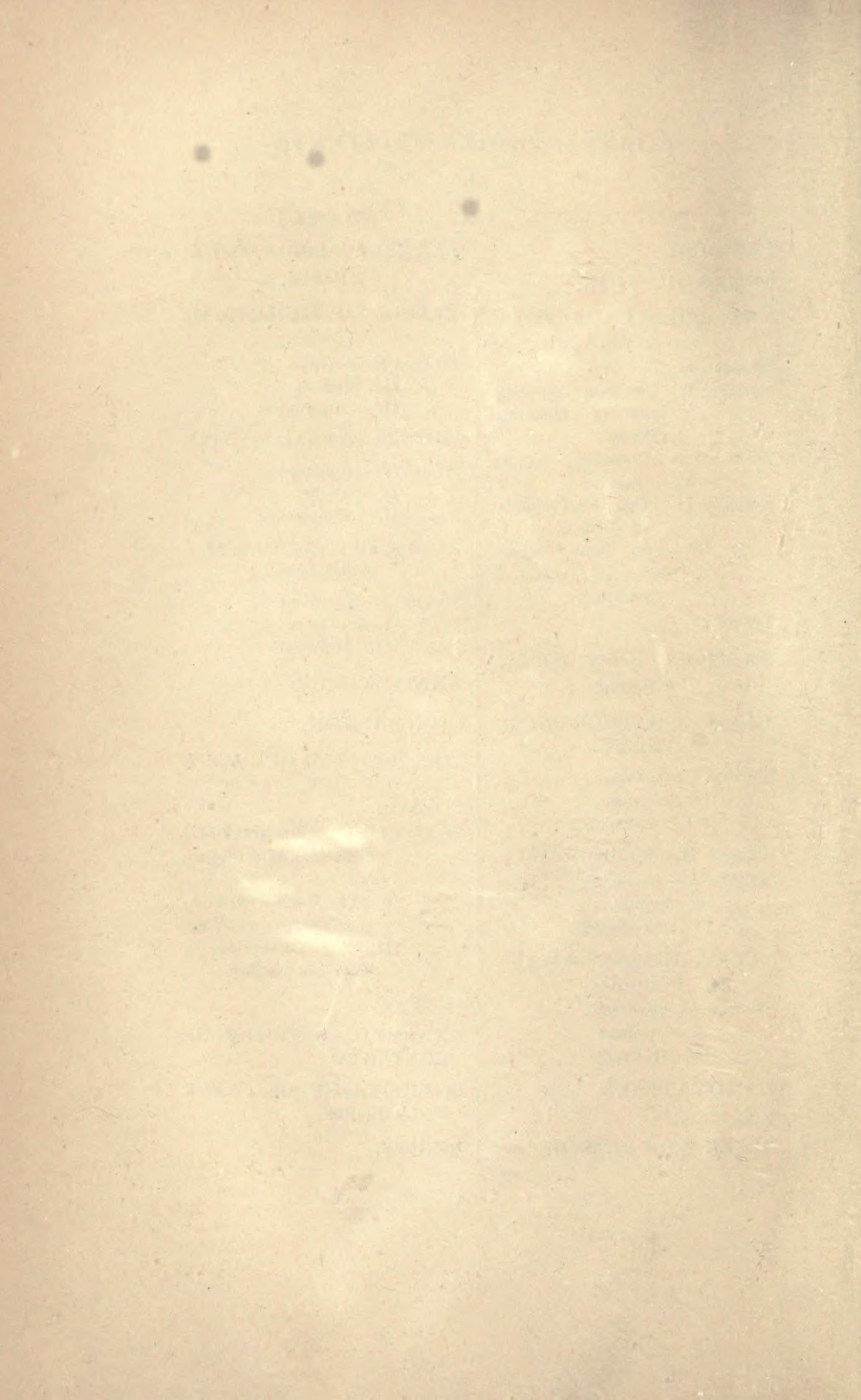
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TRANSLATIONS.

Märchen sind wunderliche Erzählungen, wie sie sich Mütter und Wärterinnen erdenken, um damit die Kinder zu unterhalten, und in denen Feen und Hexen, Riesen und Zwerge, Ungeheuer und sprechende Thiere ihren Spuk treiben.—VON HAHN.

La Thessalie possède encore ses enchanteresses si renommées dans l'antiquité. D'après nos paysans, elles peuvent à l'aide d'une baguette bâtir et détruire des palais, faire descendre et remonter les astres. . . . Ces nouvelles Cassandres prononcent quelques mots inintelligibles, jettent du sel, de la farine, des feuilles desséchées de laurier sur les charbons ardents, et ainsi que la fameuse magicienne de Théocrite, à la clarté lunaire . . . opèrent leurs enchantements.—SOUTZO.

FOLK - PROSE.





CLASS I.
MYTHOLOGICAL FOLK-TALES:
TALES ILLUSTRATIVE OF KOSMICAL IDEAS;
ZOÖNIST, MAGICAL, AND SUPERNALIST.

SECTION (I.)
TALES ILLUSTRATIVE OF ZOÖNIST IDEAS.

THE KING OF THE BIRDS.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 337.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours!^a

There was once upon a time a King, and he had three daughters. They were all three very beautiful. Word came to him to go on a campaign, and he did not know how he could leave his daughters alone.

‘Never mind, my father,’ said the three daughters; ‘go, and may you return successful.’

‘I must go, for I cannot do otherwise; but what do you wish me to bring for you?’

^a τῆς ἀφεντιᾶς (= αὐθεντεῖας) σας, literally ‘your authority.’

Said the eldest, 'I want you to bring me a pair of diamond earrings.'

Said the next, 'I want you to bring me a diamond necklace for my neck.'

Said he to the youngest daughter, 'And thou, what dost thou wish me to bring thee?'

'Let me think, *papatsi*, and I will tell you later.' She goes to her chamber, and says to her grandmother, 'Lalá mine, my father is going away; what shall I charge him to bring me?'

'Tell him, my child, to bring you the Melodious Napkin, and say that, if he forgets it, may his ship move neither backwards nor forwards.'

The Princess went to her father and said to him, 'Papa! bring me the Melodious Napkin—if you don't bring it, may your ship move neither backwards nor forwards!'

The father arose, embraced them, and kissed them, and went away. He came to the place, and fought and conquered. He bought the earrings for the eldest, the necklace for the second, and for the youngest a spray to wear in her hair. He went on board the ship to return to his kingdom, but neither forward, nor backward, would it move. '*Bré aman!*'^a They cast off, and set the sails, but the ship remained in the same spot. There was a merchant on board, and he said to the King,

'My longlived King, perhaps someone has given you a commission, and you have forgotten it.'

'I don't remember, how do I know? I don't remember being told anything.'

Said he, 'But try and recollect, my King, if someone in your house did not happen to give you a charge, and you have not fulfilled it?'

^a Μπρὲ = I say. *Aman*, a Turkish expression of dismay.

‘*Bré!*’ said he, ‘now I remember! My youngest daughter asked me to bring her the Melodious Napkin, and said that if I didn’t bring it, might my ship move neither backwards nor forwards.’

Then said the merchant, ‘If you like, my King, I will go and buy it for you.’

The King gave him money; the merchant got into a boat, and went and bought it, and brought it. As soon as the Melodious Napkin was on board—*pi-i-i*—the ship flew like a bird. The King came to his own country. His eldest daughter went up to him, and he gave her the diamond earrings; the second one went and kissed his hand, and he gave her the diamond necklace; the youngest went and kissed his hand, and he gave her a diamond spray and the Melodious Napkin. She embraced her father, kissed him, and thanked him, and took it to her chamber. Then she called her grandmother and said to her,

‘My father has brought me the Melodious Napkin, what shall I do with it?’

In the Princess’s chamber there was a high window. The grandmother placed a table, and on the table a chair, and she climbed up and broke with a key all the glass of the window and took out the pieces one by one; then she fastened red velvet all round the window, and in the middle she set a golden basin. Afterwards she put rose-water in the basin, and said to the Princess,

‘When you wish him to come who is Prince of the Birds, the Snakes, the Insects, and the rest—and he is an Eagle, this Prince—dip the Melodious Napkin in the basin and hang it to dry; and afterwards when he is come into your room and flaps his wings, he will become a Prince; but don’t be frightened, for he will be your husband.’¹ And her grandmother left her.

The Princess changed her dress, and tidied herself, and then dipped the Napkin in the basin, and spread it out to dry. She heard a noise, and then saw an Eagle come in at the window, and he flapped his wings and became a handsome Prince.

He said, 'What do you want, as you called me?'^a

And the Princess answered, 'I did not know that you would come, it was my grandmother who told me to spread out the Napkin.'

Then the Prince looked at her, and liked her very much, and he said to her, 'I am the Prince of all the Birds and the Creeping Things, and if you will, take me for your husband.'

Then said the Princess, 'I love thee and desire thee, but I have two sisters, and I must wait till they are married, and then we will wed.'^b

Then every day she dipped the Napkin in the rose-water in the basin, and spread it out, and the Prince came, and they amused themselves. So much love was there between them that they could not do without each other. The Princess finally forgot that she had any sisters, and was always hanging out the Napkin for the Prince to come. The sisters began to wonder greatly. One said to the other,

'*Kalé!* can you tell me what has become of our sister? Since our father brought her the Melodious Napkin she has disappeared from the sight of the world.'

'I wonder,' said the eldest. 'I will go and pay her a visit.'

'I'll come too,' said the other. 'I will engage her in

^a The Napkin seems to have emitted a sound audible to the Eagle.

^b According to Greek custom an elder sister must be married before a younger.

talk, and do you go into her chamber and see what is going on, why we don't see her.'

So they went to see their sister. The one began to speak to her, and talked of one thing and another; the other went into the chamber, as if to look at herself in the mirror. She looks on this side and on that, but sees nothing. Only she did—*so*! and lifted her head high and saw the window with the velvet and with the golden basin. And then she understood that someone came in that way. She said nothing, but went out again to where the others were, and both reproached their youngest sister because she did not love them, as she never went to see them.

Said the youngest, '*Äi!* I have some work, I am embroidering something; you must excuse me, and I will come another time.'

Then said her middle sister, 'We have come to invite you to go with us to-morrow on an excursion; if you like, come with us, and we will enjoy ourselves.'

'I will come,' said the youngest, for she could not do otherwise.

They rose in the morning and all got ready. Then said the eldest sister to the second, 'Won't you tell me what you saw there? What does our sister do that she doesn't come here?'

'What shall I tell you? I saw her high window, the glass was taken out, and in front was placed a golden basin. Who comes in there and washes I know not. But now as we are going into the country, I will say that I have forgotten my keys in my cupboard, and I will turn back and go into my sister's room, and put glass all round the high window.'

They sent word to their sister that all was ready, and to come and set off on their excursion. When they

were arrived in the country, and were sitting down, the second sister said,

‘*Po ! Po !* what have I done ! I have left the keys of the cupboard in the lock, and now what shall I do, for I have a lot of things of my father’s in it ? Do you stay here, and I will soon be back.’

She mounted her horse, and galloped back to the palace. She went straight to her sister’s chamber, she broke up the glass which she had carried in her snuff-box,^a and nailed it all round the window, where the velvet was. She came down and returned to her sisters. They sat and ate, and drank, and sang ; then they arose and came back to the palace, and went each one to her chamber.

The youngest Princess went to her room. She wetted her Napkin, and hung it out for the Eagle to come. The Eagle came, tried to enter, drew back, again rushed forward, drew back once more, and the third time he flew away. The Princess could not think what was the matter. She placed the table, and climbed up to the window. What did she see ? The basin full of blood ! She put her hand on the velvet, and touched only glass. Then she understood.

‘*Ach !* what have my sisters done to me ?’ she cried. She called her grandmother, and said to her, ‘*Lalá* mine, what has befallen me ? This and that, and they have wounded the Prince !’

Then said her grandmother, ‘Thou must arise, if thou canst, and go and find out where his palace is.’

She begged her grandmother to get her a Nun’s dress, and she would become a Nun. She put on the Nun’s dress, tied up her hair, and covered it with a

^a Snuff-boxes in the East are elegant nicknacks, rather than receptacles for snuff.

cowl, so that it might not be seen that she was young and beautiful. She tied a rope round her waist, took a crutched stick in her hand, took to the road, and went, and went, and went. She grew weary. As she felt sad and pensive, she sat down in a hollow tree. From thence she saw at a distance a maimed snake coming towards her. She hid herself in the hollow, where there was a nest. Said her children, the little snakes,

‘Where have you been, mother, for we are dying of hunger to-day?’

‘Where have I been, my children? I have been on the tiles of the palace, and I heard the lamentation and the wailing which is going on in the palace, because our King loved a wicked *skyla*, and she has wounded him.’

‘*Ach!* little mother!’ said one of the children, ‘if they knew, they would kill one of us, and take out our fat, and anoint him with it in the bath, and he would become like a wounded snake.’

‘Hush, my child, or someone will hear, and kill thee,’ said his mother. ‘But now, stay in the nest, and I will go on the tiles, and see what is happening in the palace.’

When the snake-mother had gone away, the Nun lost no time, but at once killed a little snake with her crutch, skinned it, took out its fat, put it in her snuff-box, covered it up with some cotton-wool, and arose and left. She went further, and saw a pigeon come flying along and hide in a tree.

‘*Tsiou, tsiou!*’ said her little ones. ‘Where have you been, little mother, so long, and we dying of hunger?’

‘Where have I been, my children? I have been over at our King’s palace, and heard the lamentation and wailing which rent my heart in pieces, because our

King is dying ; he loved an accursed one, and she loves him not, but has set people to stab him.'

'*Ach!* little mother, if they knew, and killed one of us, and anointed him with our fat in the bath, he would become a pigeon, and spread his wings.'

'Hush! never you mind,' said his mother; 'go inside, or someone will hear and kill thee, my child.' And the pigeon flew away.

When the pigeon was gone, she [the Nun] took her crutch, killed a pigeon and took out its fat. She put it in cotton-wool, and placed it in her snuff-box, and went on her way. She went on, and on, and on, and there she saw an eagle coming at a distance and she disappeared into a leafy little tree.

'Where have you been, little mother mine?' said the young eagles, 'to leave us to die of hunger?'

'*Äi!* are you hungry when our King is dying?'

'What ails our King?'

'He loved a faithless one, and she has wounded him.'

'*Ach*, little mother! if they knew, and would kill one of us and take our fat, and anoint him with our fat in the bath, he would become an eagle and fly!'

'Hush, my child, for fear someone might hear and kill thee,' said the mother; and she flew off hastily to see how the King was.

When the eagle was gone, the Nun lost no time, but killed one of the young eagles with her crutch, skinned it, took out its fat, put it in cotton, put it too in her snuff-box, and took the road which led to the palace. When she came near, she began to call out,

'A physician and physic for the wounded, for sores, and every other pain!'

Up in the palace they were all weeping, because they

[the physicians] had given the King up. Then a servant heard her calling, 'A physician! Physic!' and said to the King's mother,

'My Queen! shall we call in that Nun, and see if she knows of anything for the King?'

'*Ach*, dear thing, the royal physicians have given him up, and what should she know?'

'*Ai!* who knows, my Queen? sometimes one finds one's health from small things.'

They called her, and she came upstairs. When she saw the King lying speechless and insensible on his bed, she nearly lost her wits; but she restrained herself.

Said she, 'What do the doctors say about the King?'

'They say there is no hope.'

'Put your trust in me, and I will make him well,' said the Nun.

'Since the doctors have given him up, we leave him with thee; do as God shall enlighten thee.'

Then she bade them heat the bath, and when it was warm to put the Prince in it; and when she had bathed him well, she rubbed him with a delicious soap-jelly, and then took the snake's fat and anointed the King's hands and all his body with it, wrapped him carefully in a thick sheet, told them to carry him up to his bed, and sat by his side, and watched him all night. Sleep took him who for so many days and nights had not slept.

Then said the King's mother, '*Ach!* doctress dear, if my son gets well, I will be thy slave.'

The Prince slept all night, and in the morning he awoke and opened his eyes and saw his mother and the Nun by his side.

'How art thou, my son?' said his mother.

'Well, little mother, I feel like a maimed serpent—I want to get up and crawl.'

Again the Nun told them to heat the bath. They heated the bath, the Nun took him and put him in, and again she washed him well with much soap and rubbed over him the pigeon's fat. She wrapped him in a linen sheet, and put him to bed again. He slept all night, and when he awoke in the morning his mother said to him :

‘How art thou, my son?’

‘Like a pigeon, mother mine. I want to fly!’

They gave him food, and once more the Nun told them to heat the bath. They took him again, and put him in the bath. She washed him well and rubbed him with the eagle's fat. She then wrapped him in a linen sheet, put him to bed, and he slept. In the morning, when he awoke, the Queen again said to him,

‘How art thou, my son?’

‘How am I? An Eagle! I want to fly too! Thou’—he turned and said to the Nun—‘thou art my saviour who has cured me; what favour shall I do thee?’

‘I want nothing. I heal people for pleasure, for I have blessing and curse from my mother.¹ One favour only thou mayest do me. If thou hast anyone to hang or to slay, and he says to thee, “Long life to the doctress who healed thee and to the bloody shirt, and harm me not!” then thou must give him his life.’

The Prince hesitated a little, for he had intended when he got up to go and kill the Princess. But then he thought to himself, ‘How should she ever know of my oath and say this to me?’

So he swore to her that he would do as she had said.

‘And yet another [favour],’ said she. ‘Give me the bloody shirt and thy ring.’

The Prince gave them to her. The Queen embraced

her, and kissed her, and thanked her, and she arose and went away.

When she came home to the palace, she cleared the window, took out the glass, fastened velvet all round, put rose-water in the basin, dressed herself very beautifully, put the Prince's ring on her finger, dipped the Melodious Napkin in the rose-water and spread it out. But she saw the Eagle coming in great anger with his sword in his hand, and he said,

‘Art thou not yet satisfied, but callest me to kill me?’

As he raised his sword to slay her she said, ‘Long life to the doctress who healed thee, and to the bloody shirt, and don't harm me!’

‘*Ach, skýla!*’ he cried, ‘and hast thou learnt that too?’

Then she told him that she had been the Nun who had healed him; she showed him also the ring, and said that it was her sisters who had caused him that misfortune, and that she could never have done it. So he took her and went to her father, and asked if he might have her for his wife. And her father rejoiced at his daughter's good fortune, and they had music, and drums, and great rejoicings. The wedding was held, and everyone rejoiced, and her sisters burst.^a And he became a golden Eagle, and he took hold of her with his claws and carried her away to his mother, and there were more amusements and rejoicings and feastings. And they lived happily. And we more happily still!

^a A common Greek invective is ‘*Nà σκάζης*—May'st thou burst!’ This expression occurs frequently in folk-song and story.

THRICE-NOBLE, OR THE THREE CITRONS.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 158.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours !

Once upon a time there was a Queen and a King, and they had no son. They prayed to God to give them a child, and vowed that, if a child should be born to them, a fountain should run three days with oil, three days with honey, and three days with butter, that everybody might go and take. It was a lucky hour, and God heard their wish, and the Queen became with child. Joy or grief, you may imagine which ! and at the end of nine months the Queen was delivered, and bore a male child. The boy grew up, and became a delight ; but they forgot to fulfil their vow. And one night the Queen saw in her sleep a Woman who came and said to her,

‘I gave thee the child, but thou hast forgotten to keep thy vow. Knowest thou not that I can take again the child I gave thee ?’

The Queen arose in terror and said to her husband,

‘*Po-po !* what a risk we have run ! We forgot to perform that which we vowed to God—that a fountain should run three days with oil, three days with honey, and three days with butter !’

The King immediately gave orders for the fountain to be made in the courtyard of the palace, and told his people to carry to it honey, oil, and butter to put in the fountain that it might run, and everybody come and take and bless the Prince. When three days had

passed, and all the people had helped themselves, and the fountain had ceased to flow, an Old Woman, very old, heard of it, and she went, too, to get what butter she could. She gathered it up with her fingers and put it in her pot. The Prince up at the window saw her, and laughed. When she had filled her pot, he threw a stone and broke it, and spilt it all. Then she looked up and saw the Prince.

‘*Ach*, my Prince, what hast thou done to me? My heart fails me to curse thee,’ she said to him, ‘I will only say—*may’st thou not escape from the hands of Thrice-Noble.*’

When she had thus said, the Old Woman went away, and was seen no more. Then the Prince pondered as to who Thrice-Noble could be. One day he said to his mother,

‘I am going, mother, to inquire and learn who is **this** Thrice-Noble.’

‘*Bré!* my boy! my good boy! my bad boy!’

So his mother strove to dissuade him, but in **vain**. When his parents saw how determined their son was, they let him go. He dressed himself, took money with him, his sword and his cloak, and set out, and went, and went, into the wilderness, asking here, and asking there where Thrice-Noble lived, but could learn nothing. As he journeyed in the wilderness, he saw a wide, high gateway and went through it in hopes of learning something. He saw a Lamia swinging among the almond leaves. He said to her,

‘Good-day, mistress!’

‘Welcome, my boy! Hadst thou not said “Good-day” to me, I would have eaten thee!’

‘And if *you* had not said “Welcome, my boy!” I would have killed you with my sword!’

‘What wantest thou here, and what seekest thou in this wild spot?’ asked the Lamia.

‘What shall I tell you?—An Old Woman laid me under a curse, and said—“*May you not escape from the hands of Thrice-Noble,*” and since then I have been very uneasy and could not stay in the palace. So I beg you to tell me, if you know, what is this Thrice-Noble, and where does she live?’

‘What shall I tell thee, my boy? I know nothing about it. Take that road to the right, and thou wilt come to another big gateway like mine, which thou wilt enter. My sister lives there, and thou must say to her, “Good-day,” and ask if perchance she knows; and if she does, she will tell thee, for she is good-natured. Take, too, this silver comb, and tell her, with greetings, that I sent thee.’

He thanked her, and arose, and left, and took the road she showed him. He goes, and goes, and sees from afar a door. He pushes it and goes in, and sees a Lamia swinging among the walnut leaves. He says to her,

‘Good-day, mother!’

‘Welcome, my boy! Hadst thou not said “Good-day!” I should have eaten thee!’

‘And I, if *you* had not said “Welcome, my boy!” should have killed you with my sword!’

‘What dost thou want, and who sent thee, and whence comest thou?’

‘Your sister sent me, and here is the comb, with her compliments. And tell me, I beg you, if you know, where Thrice-Noble lives, that I may go and find her.’

‘What shall I say, my boy?—Thou seekest a hard thing. I know nothing about it. But arise and go to my other sister who lives among those rocks over

yonder. Thou wilt see a hill smoking, and an old tumbledown gate; push it open and go in; she will be wiping out the oven with her breasts. Say no word to her, but cut off a piece from thy clothes, wipe out the oven, put in her loaves, and afterwards, when they are baked, take them out. She will say, "What return shall I make for the service thou hast done me?" Then thou must say, "[I bring] greetings from thy sisters," and give her this iron comb and ask, "Where is the house of Thrice-Noble?"

The Prince thanked her too, and arose, and went away. He took the road, and saw a hill smoking; he approached, and saw an iron door. Then he went in and saw a tall wild-looking Lamia, with hair standing on end, and she was wiping out the oven with her breasts. When the youth saw her, he was afraid, but kept silence. He lost no time, cut off a piece of his cloak, dipped it in water and wiped out the oven for her with a stick. He took the loaves and quickly put them in; they were baked; he took them out, and placed them in a row. Then said the Lamia to him,

'What return shall I make thee for the favour thou hast done me?'

'Your sisters have sent me. Here is this iron comb. Their compliments, and will you tell me where is the house of Thrice-Noble?'

'O, my boy, I pity thy youth! At the house of Thrice-Noble there are Nereids. It is a great palace, and in the middle of the courtyard is a Citron-tree; on it are three Citrons, and in the Citrons are the Queens of the Nereids, three sisters. For the outer door of the palace I give thee some water which thou must sprinkle on it and it will open. But at the root of the Citron-tree are fastened two exceedingly fierce lions.⁴ Thou

must take care to have four carcasses. Before thou climbest the Citron-tree throw two of them as far away as thy hands can throw, that the lions may run and eat them and let thee alone; then climb up the tree and pluck the Citrons. When thou hast plucked them, hold them safely in thy robe,^a and then throw the other two carcasses for the lions to eat while you get down, that they may not meddle with thee, and I will see to the Nereids and bind them. But be careful when thou hast plucked the Citrons to cut them open in plenty of water, or they [the Queens] will come out dead.'

So he did all that the Lamia told him; he took four carcasses and followed the road she pointed out. He went on; he threw the water on the door; the door opened; he went in, and saw the Citron-tree. But when he was within, and the lions saw him, they began to roar. He threw one carcass as far as he could, and the other the same, and the lions rushed to eat them; and so he climbed up the tree. He drew his sword, cut the three Citrons, tied them up securely in his robe, threw the other two carcasses to the lions, came down, and made off. On the road as he went, he said,

'Perhaps there is nothing in the Citrons, and she has cheated me.'

He broke open one of the Citrons and saw inside a beautiful maiden, and she cried 'Water! Water!' and died, because he had no water to throw her into. Then he began to weep. He wept and wept, and then buried her, took up the other two Citrons, and went on. As he went and went, he saw a little stream of water.

'Shall I cut the other and see if there is anything inside?' he said.

^a Literally 'apron'—the front of the long loose garment formerly worn by all nationalities in the East.

Then he put it in the stream and cut it too, and there leaped out a lovely maiden. She cried 'Water! Water!' and died, because there was not enough water to throw her in. Again he wept much, and then dug a grave and buried her too; and he arose and went towards the palace, and said,

'Unless I find a great deal of water, I will not cut open the other Citron.'

Then he came to a great cistern full of water.

'Here,' said he, 'I will cut the other Citron, and see if there is anything inside or not.'

Then he put it into the water and broke it. Immediately there leaped out a beautiful maiden, more lovely than the others, and she swam about in the water, and cried,

'How came I here? Where are my sisters?'

'I brought no other Citron,' he said. 'I brought one only, the others I left on the tree. I am a Prince, and my Fate destined me to marry you, and you shall be a Queen.'

He wrapped her in his cloak, took her up, and carried her towards the city. There was a well there, and close to the well grew a great cypress with large branches. He placed her on the cypress, hid her among the branches, and said,

'Stay here; don't feel at all dull; and I will go to the palace and bring you beautiful royal robes to wear, and a coach to ride in, as befits a Queen.'

So he climbed with her up into the tree, put her among the branches to sit, and told her not to be the least bit uneasy, for he would soon return. He set off and came to the palace. When his parents saw him they made great rejoicings, for they thought they had lost him. He told them that he had brought Thrice-

Noble, and bade them get ready dresses and carriages to bring her to the palace.

While these were being got ready, Thrice-Noble sat up in the tree. To the well below went a Negress to fill her pitcher with a bucket. When she saw Thrice-Noble's face reflected in the water, she drew up the bucket and said,

'*Bá!* Am I so beautiful? I shall do no more work now I know that I am so beautiful!'

She began to dance round and round the well, crying, 'So fair am I, and I knew it not! So fair am I, and I knew it not!'⁵

But Thrice-Noble saw all this, and burst out laughing up in the cypress. The Negress looked up, and saw Thrice-Noble.

'Ah! it is thou up there, who mockest me!' she said. 'Come down at once!'

Said she, 'Let me alone, I cannot come down, because the Prince has put me up here, and is coming to take me to the palace.'

Then said the Negress, 'I don't care about that; whether you will or not, I will pull you down!'

So she climbs up into the cypress, seizes her, and throws her into the well; and the Negress undresses and wraps herself in the cloak like Thrice-Noble, and sits up in the cypress. In a little while there came the King, the Queen, the Prince, and all the relations. The Prince climbs up, and what does he see?—a black Crow.

'How did you become like this?' he asks.

'*Ná!* from my grief,' she said, 'that thou wert so long in coming, and I thought thou hadst abandoned me here! But what matter?—I shall grow white again.'

'Certainly, it is enough that thou love me and desire me.'

Then the Prince was ashamed to show her to his parents, and he covered her up and put her in a carriage and went to the palace, and hid her in a chamber, and ordered his food to be brought upstairs to him to eat with her, and paid her great attentions in order that she might grow white. But how could she grow white? And the Prince fell into great melancholy, and said,

‘Have I hazarded my life and run such risks for a Negress? What shall I do if she does not grow white?’

To the well into which Thrice-Noble had been thrown went a maiden for water, and into her bucket leaped a golden Eel.

‘*Bá!* what a pretty Eel! I will take it to the King who is sad, and perhaps his sadness will pass away when he amuses himself with this, for the Prince since he came back with his wife is very low-spirited.’

So she took the Eel as it was in the bucket, and carried it to the King, and left her pitcher at the well. When she came to the palace, she asked to see the Prince wherever he was. She had covered over the bucket and the Eel was not visible. They told the Prince that a maiden wanted to see him. Said the Prince,

‘Very well, let her come in.’

When the girl came in, she said, ‘My longlived King, I found this Eel in the well there; and I have brought it to you because it is so beautiful that it may amuse you.’

Then the Eel, when it saw the Prince, began to leap and dance. It played many tricks, and began to nibble his hand. The Prince thanked the girl very much, and took a handful of sequins out of his pocket and gave

them to her, and she went away. When she had taken them, the Prince remained all day shut up in his room; he petted the Eel, threw it sugar, and gave orders for his meals to be brought to him there, so that he might look at the Eel, so much did he love it. The Negress did not see him at all, and she sent word to him to go and see her. The Prince went upstairs to see what she wanted; she threw herself on his neck and embraced him, and wept, and said that he was very unkind, and now just as she was beginning to grow white, she had become black again, because she had heard that he was in love with an Eel. Then the Prince said,

‘I did not come because I did not wish to disturb you. Do you become white, and you will see what love I shall have for you. How should I love an Eel, as if it were a human being? I am only waiting for you to become white to hold our wedding.’

With such words he quieted her; but every day there were fresh grumblings:

‘Kill the Eel for me to eat, and then I shall become white; if you will not, take me back to where you found me.’

What could the Prince do, with the depths before him and the torrents behind? He decided to kill the Eel for her to eat, but he did it with the heart-ache. He ordered it to be killed, and cooked, and served for them to eat. As they ate it, all the bones that fell to her share she threw into the fire; but he threw his into the garden. They ate well, and the next day the Prince felt sad, and went into his chamber and wept. As he sat and wept, the gardener went to him and said,

‘My King, my longlived one, will you come down

into the garden and see a marvel? A Lemon-tree has grown up during the night, covered with lemons and yet covered with blossoms. Will you come and see it, and tell me what wonder is this?’

The Prince went down to see the Lemon-tree. It immediately raised its branches and threw its blossoms all over him. Then the Prince called for a seat, and sat down under the tree, and did not move thence, so delighted with it was he. The Negress asked where the Prince was. They told her thus and thus—‘There is a Lemon-tree covered with lemons and blossoms, and the King is fond of it, and sits beneath it.’ Our good Negress loses no time; she goes down into the garden; but, as she approached the Prince, the Lemon-tree threw itself upon her with its thorns and scratched her face and her hands, and made her a pitiable sight. Cries and I don’t know what from the Negress.

‘Root up the Lemon-tree, and then I shall become white!—for I was nearly white when this happened to me from the Lemon-tree, and now I have blackened and become like a Negress—or I will go away and bring the Nereids and they will turn your palace upside down.’

‘*Bré!* my good woman,’ said the Prince, ‘what harm has the Lemon-tree done thee? It is good; don’t go near it, that is all.’

[He spoke] in vain. Said she, ‘I will either root it up, or something dreadful shall happen.’

Then the Prince went out of the garden and said to her, ‘Do what you will, I shall not meddle.’

When the Prince was gone, she lost no time, but set the gardener to root up the Lemon-tree, cut the branches in small pieces, and throw them out on the

road so that people might take and burn them. The stump remained; that they threw in front of the fountain. An old man came to draw water. Said he:

‘Won’t you give me this stump that I may light a fire in my house?’

She flies to the window.

‘Take it!’ she said, ‘take it and go!’

The old man took it and went home. He took up his axe to chop it. Hardly had he struck it when he heard a voice from inside the wood:

‘Strike above, and strike below,
In the middle strike no blow;
It can feel, for ’tis a maid,
And thy blows make sore her head.’

When the old man heard this, he gave a jump, and went into his house in a fright. His son comes to him and says,

‘Good day, Father!’

He made no reply, but trembled.

‘What ails you, Father, that you tremble?’

‘What ails me?’ he replied. ‘I went to the palace—where I wish I had not gone—for water, and found a stump and begged it; and it is alive and talks!’

‘*Bá!* How can it talk? Can wood talk? You are not going crazy, Father?’

‘*Ná,* go near it, and take the axe and strike it gently, gently, and you will see that it will talk.’

Then his son went and took the axe, and struck the stump gently, and he heard it say,

‘Strike above, and strike below,
In the middle strike no blow;
It can feel, for ’tis a maid,
And thy blows make sore her head.’

Then the youth struck as she told him, and saw a beautiful maiden leap out from within, who said to him,

‘Don’t be frightened, you are making your fortune with me; only give me clothes to cover me, for I am naked, and buy a white kerchief and silk and gold [thread] that I may embroider a kerchief for you to take to the King, and he will give you many sequins.’

The youth went and bought a beautiful white kerchief, and gold and silk thread, and brought them to her. She sat and embroidered on the kerchief all her history, how she had become an Eel, how she had become a Lemon-tree, and now that she was to be found in that house, and that he must come and fetch her. She folded the kerchief neatly and gave it to the youth to take and give it into the hand of the Prince, and come back and give her his answer. Then he went with the gold [embroidered] kerchief to the palace and asked,

‘Where is the Prince? I want to see him.’

They showed him, and he went. He said to him,

‘My Prince, my longlived one, I have a kerchief to give you.’

The Prince took it; he opened it. What did he see? Letters! He read all the story of Thrice-Noble!

‘And where is now she who gave thee this kerchief?’

‘At my house.’

He arose, lost no time, gave the youth a handful of sequins, and said to him,

‘Come with me, and let us go!’

Then the Prince took the youth, and went to his house, and saw Thrice-Noble. Rejoicings and tears; now they laughed, and now they wept.

Said she, ‘Let us have no more of this, but bring me clothes and a carriage, and let us go to the palace.’

Said he, ‘I will send you dresses and a carriage, but

remain here until I drive out that Negress, and then I will come and fetch you.'

The Prince returned immediately to the palace and went up straight to the Negress and began to pace up and down the room. Said the Negress to him,

'Are you again offended? What ails you again? Alas! No sooner do I begin to whiten a little than again you get angry! Now offended, now one thing, now another; and I see you, and become blacker than ever!'

'Never mind, for I shall now leave you in peace. But I have still justice to do, and I came to consider and see what punishment I shall give to that man.'

'Tell me about it, and I will tell you, for my papa was a King over the Nereids, and I shall know what you should do.'

'There was a couple of lovers,' said the Prince, 'and he planned with another to separate them. What punishment, therefore, shall I now give that man?—what ought he to suffer?'

'And my papa had once such a case. And we had four wild mules, and we tied his two hands to two of the mules and his two feet to the other two, and whipped the four mules, and each mule took his own road, taking a piece with him.'

'Then prepare,' said he, 'to receive thy punishment!'

'What sayest thou? Am I for ever to be frightened? You will make me blacken again, and I shall die of grief!'

'As to that, the game is played out; only I shall not bind thee to the mules, but strangle thee.'

And so he came out of the palace, and gave orders that they should strangle her and throw her in the river.

And then he took a splendid gilt coach, and went to the poor man's house, and took away Thrice-Noble when he had given them much money and made them rich. And her he took to the palace, and the next day he ordered the ceremonies to begin because he was going to celebrate his wedding. And then, music and drums and great rejoicings. He took her for his wife, and they lived happily. And we more happily still!

THE STORY OF THE BEARDLESS.⁶

Peloponnesus.

(Νεοελληνικά 'Ανάλεκτα, Α. 10.)

ONCE upon a time and in olden days, there was a King. This king wished to see the world, and he travelled through many towns and countries. In course of time he came to a village, and went and lodged in the house of a widow woman. The widow of whom I speak was young and very beautiful, so beautiful that the King could not contain his love for her, and she had a son. When he left, he gave one of his silver pistols to the widow and said to her,

‘When our child is born and is grown up, send him to me to such and such a city, where I am King.’ And when he had thus said, he went away.

Not long afterwards a male child was born. The child grew up, but knew not his father. On a certain day, however, he went to his mother, and asked her who his father was. His mother, seeing that she could not do otherwise, said to him,

‘My son, thy father is to be found in such and such a city, where he is the King. Hie thee thither and take with thee this pistol; when thou showest it to him he will know that thou art his child. Shouldst thou, however, meet on the road a Beardless One, turn thee again at once.’

The boy received his mother’s blessing, and off he set for the city. Going along the road he met a Beardless One. Remembering what his mother had said to him, he turned back again. Again he set out, and again he met another Beardless One, and turned back. The

third time when he was only some three or four hours [journey] distant from the city, he met with a third Beardless One, who was going in the same direction.

‘Eh well!’ says he, ‘I turned back the first and the second times, I won’t turn back a third time.’

The Beardless One, hearing these words, went up to the boy and asked him where he was going.

‘Oh, I am going straight on to the city,’ said he.

Then the Beardless One began in a wheedling tone to inquire what he was going to do there, and why he had said such words when he first saw him. The boy, thinking that the Beardless One was a well-intentioned man—like a simpleton as he was—sat down and told him all his story, and that his father was the King of that city, and that he was going to him.

‘And has your father never seen you?’ asked the Beardless.

‘How should he have seen me when he returned to his city before I was born?’ replied the boy.

The Beardless One, who was an evil-minded man, took it into his head to kill the boy, and go himself to the King and say that he was his son. Well, as they went along the road, they were thirsty; and a little way off they saw a well.

‘Now,’ said the Beardless, ‘we have found the well, we have next to discover how to get at the water.’

‘Don’t worry thyself,’ replied the boy, ‘I will go down and get some.’

When he had reached the bottom of the well, the Beardless One took a great slab and covered the mouth of the well with it. The unlucky boy, when he saw that he could not get out, remembered how that his mother had told him if he saw a beardless man to turn back, and he began to cry,

‘*Bré, aman!*^a *Bré*, have mercy! *Bré*, let me out!’

The Beardless One took no notice of his cries, but prepared to set out on his way. The boy’s cries and tears, however, finally melted his heart, and he leaned over the well and told him that he would take him out if he would swear that *only if he died and came to life again* would he declare himself to be the King’s son. They would then go together to the city, and he should pass as the adopted son of the Beardless, and whatever he might do the boy must hold his tongue.

The youth, seeing no alternative, swore that *only if he died and came to life again* would he reveal it.

Then the Beardless One took off the slab, and the boy came out, pale and trembling. They went on, and on, and at last they came to the city. The Beardless One presented himself to the King as his own son, and the boy he had brought with him as his adopted child. I forgot to tell you, however, that he had not given the pistol to the Beardless, but had kept it hidden in his fustanella. The King had forgotten, too, all about the pistol which he had left as a token to his child, and he received the Beardless with joy and embraces, and gave him a golden chamber to sleep in.

When he woke up in the morning, the King asked him how he was, and how he liked the palace. The Beardless One, who wished to destroy the boy lest he should say something to the King, replied with evil design,

‘My father and King, you have [almost] every treasure in your palace; three only are lacking.’

‘And what are those three?’ asked the King.

‘They are,’ replied the Beardless, ‘the Ivory

^a See p. 4, note ^a.

Chamber; the Birdie Birdie Nightingale and Stone-swallow; and the Five-Times Beautiful.'

'But then,' asked the King, 'how am I to obtain those treasures?'

'Take no thought about that, my King; I have an adopted son who can go and bring them.'

He goes at once to the boy and says to him, 'The King commands thee to go and bring him twenty loads of ivory to build the ivory chamber; and if thou bring them not, he will cut off thy head.'

The boy replied with tears in his eyes, 'But where shall I go to get the ivory? I know neither where it is to be found, nor how to take it!'

The Beardless [cared] nothing,^a [he thought only of gaining] his end. So, at last, when the youth saw, and understood that he could not do otherwise, he arose and set off whither his fate would lead him. When he had walked along the road for about half an hour or so, his courage failed him, and he sat down by the wayside and began to weep for his sad and unhappy fate. As he thus wept despairfully, lo! there appears an Old Woman dressed in black, and she comes up and says to him,

'What is the matter with you, poor boy, why do you weep thus?'

'Eh! matter enough, mother,' said he, 'matter enough; for the King has ordered me to go and bring twenty loads of ivory, or, if I don't, he will cut off my head. And I, foolish boy that I am, shall lose myself in some strange place and become the prey of the wild birds and beasts.'

'Hush thee, my boy,' replied the Old Woman, who was his Fate, 'I will see that thou art not lost, and that thou fulfil the command of the King.'

^a Τίποτα, τὸ σκόπο του.

‘Ah, if that could come to pass, dame,’ he cried, ‘I would become your slave!’

‘Eh,’ said then his Fate, ‘go and ask the King to give thee ten loads of bread and ten of wine; then go to the plain which is behind this mountain which thou seest here, and thou must be mounted on a swift horse; and come to the plain about dinner-time. [In the plain] there is a lake, throw all the loads of wine into it, and place the bread all around, and hide thyself in some place and remain there waiting. Then there will come an innumerable troop of elephants which will eat the bread and drink of the water of the lake. When they have drunk of this water, they will fall down tipsy, and will not be able to move. Then go thou and kill them all with a sword, and take their tusks to the King.’

The youth set off joyfully to go to the King’s palace and ask for the ten loads of bread and ten of wine, and a good horse and sword for himself. He took them, and—not to make a long story of it—he set out and came to the place of which his Fate had told him, and did as she had bade him. But instead of hiding himself, he was so frightened that he climbed up a very high tree, and looked around him. Soon there came such a troop of elephants as made the earth quake; they ate the loaves and drank the water of the lake, and then fell to the earth drunk with wine, as if they were dead. The youth lost no time, but came down from the tree and slew all the elephants; they trumpeted, but could not move. He then skinned them, took out their bones and their tusks, loaded the horses with them, and went to the King.

When the Beardless One saw the boy return again—what would you?—he became like a mad dog; he hurried to the King and said to him,

‘Eh, my King, you see what a task my adopted son has accomplished for you! He is clever enough to bring you the Birdie Birdie Nightingale and Stone-swallow!’

When the King saw the valour of the youth, he told the Beardless to beg him to try to get also the Birdie. That was just what the Beardless wanted, so he goes to the youth and says to him, ‘Thus and thus says the King—thou art to go and bring him the Birdie Birdie Nightingale and Stone-swallow, or he will cut off thy head.’

What could the boy do? He set out, and went to the same place and wept, and wept. Again his Fate appeared and asked why he cried.

‘For this and for that,’ he replied.

Then said she, ‘Ask the King to give thee a swift horse which goes like the wind; go to such and such a forest where there is a tree on which is the Birdie Birdie Nightingale and Stone-swallow, and forty Dhrákontas watch around it. Thou must go at night when the Dhrákontas are asleep, dismount thy horse, climb up the tree, but take care not to shake the branches for fear of waking the Dhrákontas, for then thou wert lost. Then seize the Birdie, mount thy horse, and flee like the lightning!’

The youth did as his Fate bade him. He took the horse, mounted it, and went to the forest. He climbed the tree, seized the Birdie, and so that it might not escape, he held its claws between his teeth. When he was about to mount his horse, the Dhrákontas scented him and rushed upon him with such violence that the mountains trembled and the trees were torn up. The youth could hardly move for fright; but with one bound he bestrides his horse with the Birdie between his teeth,

digging the spurs in, and disappears from the Dhrákontas' sight. So he goes with the Birdie and presents it to the King; and he made great rejoicings and gave the youth gifts a thousand and two.

How was the Beardless to get rid of this boy? He goes to the King and says, 'My father'—for he called him father—'you see how clever is my adopted son! Now let us send him to bring the Five-times Beautiful, so that the palace may lack nothing; and if he again returns we will load him with gifts and favours.'

The King commanded that this should be done. So the Beardless goes and tells the boy. He goes to the same place where he went on the first two occasions and sits down and cries. Again his Fate appears, and not to make a long story of it, she says,

'This is what thou must do: Ask the King for ten loads of meat, ten of barley, and another ten of honey. Take them and go along such and such a road. On this road as thou goest thou wilt come to a forest, and in the forest are many Lions which will rush upon thee to devour thee. Then lose no time; before they fall upon thee, throw them the ten loads of meat. If they ask thee, "What do you want from us?" say, "Nothing!" but take what they give thee. Further on thou wilt meet multitudes of Ants which, if they swarm over thee, will eat thee up before thou canst say, *Kyrie eleison!* Then throw to them the ten loads of corn. And the same with the Ants; if they ask thee dost thou want anything say "I do not," but whatever they give thee, leave it not behind. Afterwards thou wilt see a cloud of Bees. Lose no time with them too, but empty the ten loads of honey, and do the same if they tell thee to ask what thou wilt. When thou art gone a little further, thou wilt enter the castle where lives the Five-

times Beautiful. There they will set thee tasks which thou wilt be able to perform with the help of the Beasts, the Ants, and the Bees. Afterwards they will set thee to pick the Beauty from among forty veiled women. Thou must tell the Queen-Bee to go and settle on the head of the Beauty, and she on whom the Bee settles must thou seize and carry off.'

The youth did as his Fate counselled him. He took the ten loads of meat, the other ten of corn, and the ten of honey, and took the road his Fate pointed out. When he got to the wood, before the Lions rushed upon him, he threw to them the ten loads of meat. The Lions fell upon the meat, and instantly devoured it. Then they said to the boy, "*Ach!* In return for the service you have rendered us, what shall we do for you?"

'Don't mention it; nothing,' replied the youth.

'No!' said the King of the Lions, and he takes and pulls out a hair from his mane. 'Here, take this hair, and when you have need of us, let it touch the fire, and we will be with thee instantly.'

He goes a little further, and finds a multitude of Ants. He throws to them the ten loads of corn, and they carry it off before you could say your Creed. Then they say to him like the Lions, 'What shall we do for you in return for the service you have rendered us?'

Says he, 'Nothing.'

'That must not be,' says they. 'Here is one of our wings, and if you have need of us, let it touch the fire, and we will immediately appear.'

The youth left them, and went on his way, and came presently to the Bees, to whom he threw the ten loads of honey. Not to make a long story of it, the Bees

said the same thing to the boy; he gave the same reply; and they gave him also one of their wings, saying that they would come when it touched the fire.

He went, and went, and went, and [at last] he came to the castle which held the Five-times Beautiful. As he was about to enter the gateway, those who guarded it said to him,

‘Eh, I say; where goest thou?’

‘I have come to take the Five-times Beautiful,’ he replied without flinching.

‘Eh, my boy?’ said they, ‘if Beauties were to be taken like that, the world would be full of them. Turn back, we tell thee, for thy good, or thou must fulfil all the tasks that we set thee before thou canst take her, or we shall cut off thy head; and thou wilt not be able to fulfil them, so turn thee back!’

But not he! ‘Unless you give me the Five-times Beautiful, I will not budge hence!’

When they saw that he was determined, they told him that he must perform three tasks before he could take her. When he had promised to perform them, they shut him up in a room, gave him forty cauldrons full of boiled meat to eat before morning, and left him. He sat down and began on them, but not even one spoonful from all of them could he eat. What was to be done? He thought, and thought, and at last bethought him of calling the Lions, who might perchance eat up all the meat. He puts the Lion’s hair to the fire, and lo! they all appear at once, and so quietly that no one was aware of their coming, and the chamber and the castle were full of them.

‘What dost thou want, master?’ they ask.

‘See! ever so much!’ he replies. ‘All those forty

cauldrons of boiled meat, can you eat them before morning?’

‘Is that all?’ say they. ‘Yes, even if they were a thousand!’ And they sit down, and in a moment they clear them out and off they go!

When they who had set him the task saw that he had eaten the forty cauldrons full of meat, their blood ran cold, and they told him he must perform the second task. And they took him into a great storehouse full of corn—wheat, and barley, and maize, and said to him,

‘Thou seest this barn? Thou must clear it out and put in separate heaps the wheat, and the barley, and the maize, that not a grain of one remains with the other.’

How was this to be done? The boy again stands and thinks. ‘*Bré!*’ said he, ‘I will invite the Ants and see if they will help me.’

As soon as the wing touched the fire, lo! there came innumerable armies of Ants.

‘What do you want, master?’ they ask.

‘You see this storehouse? They have set me to clear it out, and I cannot; and I have invited you in the hope that you will be able to separate it.’

‘*Bá!*’ say they, ‘in a moment!’ And they set to work, and, grain by grain, they separated the corn into three heaps in the storehouse and went off, saying, ‘If you need us again, master, burn the wing and we will come.’

In the morning the guards saw again that all had been well done, and that they could find no fault. What was to be done? They say to the youth,

‘Eh! Now we will see about the third task; if thou canst do that, thou shalt have the Five-times Beautiful.’

They take him to where there were forty jars of honey and say to him, 'We gave thee first fatiguing tasks; but now we set thee a pleasant one—sit down now and eat the forty jarsful of honey, or we will cut thy head off.' And they take and shut the doors of the storehouse, and lock him in to eat the forty jars of honey. He thought at once of the Bees, and opened a little window of the storehouse, and touched his cigarette with the bee's wing. Then — *buz-z-z!* — a cloud of Bees which turned day into night and covered the sun! Not to make a long story of it, the Bees sat down, too, and ate and cleaned out the honey jars so well that if anyone had licked them he would not have known that they had held honey. Then the Bees went away, but the boy kept their Queen to show him the Five-times Beautiful the next morning.

So in the morning the guards came, and when they saw that task performed too, '*Bravo!*' they said, 'come and take the Beauty.'

They took him, and placed him in a courtyard where there were forty maidens, all of the same height, and dressed alike, so that you could not tell one from another.

'Come,' said they, 'choose and take the Beauty from among these!'

Then the boy let go the Bee, and watched to see on which she would alight, without the guards noticing anything. When he saw her alight on the middle one, he ran towards her and took hold of her.

'See!' he cried, 'this is the one I want!'

'Well done!' cried the guards, 'thou hast chosen the Beauty!'

Then he mounts his horse, puts the Beauty behind him on the saddle, and hastens to the city. The

Beardless—who was on the terrace of the palace, looking out with a spyglass—when he saw him coming, hastened downstairs, and at the moment he reached the door and was dismounting, he said to him, angrily, ‘*Bré!* give me the Beauty!’

The youth was about to give her up to him; but she, when she saw the Beardless, flew into a rage, and told him to get out of her sight, for he who had brought her was her husband. Then the Beardless One seized the youth by his feet, and threw him from the breastwork of the castle, and killed him. The Beauty hastened, took up his body, and, by means of Water of Life,⁹ and some magical words, she endeavoured to revive him again.

‘*Ach!*’ she cried, ‘I have brought him to life again! Now let come what come may!’

‘But what?’—asked the boy. ‘Was I dead?’

‘Yes,’ she replied. ‘The Beardless One killed thee, and I brought thee to life again!’

Then at last the boy realized that he was freed from his oath, for he *had died and come to life again*. And he went to the King, and related everything to him, and showed him the pistol. Then the King commanded that they should bind the Beardless to four horses and thus kill him. He [the King] afterwards married the Five-times Beautiful to his son, and sent for his mother. And they were all happy. And we happier!

THE SLEEPING PRINCE, OR
THE KNIFE, THE CORD, AND THE STONE.¹⁰

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 345.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good evening to your Honours!

There was once a King, and he had a very beautiful daughter. He loved her very dearly, because when she was born her mother had died, and so he had no one in the world but this girl. Word came to him to go to the wars, and he was much troubled and worried about leaving her alone.

‘Go safely, my father, and come back safely. I will stay with my grandmother, and wait for you. Only return soon, for I have nobody else to see in the house.’

The father set out, and went to the wars, and she put on her frame a kerchief to embroider in gold to give to her father when he should come home from the war. As she was working, there passed by the window a Golden Eagle, and said to her,

‘Thou broiderest, thou broiderest, thou shalt wed a dead husband!’

The Princess said nothing, she only gazed at him. The next day the Eagle passed again, and said the same to her. Then the Princess said to her grandmother,

‘As I sat here and worked, there passed by an Eagle and said to me, “Thou broiderest, and broiderest, thou shalt wed a dead husband!”’

‘If he tells thee that again,’ said her grandmother, ‘say to him, “Then take me to see him!”’

The Eagle again passed and said this to her, and she answered him, 'Then take me to see him!'

Then the Eagle lowered his wings and said to her, 'Mount upon my wings, and I will take thee to see him.'

She got upon the Eagle's wings, and he took her, and flew away. When they had gone some distance, they came to where there was a well with a wide mouth, and the Eagle swooped down [to the bottom of the well], and left her there in the courtyard and then flew off. In it there was a splendid palace. The dogs were sleeping in the courtyard. She went further and saw horses, and they were asleep. She went upstairs into the palace and saw that all the servants, too, were asleep. She entered a golden chamber, and saw a handsome Prince, sleeping like the dead. On the other side of the bed was a table and on the table a paper, and the paper said, 'Whoever comes in here and pities the Prince's youth, let her sit and watch him for three months, three weeks, three days, three hours, and three half hours without sleeping—for it is necessary to say to him when he sneezes, "To thy health,^a my longlived Prince! I am she who has watched thee three months, three weeks, three days, three hours, and half-hours!"—then the Prince will awake; and whoever has had the patience to do this, he will take her for his wife; and together with the Prince will awake all those who are asleep in his palace.'

The Princess was in a dilemma. Said she, 'What shall I do? I ought to stay and watch him now, and if he sneezes say to him, "To thy health, my longlived King! I am she who has watched thee three months, three weeks, three days, three hours, and three half-hours."'

^a γειῶ σου = ἰγεία σου, the Greek salutation to anyone sneezing.

At night, when it grew dark, all the house was lighted up without her seeing who lighted it. She saw a table before her with various dishes, and ate, without seeing who brought them. And so her life passed. She tried not to sleep, so as to say to him, 'To thy health, my longlived King!' The three months, three weeks, and three days had passed, and as she sat there one day she heard a cry,

'Buy any slaves?'

'Stop!' she called out, 'stop! I will buy a slave. Let them all lean over the well that I may see their faces, and buy one for company.'

She saw one she liked, a young and pretty girl, and said, 'Let down that little slave!' They let her down, and to the same rope she tied a handkerchief with the money in it, and they drew it up and went away. She dressed the slave in handsome clothes, and told her she was to keep her company. Then she said to her—the poor Princess was sleepy—'I will sleep here on thy knees, and thou must wake me in half an hour, for I must say to the King when he sneezes, "To thy health,"' etc.

Said the slave, 'Lie down, my lady, on my knees, and in half an hour I will awaken you.'

But as soon as the Princess had gone to sleep, the Prince sneezed. Said the little slave to him,

'To thy health, my longlived King,' etc.

Then the King awoke immediately, and embraced her and said to her, 'Thou shalt be my Queen, and thou wilt be the richest Queen in the world!'

Then he hastened and took water and sprinkled all his people, his horses and his dogs, all he had. Afterwards he came back to his wife and saw a maiden lying asleep on the floor. Said he,

‘But who is this?’

‘What shall I say, my King? some slaves were passing by yesterday, and I told them to let me one down the well. Now I will awaken her.’

‘No, leave the poor thing to sleep, and afterwards we will send her to keep the geese.’

When the Princess awoke, she looked around, but saw nothing, neither the Prince nor anything. Said she,

‘What has become of the Prince? Where is he?’

‘What shall I tell thee? The Prince sneezed and awoke, and saw both of us here, and he said that he wanted me, and thou might go and tend the geese.’

When the King came back to the palace, he, too, wanted to go to the war. Then he said to his wife,

‘What dost thou wish me to bring thee from the journey on which I am going?’

‘Bring me a crown of diamonds,’ said she.

Then he went down to the Princess, to her who kept the geese, and said, ‘What shall I bring thee?’

‘Bring me, my King, the Stone of Patience, the Cord of Hanging, and the Knife of Slaughter. If thou bring not these which I ask thee, my King, may thy ship move neither forward nor backward.’

The King set off, he arrived, finished his business, bought the crown for the Queen, and went on board his ship to go to his own country. When they unmoored the ship, neither forwards nor backwards would she move. Then they were all puzzled, and pulled the anchors this way and that, and wondered what was the matter. Said one who was on board to him, an old man,

‘My longlived King, perhaps they asked you to buy something, and you have forgotten it?’

‘*Bré!*—that is true!’ said the King. ‘A girl I have who tends my geese asked me to bring her the Stone of Patience, the Cord of Hanging, and the Knife of Slaughter.’

‘I will go, my King, and buy them for you,’ said the old man. ‘But take care of that girl, for she has some great sorrow, so pay attention, and see what she will do.’

The old man bought them, and took them to the King, and immediately the ship flew as if she had wings. The King came at last to his palace, gave the crown to his wife, and then went down and gave the other things to the girl. In the evening the King went down to the door of the room where she slept, and heard her say,

‘I was a Princess, an only daughter; my father went to the wars. I was embroidering for him a golden handkerchief, and an Eagle passed by my window and said to me, “Thou broiderest, thou broiderest, a dead husband thou shalt wed!” I said, “Take me to see him!” The Eagle took me on his wings and brought me down the well, and to the palace. I watched without sleeping three months and three weeks, and there passed above slaves, and I bought a little slave for company. When it was time for the King to wake and sneeze, the slave said—for I was asleep—“To thy health, my longlived King,” etc. Then, since I have no one to whom to tell my woes, I have sent for you to see what you will say. From a Princess to tend geese! Knife of Slaughter, what dost thou bid me do?’

‘Slay thyself!’

‘Cord of Hanging, what dost thou bid me do?’

‘Hang thyself!’

‘Stone of Patience, what dost thou bid me do?’

‘Be patient!’

‘How should I be patient? Cord of Hanging, what dost thou bid me do?’

‘Hang thyself!’

The Prince looked through the keyhole to see what was going on within. When he saw her get up to tie the cord to hang herself, the King gave a kick to the door, and went in and embraced her, and said,

‘Thou art my deliverer, and didst not say it, and I cast thee to the geese! Thou art my Queen, thou art my wife, and I will hang her with the rope which thou hast tied to hang thyself!’

Then said she, ‘I do not wish our wedding to begin with slaughter; set her free only, and let her go her way, for she has sorely wronged me, and I would not mine eyes saw her again. We will go to my father at our palace, and kiss his hand, and hold our wedding.’

They went to the palace. Five or six days afterwards her father came back from the wars, and he (the Prince) told him that he wished to make him his father. And they had music and drums and great rejoicings. The wedding took place, and they lived happily. And we more happily still!



SECTION (II.)
TALES ILLUSTRATIVE OF MAGICAL IDEAS.

*THE ENCHANTED LAKE, OR THE FROG
PRINCESS.*

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 330.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours!

Once upon a time there was a King, and he had three sons. They grew up, and came to a marriageable age. The old King had three bows and three arrows. He gave to each one of his sons a bow and an arrow, and told them to go up to the highest point of the palace, and shoot each one his arrow, and wherever, and in the courtyard of whomsoever it might fall, the maiden [who lived there] he must take to wife.

The eldest went up to the highest point of the palace, let fly his arrow, and it fell into the courtyard of a grand palace in which was a lovely maiden, and he took her to wife. The second went up too, and let fly his arrow into a handsome house in which also lived a beautiful girl, and he married her. There remained now the youngest. For the King, before giving them the bows, had built three palaces separate from his own

and said to them, 'My sons, you must marry and live in your palaces with your wives, and when I die whichever of you succeeds me on the throne must live in my palace.' The Princes thanked him; the eldest got married; the second got married; and now we come to the youngest.

The youngest kept putting it off—to-day he would shoot his arrow, to-morrow he would shoot his arrow, and so time went on. The Princes gave feasts, they invited their father, their mother, and amused themselves. One day as they were feasting at the eldest brother's house, the King says to his youngest son,

'My boy, if thou wouldst have my blessing, do thou too shoot thine arrow now, and marry, that I may see thy wife and die content.'

Then said the Prince, 'I do not wish, my father, to break your heart. To-morrow I, too, will shoot my arrow, and wherever it falls I will take a wife.'

God dawned the day, and the Prince went up to the highest point of the palace, shot his arrow, and saw it fly far, far away, and fall somewhere. He goes down, looks on this side and that, but there was neither house nor anything else where his arrow had fallen. He searches to find out where his arrow is, and what does he see? A great lake, and in the very middle of the lake a Frog holding his arrow in her mouth, and swimming to her nest. He loses no time, jumps into the lake and seizes the Frog with his arrow. He takes it and goes home. He puts the Frog in a room, with grief and horror—what shall he say to his father? He sends away all his servants so that his sisters-in-law may not hear of it, and laugh at him, and abandons himself to hunting. One day he brought home some very fine game, and hung it behind the door, and said,

‘I will go and confess all to my father, but he must not tell my brothers; for this was my fate.’

He went to his father, and told him all that had happened. His father pitied him very much, for he considered the youngest his best child, and loved him more than his two other sons. He said to him,

‘*Ai!* my son! it was the will of God that thou shouldst remain unmarried!’

While the Prince was with his father, the Frog was setting the house in order. She came—my eyes! out of her skin, and was a beautiful Princess with such a fine silk shift, and splendid clothes. She tucked up her sleeves, lighted the fire, cooked the game, placed the *sofra*,^a laid the dinner on it, and then went into her skin again and sat in the corner. The Prince came back, entered the house, and what did he see? The dinner laid, and cooked, and served!

‘*Bá,*’ said he, ‘who has done this?’

He looks this way and that, but sees no one. He sat down, and ate, put on a plate some of the best food, and placed it on the sofa. The Frog climbed up on the sofa and ate. Whenever he came home he found the house tidied, all the plates washed, but no human being did he see.

‘Ah, but,’ he said, ‘it isn’t in here. To-morrow I will go hunting, bring back game, hang it behind the door again, and hide myself.’

The next day he arose, went a-hunting, killed a few birds, hung them on the door, dressed, went downstairs, locked the palace door, and afterwards came in by a little garden door and entered the palace. When she saw the Prince go out and heard him lock the door

^a The Turkish tray-stand, much used also by the lower orders of Christians.

outside, she came out of her skin and became a beautiful Princess who might

‘Command the Sun, and he’d stand still,
The Morning Star, he’d twinkle.’

The Prince saw her, and lost his wits at her beauty. She went to the window and clapped her hands. The Prince saw a little Frog coming upstairs—*pouf, pouf!* When she came up to the [big] Frog, she threw off her skin and began the work, for she too had become a maiden. She set to and plucked the birds, cooked them, lighted the fire, and the Princess helped her. When the work was finished, the little Frog got into her skin and went away! Then the big Frog, too, got into her skin, and sat in her corner. Then the Prince went away softly, softly, as he had come, by the little door, and came again to the great gate, unlocked it, and came upstairs. He went into the room, saw the table ready, sat down, and ate. Afterwards he walked up and down the room, and then went to the Frog, fondled her and said to her,

‘*Aï!* thou wert my fate. Whatever thou art, I will remain unmarried; since thou didst take my arrow in thy teeth, I shall not think of seeking a woman to marry. Thou wilt at least speak to me to beguile the time for me, and tell me who came and cooked me those dishes.’

The Frog gazed long at him, but said nothing.

One way or another, I know not how, it was known that his arrow had fallen into a lake, and that he had a Frog in his house. One day his sisters-in-law say to him,

‘Wilt not bring thy wife to us, that we may see her?’

‘I have not married,’ said the Prince to them, ‘how

can I bring my wife for you to see?' And grief took hold upon him, and he went away. He went home, found again the dinner ready, sat down, and ate. One day he hid again, and as she was about to clap her hands for the little Frog to come, the Prince ran and caught up her frog's skin, and threw it into the fire.

The Frog ran and cried out, 'I am burning! I am burning!' and the Prince snatched the skin from the fire and threw it into a golden basin full of water. Then he fell at her feet, and besought her not to go into the skin again, but to pity him, and he said to her,

'Seest thou not what I suffer, not to be able to go out into the world, to be mocked by my brothers, while thou art far more beautiful than my two sisters-in-law?'

Then she said to him, 'I am of royal lineage, and our God cursed us and flooded our kingdom.¹¹ But in order that we might not die, he gave us these skins to live in the lake; and our goods are in the lake, and all our wealth, all we have; and a magician foretold to us that if there should be found one to love me and not curse the hour in which he found me, I, too, should become human. I remained a Frog in order to prove thee. Since I see that thou art so good a man, I will bring thee good fortune, and we will let thy sisters-in-law mock if they will.'

Then he rejoiced greatly at his good fortune. She told him to throw her skin into the well so that it might be always cool and fresh. He threw it in, and said to her,

'We will stay here together as long as you like, and say nothing to anyone.'

One day it was the birthday of the old King; the eldest brother made a feast, and invited them all to go. Then they mocked the youngest, and said to him,

‘Won’t you bring your wife, too, that we may see her, and talk together and amuse ourselves?’

He left and went home, rather sad. His wife said to him,

‘What ails thee, that thou art sad?’

‘What should ail me? They have made a feast at my eldest brother’s because it is my father’s birthday, and to make fun of me they tell me to go too with my wife.’

‘Well,’ said she, ‘if you like, we will go; and instead of their laughing at us, we will laugh at them. Go down to the lake where you found me, and call ‘*Kái-ná-ná! Kái-ná-ná!*’ and then you will hear “*Pi-ki-ki! Pi-ki-ki!*” You must say, “Your daughter, Anthoula, has sent me to ask you for the Golden Wand which is in the corner, and the Silver Wand, the Goose’s Egg and two Hen’s Eggs, that I may take them back with me.”’

All that she told him the poor fellow did. He went to the lake, and called as his wife had directed him. They gave him the two Wands, and the three Eggs, and he came home. Then she asked her husband when the feast was, and he said, ‘To-morrow morning.’

Then the next day she struck once with the Golden Wand, and three slaves came out; she struck twice, and there came a slave with a chest full of clothes, women’s and men’s, diamonds and jewels. She adorned herself, and her husband adorned himself with a gold poniard, a watch, with furs and gold embroidered clothes. Then she gave the Silver Wand to the servants and they took the Wand down to the pebbled pavement,^a and it became a beautiful coach, all golden, with four horses,

^a *Qalderimi* (a Turkish word), the tessellated pavement composed of black and white pebbles set endwise in cement, so common in the country.

all white, and they waited in the courtyard. They pawed with their hoofs on the pavement, and sparks flew out. The sisters-in-law went in and out and laughed, 'Ha! ha! ha! when will the croaker come? When will the croaker come?' As they Ha! ha! ha'd, and laughed, they saw a splendid coach with servants dressed in gold, a coach with four horses, and it stopped at their door. They looked with amazement to see who would come out of it. They saw a servant get down and take a beautiful lady by the hand and help her out of the carriage. They looked at one another! And the Prince got out after her! The two brothers hasten, and bring the bride upstairs. She goes to kiss the hand of her father-in-law, the father-in-law embraces her and kisses her. She gives the Goose's Egg to her father-in-law, kisses the hand of one of her husband's brothers, gives him one of the Hen's Eggs, kisses the hand of the second and gives him the other Egg.^a Then they began to laugh.

'Vî,^b here's a present! she brings us eggs!'

She said nothing, but only smiled. Then she told her father-in-law to break his Egg, and what did they see? A beautiful diadem, all of diamonds. She took it up and placed it herself on her father-in-law's head. They broke the other two Eggs and found in each of them a watch with a diamond chain. Then said the couple,

'Let this day be our wedding-day!'

They kept it with great ceremonies, and music and drums and great rejoicings. The marriage took place on the same day, and they brought from the lake all Anthoula's dowry. And they lived happy. And we happier!

^a A Greek bride at the betrothal ceremony kisses the hands of all the bridegroom's relatives.

^b Bî = Ἡβοῖ = hallo!

*DULCETTA, OR THE KIDNAPPED PRINCE.*¹²

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 138.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours!

There was once upon a time a King, a good and just man, and everyone loved him very much, but he had one defect—far be it from the ears which hear it!—he was a leper. Of all the physicians who saw him, not one could do anything to cure him. One day his malady distressed him very much, and he called the palace Physician and said to him,

‘Either thou must cure me, or I shall hang thee; for I can no longer support this life!’

The Physician begged him to give him forty days’ grace to read his prescriptions and see if he could not find something to cure him. Night and day the Physician sat and pondered what he should do—for the disease which the King had cannot be cured. At the end of the forty days he arose, and went to the King.

‘My King, my longlived King, I have found the remedy, but we must still wait for a year.’

‘Let me but be cured, and I will wait two,’ said the King.

‘You must,’ said the Physician, ‘send to find a Prince, of royal blood, and this youth you must feed on honey and pine-kernels in a chamber of the palace, and at the end of a year we must kill him in such a way as will make him bleed very much. We will put him in a barrel covered inside with nails, and roll the barrel;

and the blood which runs out you must take to the bath and anoint yourself with it.'

The King then called all his trusty men, and asked which of them was valiant enough to kidnap a Prince and bring him to him. The Vizier, who was a travelled man, said,

'Set your mind at rest, my King, for I will go and do your errand; only give me the command of a ship, and money.'

Then the King ordered them to give him whatever he wanted. The Vizier took the ship, and his most trusty servants, and went from place to place. He anchored the ship, and went on shore. One day he went on shore at a place where he saw many people, and they were all hastening to one spot. He asked why all the crowd was going that way, and they told him that it was the Prince's birthday, and they were all going to pray God that he might live long. He went forward with the people and came to the place where the service was to be held. He stood there, saw an immense crowd, horses caparisoned with gold, and he saw the King. He asked,

'But where is the Prince?'

They said, 'The Prince is young, to-day he completes his twelfth year, and he is in the palace with his mother.'

He loses no time; he observes what clothes the King's people wear, goes on board the ship and dresses himself in the same livery; sees that the sails are ready; remembers to ask what the Prince's name is, and learns that it is Fiorentino; goes to the palace and says,

'The King—may God grant him many years!—has sent me to fetch Fiorentino to pray to God with him.'

When he saw a handsome boy come out dressed all

in gold, he embraced him, went down the steps of the palace, mounted a horse, and took him on his knees. Instead, however, of taking the road to the mosque,^a he took that to the sea. The boy began to call out. Then the Vizier said to him,

‘Hush, my boy, for it is here that your father told me to bring you.’

The ship was ready, with the sails set, and they left immediately. The King came home from the service, and asked to see his son; but they told him he had been sent to the mosque, as he had sent a man to ask for him. They searched, and ran here and there, but could find him nowhere. Then they painted the palace black,¹³ and the great rejoicings became great mourning.

But let us leave them to weep, and beat their breasts, and let us follow the ship. The King had told his Vizier before he left, to put a white flag on the top-mast if he had found a boy. But his joy and the cries of the Prince made him forget to put up the white flag, as the King had commanded him. When the Vizier left, the King stationed a man to watch if the ship came with the white flag. As soon as the watchman saw the ship, he ran to the King, and said,

‘My King, my longlived King, the ship is coming, but it has not a white flag!’

Then the King, in his despair, sank down to die. He had a very beautiful daughter, called Dulcetta, but he had no wife; she had died when this maiden was born. When the maiden heard that her father was ill, she went to comfort him, when suddenly there arrives a Tatar,^b and tells the King that the Vizier has come

^a The customs described in this story are characteristically Turkish.

^b The couriers in Turkey are chiefly Tatars.

and brought the boy he was expecting. From his joy the King, when he heard it, became well, and told the *Lála*^a to take Dulcetta away to her room. Then they brought in Fiorentino, and he bade him (the *Lála*) take him to a room upstairs and give him nothing to eat but honey and pine-kernels. The days passed, and they gave him nothing but honey and pine-kernels, and he ate them.

One day the Princess's *Lála* saw her crying, and he was much distressed, for he had brought her up from a little child and loved her as his own.

'What is the matter, my Dulcetta, that you cry?'

'I am crying because I think of that poor Prince whom they are going to kill, and who is so handsome, and of how sad his parents must be when they think of him.'

'Never mind, my Dulcetta, in a year's time he may be set at liberty,' said the *Lála*.

'*Lála* mine, couldn't you bring him here to play with me?'

'Yes, yes, be patient, and I will bring him, and you shall eat together, such are the Physician's orders,' said Ordánis (for so Dulcetta's *Lála* was called). And as Ordánis had the key of the Prince's chamber, he opened a hole in the ceiling under the Princess's bed, and put the Prince through it into the Princess's room, and they ate and played together. And thus the Princess became very fond of him; and she took rose-water and washed him, and a silken shirt to change him, and the Prince forgot his parents. And so the time passed. But one day the *Lála* came all in tears. As he saw the children playing, he was full of pity for them and said [to himself] that if Fiorentino were killed Dulcetta

^a A Turkish name for a Tutor, or male attendant on children.

would die of grief. Dulcetta noticed him, but said nothing before Fiorentino. In the evening when Fiorentino went away to sleep, Dulcetta said,

‘*Lála* mine, what is the matter that you are so sad?—won’t you tell me?’

He did not wish to tell her anything about it, but her tears and caresses prevailed, and he said,

‘Wait and I will tell you what is the matter with me. I saw them making a barrel with nails [inside], and when I saw it I could not restrain my grief, for the time has come for Fiorentino to be killed.’

‘*Lála* mine, if thou lov’st me, take us and let us flee away.’

So two days before that on which they had settled to kill Fiorentino, the Negro took some money and took the children and wrapped them in cloaks and withdrew to a desert place to wait for a ship to pass and take them to Fiorentino’s country.

The King got up on the following day, and ordered them to put Fiorentino in the barrel in order to bleed him for his cure, and to get ready the bath for him to bathe. So they got all ready, and then went to fetch Fiorentino; but not even Dulcetta or the Negro did they find. They made inquiries, and learnt that the Negro had taken a horse by night, and had fled. Then he told them to fetch the Magician, and ask him where the children and the Negro had gone. And the Magician said that they were sailing on the sea.

Then the King said, ‘*Ach*, Dulcetta, what hast thou done to me! I would curse thee, but my heart will not let me. But one curse I will lay upon thee—*there where Fiorentino is gone, when his mother kisses him, may he forget thee!*’

When the vessel cast anchor, Dulcetta said to the

Negro, her *Lála*, '*Lála* mine, won't you look and see what my papa is doing?'—for her *Lála* was a Magician.

'How shall I tell you, my Dulcetta. Your father has laid on you the curse that *when Fiorentino's mother kisses him, he will forget you.*'

Then Fiorentino said, 'So thankless do you deem me as to let my mother kiss me and forget you who have saved my life at such sacrifices? But wait here, and I will go to my parents, and we will come and fetch thee as befits a Princess.'

So they remained in the ship, and Fiorentino went to the palace. He knocked at the door, but it was shut, and the palace was all draped in black. A slave looked out at a window.

'Who is knocking at the door? That door does not open; all the doors were nailed up, and we go out by a little door at the back there, since the Prince died.'

'Say that I will come in by this door; say that I have news to give you of the Prince.'

Then the Queen asked, 'What is it, and who knocks at the door?'

Said she, 'It is a youth, and he wants the great door opened for him to come in at it, because he has news of Fiorentino to bring us.'

Then the Queen said, 'Very well, as he comes from our Fiorentino, open the door and let him in.'

They opened the door and saw that it was Fiorentino. She threw herself on his neck to kiss him, but he said,

'Don't kiss me, mother mine, but send for music and drums, for I have brought the woman who saved me, to make her my Queen.'

'Lie down a little while, my child, while we make ready, and take off the black and put golden [hangings]

on the palace, and then we will go and fetch the bride.'

All this was done, and his mother went to wake the boy. When she raised the gold [embroidered] kerchief to wake him and saw him so handsome and rosy, she bent and kissed him. Then he awoke and she said to him,

'Get up, my Fiorentino, and we will go and bring the bride of whom you told us.'

'What bride?' asked Fiorentino.

'Didn't you tell us that you had brought a Princess who had saved you, to make her your wife?'

'No, mother mine, I have brought neither bride, nor anything else. I only said so from joy. Let the people rejoice at my return, I have brought no bride.'

When some time had passed, and all the people were amusing themselves, but Fiorentino did not appear, Dulcetta said to her *Lála* with tears in her eyes,

'Look, *Lála* mine, why Fiorentino does not come.'

Then the *Lála* looked in his magic, and cried,

'O misfortune! his mother has kissed him, and he has forgotten us! Stay here in the ship, and I will go out and see what we can do.'

Ordánis went on shore, and opposite the King's palace was another beautiful little palace, quite small, and he sought to hire it. Said they,

'We want a very high rent for it, and that will not suit you.'

'You tell me, and never mind about that.'

'We want fifty sequins a day.'

Said the Negro, 'Fifty?'

'Fifty.'

'Here are two hundred sequins for four days.'

So then he took Dulcetta and brought her to the little palace. The next day was a Friday, and they [the people] went to the mosque to give God thanks because the King's son had returned, and there was a great ceremony. Then Dulcetta seated herself on the little balcony with her sleeves tucked up, so that if the Prince should see her, he might recognise her.^a The Prince came out to go to the mosque to worship together with the Vizier's son, and the Kehaya's^b son, all three of them. Says the son of the Kehaya to the son of the Vizier,

'Look what a beauty she is! I shall send word to her that if she likes, I will come and spend an evening with her.'

'All right, find out if she is willing, and we will tell the Prince, so that he too may amuse himself after his journey.'

After the ceremony, when they returned home, they called an old woman and told her to go and say, 'The Kehaya's son has seen thy beauty and has lost his wits, and he would like to come this evening to keep thee company.'

'Certainly, let him come and welcome,' said Dulcetta to the old woman, 'but I shall want a hundred sequins, and you must bring them to me now beforehand. And another condition—when they [the Gypsies] are playing on their instruments¹⁴ he must be at my door, neither sooner nor later will I receive him; and if he does not arrive and come in before they have finished playing, he must forfeit the sequins and bear me no grudge.'

So the old woman went and told this to the Kehaya's son. Then he tied up the sequins in a gold

^a Being a Moslem, she was, of course, veiled.

^b The Lord High Steward. This office is now abolished.

[embroidered] kerchief, and gave it to her and said that when they [the Gypsies] were playing he would be at her door.

Then the Negro took ten gold pieces, and went to the Gypsies who played the instruments, and told them to play a quarter of an hour earlier, and he would give them five sequins now, and five after playing. The Kehaya's son went to the bath and bathed, and while his eyes were still full of soapsuds he heard the music. He looked at his watch, and what did he see? He threw the watch down on the floor and broke it. He dressed as fast as he could and went to the Beauty's door.

'I am the Kehaya's son!'

'What dost thou want?'

'I am he who sent thee the hundred sequins and the kerchief.'

'Go away to the place you came from, for it is ever so long since they finished playing, and my door does not open.'

Then he went away, and went to sleep in his chamber, and all night he pondered how he might be revenged upon her. In the morning he was late in awaking. The Vizier's son came when he awoke to learn if he had gone to the Beauty, and how he had fared. He kept his own counsel, but said that he had gone and fared splendidly, that she was very beautiful and witty, and that if he liked he would send the old woman to announce to her that the Vizier's son was coming. So the old woman was set to work. The old woman went.

'*Och*, my lady!' said she, 'what luck you have! The Vizier's son is coming this evening to pay you a visit, if it pleases you!'

'Certainly, but I want two hundred sequins and

when they are playing on the instruments he must be at my door; neither sooner nor later will I receive him; and if he does not come I shall keep the sequins, and he must bear me no grudge.'

The Vizier's son accepted, and sent her two hundred sequins in a gold [embroidered] kerchief. Then the Negro took twenty gold pieces, and went to the Gypsies; he gave them the ten in advance and promised the other ten after, that they might play a quarter of an hour earlier. The Vizier's son consequently heard the music when he was still in the bath. He immediately washed and dressed as fast as he could, and rose and went to the Beauty's door. He knocks at the door, and she looks out at the window and asks who is there.

'I am the Vizier's son, and, if it please you, open the door and let me in.'

'Our agreement was that you were to be at my door while they were playing, and it is an hour since they finished, so go back whence you came.'

The Vizier's son went away and came to the palace, where he finds his friend the Kehaya's son.

'*Bá*, what do I see?'

'You don't know, my dear fellow,' said he, 'what has happened to me. I was late in arriving, and she locked the door against me, and there go the two hundred sequins!'

'And I, my dear fellow, fared the same! But I spoke as I did so that you might not laugh at me, but might go and fare the same. Now we will send the Prince, and afterwards have her brought to justice.'

So the pair of them went to the Prince, and said to him, 'Just opposite us lives a Beauty. If you would like to spend an evening with her, we will send an old woman.'

So they sent the old woman again on the part of the Prince. Said she,

‘Certainly I will receive him, but with one thousand five hundred sequins ; and if he slips once on my stairs, he must not come up, but go away without a grudge.’

The Prince accepted the conditions, and sent her one thousand five hundred sequins. The Negro immediately set to and washed the stairs with a great deal of soap, and afterwards cut up a quantity of soap into shavings and threw them on the staircase, and over all he scattered millet and lentils ; and she adorned herself, and put on many diamonds, and stood at the top of the staircase. He (the Prince) was wearing a new pair of shoes. When he came in she said to him,

‘You are welcome, Prince!’

He, as she greeted him, was about to ascend, when he fell on the stairs.

‘I hope you are not hurt anywhere? As you are a Prince, I will excuse you the first time, but take care not to slip again, for then I shall not receive you.’

He then tried again to ascend, and again he fell. So she wished him ‘Good-night,’ put out the light, and went in. And thus the Prince, too, was sent off. Afterwards he went and found his friends, and told them his story with much anger and grief. His friends said to him,

‘We have fared the same, but we did not think that you would be treated thus, as you are a Prince. To-morrow your father will sit in judgment, so we will seize her, and punish her for playing us this trick, and take back our sequins.’

Then the Prince went to his father and said to him, ‘To-morrow when you sit in judgment I, too, have a complaint to make to you.’

The King promised him that his case should be heard before the others. Then they sent a writ-server, and he knocked at Dulcetta's door. The Negro came out to see who was there.

'To-day, Ordáni, where art thou, for I have come to seek thee,
Thy lady too, for I would know if she's a noble maiden,
If she's a dainty Princess fair, a daughter of Venetia?'

Said the Negro, 'What do you want with my lady?'
and he replied as before.

Then she [Dulcetta] asked, 'Who is it?'

Said the writ-server,

'Here, at your orders, lady mine, stands Státhino Daléras,
He's but another grandfather is Ordánios Davélas!'

Then said the Negro to her,

'Here's at your orders, lady mine, your watchman,
tried and trusty;
And every day I pray to God that many years He
grant you!'

Said she, 'Go, and I will come to the Court.'

She went into the inner room, the outer little chamber,
And changed, and on her body small she put her queenly raiment.

She took Ordáni with her and went to the Court.

And when she came before the King, all present turned towards her,

And rose before her, [as she stood like] lemon-tree
in blossom.

‘My King, on your commands I wait; you called me,
and I hastened.’

Up sprang then the Kehaya’s son, and to the King thus
spake he :

‘From me the hundred [coins] she took, from him she
took two hundred,

She took from your unlucky son [of sequins] fifteen
hundred !’

Dulcetta turns and says angrily to him,

‘Now may misfortune and ill-luck [be whips to] lash thy
body !

May racking pains beset thy head, as in a mill it
ground were !’

Says the Prince,

‘Hold thou thy peace and say no more, few let thy
words now be ;

The youth whom thou before thee seest a ruler’s son
is he.’

‘What ails thee, Fiorentino mine ? Thou feignest to
forget

The flasks of sweet rose-water which to wash thee with
I brought ?

What ails thee, Fiorentino mine ? Thou feignest
to forget

The shirts of silk I dressed thee in with finest broid’ry
wrought ?’

Then says the King to him,

‘Think, Fiorentino, this may be the maid of whom
didst speak ?’

Says Dulcetta,

‘Go kiss thy mother, so perchance thy wits may come again!’

The Prince went, kissed his mother hurriedly, and remembered everything. He came running back to the Court, and cried,

‘Dulcetta mine, thou art my Eyes! my Light!^a I know thee now!

Thou my Dulcetta art, and she who saved my life art thou!

Give to this one his hundred [coins], that one two hundred send.

Do thou upon thy wedding dress my fifteen hundred spend!’

Then the old King took her and led her to the palace. The Queen came down to the door to receive her:

‘Now welcome to my daughter dear, the fair, the jewel gay,

Who enters in my palace here with honoured words to-day!’

Then they sent out criers [to announce] that the Prince was going to be married. The wedding took place with much rejoicing, and they lived happily. And we more happily still!

^a *Μάρτια μου, Φῶς μου*, two common terms of endearment.

THE TOWER OF THE FORTY DHRAKOS AND
THE KING OF THE GOLDEN APPLE.

Cyprus.

(SAKELLARIOS, II., p. 345.)

THERE was once an old woman and she had a son. One day the old woman said to her son,

‘Take this money, and go to the butcher’s and buy a little meat for me to cook.’

Her son took the money, and dawdled about as he went to the butcher’s, and remained all day in town. At sunset he remembered what he had come out for, and went to the butcher and asked him if he had any meat, and he said that he had sold it all. He went back to his mother and told her that he could not find any meat, but if she liked he would take the money she had given him and buy half an *oka*^a of caroub honey, and a couple of loaves from the baker, for supper. When his mother had scolded and abused him for a sluggard and a dolt, she sent him to buy. As he was hungry, he went to the chandler’s and the baker’s, and bought honey and bread, and came home as fast as he could.

When they had eaten the bread and honey, there came a swarm of flies and bothered him. Then he twisted his hand round, and with one blow he killed fifty; he twisted round the other and with one slap he killed a hundred.

‘What a valiant fellow am I! I didn’t know how strong I was! I’ll ask my mother, as she is weary of

^a About two pounds and three quarters.

seeing me sit idle here, to buy me a horse, and make me a suit of soldier's clothes, a tent, and the other necessary arms, and I will go to the wars.'

So he thought, and so he said to his mother. The old woman, in order to disburden herself of him, did all he asked her. In a few days she had everything ready, and then she said to her son,

'All is ready, and may God and my blessing be thy help.'

The youth kissed his mother's hand, mounted, and bade her good-bye. At whatever place he stopped, when he dismounted he tied up his horse, and pitched his tent, and when he had supped or dined, he set off again. After about three months' journeying he came to a forest, on the borders of which was a castle. When he came near the castle, he found a stone water-course full of running water. The water in this channel emptied itself into a cistern, and this cistern watered a large garden. Close by was a great plane-tree. The youth dismounted, tied up his horse and pitched his tent. He dipped his biscuit in the running water and ate it, together with a piece of cheese which he had with him; and when he had eaten, he lay down to sleep.

The lords of the castle were forty Dhrakos, and they had a sister. At noon they, too, came to the castle, and when they saw the tent set up under the plane-tree, they sent their youngest brother to see what stranger had surprised them. In a little while the youngest brother came back and said it was a youth, and he was sleeping like one dead.

'That's lucky,' said one of the forty, 'we shall sup finely to-night!'

'Never!' cried another, 'it is not honourable to kill

him while he sleeps. We must first awaken him, and fight him one by one.'

'No,' replied the eldest brother, 'that will not do either, for one to fight against forty; but we will kill him if we beat him at feats.'

'Very well,' said all the brothers, and they agreed to their brother's counsel.

When the youth awoke, he drank, saw to his horse, and prepared to set off again. Then he saw coming towards his tent a great number who, as they came nearer, he found to be Dhrakos. Immediately, without showing any fear, he girded on his sword and rolled up the mattress on which he had been sleeping. When the Dhrakos came up to the tent, they glanced at it and saw written all round it—'Fifty with the left hand, and a hundred with the right, and woe if I arise!'

The Dhrakos exchanged looks, and bit their lips. Then the eldest of them said to the youth,

'Hero, thou hast come without our leave, and taken up thy abode in our country, thou only knowest why. We have come to tell thee that if thou canst play at ball as we play, we will marry thee to our sister.'

'I agree,' said the youth.

Then the youngest Dhrako threw the ball, and it crossed the river; the others threw, and it fell still further away; the eldest threw, and it went down five hundred steps.

'Now it is my turn!' cried the youth, and he threw it with such force that it flew as far as the mountains.

'Our word is our word,' said the eldest Dhrako, 'the wedding shall be held in three days; but we must first go out hunting in order to have game for the wedding feast.'

‘Just as you please,’ replied the youth.

The next day the Dhrakos invited the youth to go out hunting with them. The road they took brought them to a place at which forty-one roads met. The hunters had been on all the forty, but on the other nobody went; for of those who had been bold enough to go along that road not one had ever come back. So the Dhrakos knew the place, and when they came to where the roads met, they said,

‘Let us all put our rings under a stone, and let each take a different road. As we come back from the chase, let us go to the stone and take each his ring, and go to the castle.’

They did so, and the Dhrakos took the accustomed roads, and let the youth take the evil road.

Well, come along! The youth went on till he came to the edge of a reedswamp. There he heard a great hissing which came from among the reeds, and as it came nearer he saw an enormous three-headed serpent coming towards him. The youth fixed an arrow in his bow, shot at the serpent, and wounded it in the stomach, and it began to writhe, and wriggle, and roar. The youth immediately drew his sword, and cut off one by one the three heads of the serpent. He then set fire to the reedswamp and burnt it, together with the serpent, and set off again back to the stone.

The Dhrakos had not yet returned, and he sat down to wait for them. When they came back, he showed them the heads of the serpent, and told them all the story. When they had taken their rings from under the stone, they returned to the castle.

The next morning, the Dhrakos told the bridegroom that they must ask their King to the wedding, for he would be offended if he heard from others

that they had married their sister without inviting him.

‘Very well,’ said the youth, ‘do as you think proper.’

The eldest Dhrako went to bear the invitation on the part of his brothers. The King received him well, and asked him about the bridegroom, what kind of man he was.

‘He is a valiant hero,’ replied the Dhrako. ‘When he was in his own country he slew fifty with his left hand and a hundred with his right; and us forty brothers he beat at throwing the ball; and on the road on which the people of these parts go and never return, he went, and killed the three-headed serpent.’

‘As you say he is such a hero,’ said the King, ‘he is able to kill also the wild boar, Kaláthas, which ravages our country, and against which I have so often sent my most valiant Dhrakos, but they could not slay it.’

‘He is able,’ replied the Dhrako, ‘but not one of my brothers is bold enough to accompany him for this purpose.’

‘Never mind,’ said the King, ‘when the wedding is over, I will write to you, threatening to slay you if you do not my bidding; and he will be obliged for the sake of your sister, if he loves her, to help you.’

The King had heard that the Dhrakos’ sister was very beautiful, and he was jealous that he had not got her in his own castle. So he gave the Dhrako some presents for his brother-in-law and for his sister; and when the forty days of the wedding were passed, he wrote to the Dhrakos that they must go and bring him the wild boar, Kaláthas, dead or alive. When the Dhrakos heard this, they were much put out, and

they told their sister. She promised them that when her husband came home in the evening from the chase, she would beg him to help them. The Dhrakos were very pleased, and they went about their usual work in the garden, one to water, another to dig, another to prune, another to chop wood from the forest, another to carry it to the castle, and the rest to do other work.

When evening came, and the youth returned from hunting, his wife made him promise that he would help her brothers to the best of his ability. The next day he invited his brothers-in-law, and asked them to get ready and go boar-hunting with him. So they took each one his horse, his bow, plenty of arrows, and their spears, and set out.

It was near noon when our hunters arrived on the shore of a lake, and there they dismounted to stretch themselves and rest themselves a little in the shade. Presently they heard a crashing and a horrible noise coming from among the bulrushes—it was the wild boar. The youth fixed his arrow, shot it, and pierced the wild boar in the eye. Kaláthas, mad with pain, roared at the hunters; but as he came nearer, the youth struck him with his spear on the forehead with such force that Kaláthas reeled and fell to the earth. Then the youth fell upon him and cut off his head, which he gave to his brothers-in-law that they might give it to their King.

When the King of the Dhrakos received the head of Kaláthas, and learnt from them that their sister's husband had killed it, he outwardly professed great love for him, and sent him presents; but he sent secretly an old woman to inquire about his strength. The old woman came to the Dhrakos' castle, and passing herself off as a nun, she found an opportunity to speak to

the young wife. From her she learnt that her husband had boasted to her one night that if the earth had a ring fixed to it and he somewhere else to stand upon, he could lift the earth with all its weight.

‘Thy husband need not boast so much,’ said the old woman, ‘for in our parts there is a great hero called Yíáso, and this hero will be stronger than your husband.’

At night when the youth came home from hunting, his wife, as they talked together, repeated to him the words of the old woman. When he heard them, he thought to himself that it would be well to seek that hero and make his acquaintance.

God dawned the day, and the youth, before going out to hunt, buckled on his shield, said good-bye to his wife, and told her that it would be a few days before he returned, but that she must not be at all anxious. When he had mounted, he set off. At whatever town or village he passed through, he asked if they knew Yíáso the Hero. Not to make a long story of it, after a month’s journey he came to a town, and on inquiring there he heard to his joy that Yíáso lived in that town.

‘Good!’ said he. ‘Now I shall see him,’ and he began at once to seek him. At last he found him in a cookshop.

‘Art thou Yíáso?’ said our hero to him.

‘Certainly,’ replied Yíáso, ‘but who art thou?’

‘I am Phiáka,’ said the youth, ‘the brother-in-law of the Forty Dhrakos, who has killed the three-headed serpent.’

‘And Kaláthas the wild boar?’ asked Yíáso.

‘Yes,’ replied the youth.

‘Then, my friend Phiáka, if thou art he, let us make trial of each other’s prowess.’

‘Whenever you like,’ said he.

‘My trials are these,’ said Yíáso—‘if thou raise my strength-test higher than I, and if, with the first blow on the shoulder thou drive me the deeper in the earth, thou shalt be my master, otherwise I shall be thine.’

‘Very well,’ replied the youth.

Then Yíáso took him to his house and took hold of the strength-test, and raised it as high as his knee. Afterwards he gave his friend a blow on the shoulder and drove him up to his knees in the earth. Then the youth took up the strength-test, which was a barrel as big as a hogshead, full of lead, and he raised it as high as his chest; he gave Yíáso a blow on the shoulder, and he sank into the earth up to his armpits.

‘Well done, my Phiáka!’ cried Yíáso. ‘From this time forward thou art my master! Bid me do what thou wilt, and I will obey thee.’

‘Then follow me,’ said the youth.

‘With pleasure,’ replied Yíáso, and they rode together and came to the castle of the Forty Dhrakos. They were all together at home when he arrived; and the Dhrakos, when they saw their brother-in-law, made great rejoicing.

At night his wife told him that, five or six days previously, the King of the Dhrakos had sent word to her brothers to tell their brother-in-law to go and fetch for him a bottle of the Water of Life.⁸ When the youth heard these words, he was much distressed; and on the following morning he repeated them to Yíáso. Yíáso said that in his country there was a man called Ear of the Earth.¹⁶ ‘And he will know how to advise us about what thou hast told me,’ said he. ‘If thou wilt, give me a horse, I will go and bring him; he is my friend, and I think he will do me the favour to come.’

The youth gave Yíaso permission to go, and they got ready for him a splendid horse, one of the swiftest ; and at break of day Yíaso set out. After forty days Yíaso returned to the Dhrakos' Castle with Ear of the Earth. He was a very outlandish man with donkey's ears, but he had the power of hearing what men were talking about in every part of the world, and whoever wanted to know anything, he could tell them. And he told the youth that the Well of the Water of Life was away in the farthest East, and that it was between two mountains which opened and shut, and that there was a Dhrako who guarded the place when the mountains were open, and that he must take a skin of Koumantar-kán wine^a to treat him with, so that he might not only leave them free entrance, but might also hold the mountains apart with his two hands until they came back from the Well.

When the youth had listened to this man's words, he begged him to go with them for good or for evil. So they made ready for the journey, and in five days' time they took the road. The youth bade farewell to his wife and to the Dhrakos, whom he charged to take care of their sister, and keep her from all harm ; and then he went off with the others. Their horses were very swift.

Well, as they went, they passed through many countries. One night Ear of the Earth said to his companions,

'I hear the Dhrako who guards the Well of the Water of Life snoring ; he must be asleep.'

Some days passed, and Ear of the Earth again said to his companions,

'I hear the Dhrako complain that since the time

^a The choicest wine of Cyprus, made in the south of the island.

when King Alexander came for the Water of Life, he has not tasted wine. I hope that in a few days more we shall arrive there, and present him with some.'

The land through which they were passing had no inhabitants, but was a wilderness. Said Ear of the Earth to them,

'We are coming near; the snoring of the Dhrako sounds in my ears; and I believe the mountain in front of us is that which opens and shuts.'

At last they arrived, and found the Dhrako sitting under a plane-tree. When he saw the strangers, he asked them what they wanted.

'A little water,' replied the youth, 'from the Well of Life.'

'But, my *pallikar*,' said the Dhrako, 'this mountain where the Well of Life is opens and shuts. I don't believe thou wilt be able to fill thy bottle in time, and thou wilt be shut in. Thy companions are not, so far as I can see, able to hold open the mountain while thou fillest it.'

'But the great Dhrako, your Honour—if he is so disposed to do us the favour—can't he hold it open?' asked the youth.

'I am strong when I drink,' replied the Dhrako.

'But I see you have plenty of water here?' said the youth.

'But my thirst is not quenched with water,' replied the Dhrako, 'it is something else which gives me strength.'

'Perhaps you want wine?' said the youth.

'Thou hast guessed it,' replied the Dhrako.

'Well, we have with us a skin of wine,' said the youth.

The Dhrako's eyes sparkled with pleasure. When

he had drunk of the choice Cypriot, he said, 'Wait a little.' And when the mountain opened, the Dhrako placed his hands and kept the two sides apart until Phiáka had filled his bottle at the Well. The youth and his companions then thanked the Dhrako, told him that all the wine in the skin was his, bade him farewell, and set off. The Dhrako was so pleased at receiving the wine, that he took three horse-tail hairs, and said to him,

'Shouldst thou ever be in danger, strike these three hairs lightly, the black, the white, and the red, and immediately the three brothers—I who guard the Well of Life, my brother who guards the Red Apple Tree with the Golden Apples, and my third brother who keeps the Souls at the mouth of Hades, will come to thy aid.'

The youth again thanked the Dhrako, took the three hairs, and hastened to return to the castle.

One day Ear of the Earth said to Phiáka, 'Master, thy castle is surrounded by three hundred Dhrakos; thy brothers-in-law are fighting against them from within the castle.'

The youth changed colour at this news. When they were still two days' journey from the castle, Ear of the Earth said to Phiáka,

'Master, ten of thy brothers-in-law are killed and five wounded!'

The youth sighed, and made still more haste to arrive. At last they saw the castle from afar. The youth prepared to strike the hairs which the Dhrako had given him to ask his aid, when they heard shouts from the castle and from those who were outside, who ran and fled. When they came to the castle, they learnt that the shouts they had heard from within were

shouts of joy from his brothers-in-law because they saw him coming, and that when those who were besieging them learnt that the brother-in-law of the Dhrakos was coming, they fled. Then the youth sprinkled his dead and wounded brothers-in-law with the bottle of water from the Well of Life, and made them whole, and that day they remained together and feasted in the castle garden.

After a few days Ear of the Earth said to the youth,

‘Many soldiers are coming towards our castle. The King of the Dhrakos wants to take away your wife from you ; what shall we do ?’

‘Are you quite sure of what you say ?’ asked the youth.

‘Quite sure,’ replied Ear of the Earth.

‘Then I must strike the hairs,’ said the youth, ‘when the soldiers appear before the castle.’

Three days afterwards the castle fields were full of soldiers. One body set up their tents in the direction of the garden, another towards the forest, and another out by the river in the corn-fields. The youth struck the horses’ hairs and awaited succour. Twenty-four hours had not passed after he struck the hairs when a white cloud appeared in the East, and a warrior mounted on a Fish-horse¹⁷ descended on the castle, holding in his hand a bottle. When he had dismounted, there appeared a red cloud from the West, and a warrior mounted on a red horse alighted on the tower, and he bore in a box a Golden Apple. It was the Dhrako-guardian of the Red Apple Tree. When he, too, had dismounted, there appeared a black cloud from the South, and a warrior mounted on a black steed descended on the castle, and he held a sword

like a sickle—it was the Dhrako-guardian of Hades. When all three were arrived and had rested, they resolved to begin the battle. The Dhrako of the Well of Life undertook to fight with the body by the river ; the Dhrako of the Red Apple Tree with the body in the forest ; and the Dhrako of Hades with the body in the garden, where the King of the Dhrakos was.

In the evening, then, when it grew dark, one Dhrako turned the river into the fields where the soldiers were, and some of them were drowned, and some he made to flee. The second Dhrako did the same ; he set the forest on fire near where the soldiers were, and some were burnt, and all the rest fled. The other Dhrako fell upon the soldiers who were in the garden, and before day broke he had killed most of them. With the dawn came other Dhrakos, and those who were in the castle cut them to pieces, and the King and his captains too were slain. Then the three Dhrakos made the youth King of the Dhrakos, they gave him the Golden Apple, and all the slain Dhrakos they raised to life by sprinkling them with the water in the bottle which the youth had brought from the Well of Life. Eight days they rejoiced and made merry. And I left them well, and came here and found you better !

THE FAMOUS DHRAKO, OR THE QUEST OF
THE GOLDEN WAND.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 147.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours !

Once upon a time there was a King, and he had a very lovely daughter whose beauty had no equal. She was indeed so beautiful that, if

‘ She bade the Sun, he would stand still,
The morning Star, he’d twinkle !’

All the Princes were mad about her, and each one hastened to be the first to marry her. But she did not wish to marry, and found a thousand reasons for not taking any of them. Among all the Princes who sought her was one, very handsome, and he had touched her heart a little when she saw him, but still she could not make up her mind to take him. Besides, she wished first to prove if he were valiant, and if he loved her well enough to do her bidding.

One day she said that she would take him for her husband who should bring her the Wand of the Famous Dhrako, which he leaned against doors and they opened. As many Princes as heard of it shook with terror, for they knew very well that if they were to do what was asked of them, they would perish, because the Famous Dhrako was the most savage and the strongest of all the Dhrakos. He had one eye in his forehead which always remained open, both when he was awake and when he was asleep, so

that no one could approach him without being eaten by him.

But the handsome Prince loved her so much that he made up his mind either to bring her the Golden Wand or to perish. So he took the long road without saying anything to anyone, to try his luck. Day and night he walked without knowing where he was going. He went through the valleys, up and down, through the wildernesses, and on, and on. There where he was walking he got tired and sat down under a tree, and sleep overtook him. When he woke up he saw at a distance an Old Woman sifting flour into a great baking-pan. But the flour did not fall into the pan, but on the ground. When he came nearer to the Old Woman, he saw that she was blind. Then the Prince said to her,

‘Wait, mother, don’t sift the flour, for it is falling on the ground.’

‘But I can’t see, my laddie,’ said the Old Woman.

‘Give it to me, mother, and I will sift for you,’ said the Prince.

So he set to and sifted the flour, and put it in a sack which lay near, and said to her, ‘Where are you going to carry it? Let me help you, mother.’

The Old Woman was very much pleased with the Prince, and said to him,

‘My boy [in return] for the favour thou hast done me, what shall I do for you?’

Said the Prince to her, ‘Mother, give me your blessing, for you cannot help me in what I am seeking.’

‘And what is it thou seekest?’ asked the Old Woman. ‘Wilt not tell me, that I may hear, and see if I cannot perhaps help thee?’

‘I, mother, am a Prince, an only son, and I heard them tell of a Princess who is very beautiful, and

that many princes go to ask her [in marriage]; but she finds no husband to her liking. Then I took my mother's blessing,¹⁸ and went only to see her and return home again; but what would you? When I saw her I was driven crazy by her beauty and by the sweetness of her face. One day her father told her that she must really marry. Then she said that she would take for her husband the one who should bring her the Golden Wand of the Famous Dhrako which he leans against doors and they open.'

'Listen, my son,' said the Old Woman, 'thou hast undertaken a hard task, but thy parents' blessing and mine will give thee courage. Go straight along this road to a place where there is much grass, for no man has ever trodden upon it. Take this road; then, beyond the rising ground to which it leads thou wilt see mountains and ravines, and thence thou wilt see afar off a great cavern; go near, and if thou hear sounds of snoring coming out, it will mean that the Dhrako is within and asleep. Then remain at a distance till the door of the cavern opens, for he has his flocks inside and puts in front a great rock which no one can move. Thou must wait till the Dhrako opens to drive out his flock, and then find means to hide thyself in the cavern; and when he comes back to sleep, and folds his flocks, and closes the cavern again with the rock, then do thou listen, and from the snoring thou wilt know that he is asleep. Then come down from thy hiding-place, and go [near him]; tied to his beard is a golden key, and with these scissors thou must cut the key together with his beard, and when he opens the cavern do thou go out too. When thou hast succeeded in getting out, my son, then take again the grass-grown road. There thou wilt see a great palace. When thou

leanest the key against the door of the palace, it will open. Fear nothing, but take that road and go up to the palace. There thou wilt see upstairs in a great chamber a Horse and a Dog; and before the Horse are bones for him to eat, and, before the Dog, is straw. Then do thou, without a word, change them, and give the bones to the Dog, and the rest thou wilt learn later from the Horse.'

Then the Prince thanked the Old Woman, gave her some sequins, took the scissors which she gave him, and set off. He took the long road, and saw the great cavern. He went near, but heard no snoring. He peeped in, and there was no one in the cavern. There was a great cauldron full of milk, and a bannock as big as a millstone. Then the Prince bethought him that it was many days since he had eaten. He cut a piece of the bannock and dipped it in the milk, and he ate, and ate, until he was satisfied. Afterwards he looked about, and saw a hollow high up in the rock, and he climbed up and got in. After a little while he heard the sheep bells, and concluded that the flocks were returning and the Dhrako with them. Then he drew back in his hiding-place, and prayed God to help him. As soon as the Dhrako had entered the cave, he drew to the rock and shut up the opening of the cave, and sat down to eat. When he had eaten, he found that he was not satisfied, and said, 'What an amazing appetite I have to-day—neither the milk nor the bannock satisfies me!'

But I quite forgot to tell you that the Old Woman had given him a powder to throw into the *raki*^a jar, so that when the Dhrako had drunk it he might sleep

^a A kind of spirit made from grapes and flavoured with aniseed much used in the East.

heavily. So when the Dhrako had eaten, he stirred the fire, and went to sleep.

Then when he (the Prince) heard the snoring, and understood that the Dhrako was asleep, he came down softly, softly, cut the hairs, took the little key from his beard, and climbed up again into his hiding-place. But afterwards it occurred to him that when the Dhrako awoke, and saw that the key was missing from his beard, he would look about to find it. So he got down, and took a long pole, sharpened it, put it in the fire, and when it was red-hot he stuck it into the eye of the Dhrako and blinded him. Then he began to roar, and the noise brought everybody to their feet. The other Dhrakos, when they heard his roaring, ran to see what was the matter with their chief. But they could not enter, because the rock was in front and they could not remove it, and when they heard his cries they concluded that he was drunk, and they left him, and arose and went away. Then the Dhrako pushed away the stone, and opened the cave, and sat at the mouth and began to fondle and let out his sheep one by one. There was one big and woolly ram, and the Prince placed himself on his stomach under his wool, and managed while the Dhrako was fondling him to get out of the cave.¹⁹

Let us leave the Dhrako to find out who blinded him, and come to the Prince. The Prince took the long road which the Old Woman had described to him, and when he had gone some way he saw the palace from afar. Then he came nearer, and placed the key in the lock and opened the door. He went up into the palace and saw a splendid Horse fastened with chains, and he had before him a heap of bones; and a splendid big Dog, and he had before him a heap of

straw. He tried to loosen the Horse, but could not. Then he put the straw before the Horse, and the bones before the Dog. When the Horse and the Dog had eaten they began to talk and said to him,

‘How didst thou get here, my boy? The Famous Dhrako will eat thee!’

Then the youth told them how he had blinded the Dhrako, and that he had come here seeking a Golden Wand. Then said the Horse,

‘Who advised thee to come hither?’

Then the youth told him about the Old Woman, and that what she had advised him to do, he had done. Said the Dog,

‘She, my boy, was the Good Fate, and the other Fates have blinded her because she had never done evil to anyone, and they fated her never to recover her sight until she found somebody to love and pity her. And now, my boy, go this way’ (they pointed out where he was to go) ‘and go into that chamber. There you will see two captive Princesses, and you must set them free.’

So the youth took the way which led to the chamber, and saw there two beautiful Princesses who wondered at seeing him. They asked him how he came there. He told his story, and how he had come to seek the Golden Wand. Then they said,

‘We will give it to thee if thou wilt set us free.’

They gave him the Wand, and he went and leant it against the Horse, and the Horse was loosed; he leant it on the Dog, and the Dog was loosed. Then he took the Princesses, led them downstairs, placed them on the Horse, and took the Dog too. But they said,

‘Before we leave we have another good deed to do; look out of the window and see. Those animals are

all men, and Princes besides; they were all out hunting, and as they found the door open they came in, but—to their misfortune!—the Dhrako saw them and sprinkled them with a liquid and turned them into various animals. Now be quick and strike them lightly on their backs with the Wand, and they will become as they were before.'

Then the Prince went down with the Wand, touched them one by one, and immediately they began to turn into men, handsome youths, and began to embrace and kiss the Prince. Then the Prince bethought him, and he locked up the palace with the key when they had all come out, and took away the key with him. Then they all set out, and the Princes took the road that led to their own palaces, and the Prince with the Horse and the Dog set out to restore the Princesses to their parents. When their parents saw them, you may imagine the rejoicings they made; and they said to him that he might take for his wife whichever he pleased of the two, and they would make him heir to the throne. But the Prince replied that his troth was plighted, and that to please his betrothed he had come to seek the Golden Wand. The King marvelled when he saw the Horse and the Dog become men. Then the two Princes confessed and said,

'If you are willing, my longlived King, make us bridegrooms. For indeed the Dhrako stole the Princesses we loved, and we went to deliver them, and he made a Horse of me,' said the one, 'and of my friend a Dog.'

The King embraced them both, and said that he would make them his sons-in-law. Then our handsome Prince set out to go to the beautiful Princess. But he did not go on foot, for the King gave him many

carriages and gifts, and accompanied him to the door of the beautiful Princess. And the Princesses wept for joy that they were free, and for grief at the going away of their deliverer.

Let us leave them, and come to the Princess. When the Princess heard that the handsome Prince had gone away, and she saw him no more, she lay down to die of grief. Doctors and doctresses came to cure her, but could do nothing. Her father was in despair, for he had no other child. When the Prince arrived at the palace, all the doors were shut because there was great sorrowing for the Princess, who grew worse every day. The Prince lost no time. He took the Golden Wand in his hand, leant it against one door after another, and they all opened, and he found himself before the Princess. When the Princess saw him, she rose at once, and embraced him, and said,

‘Thee will I take, and I have awaited thee so long that I was ready to die of grief because thou wert gone away.’

The Prince related all the hardships that he had undergone, and gave her the Golden Wand. Then music, drums, and great rejoicings. They held the wedding, and he took her, and went home to his parents, and there they had double rejoicings. And they lived happy. And we happier!

THE DHRAKO.²⁰

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 699.)

THERE was once upon a time a King and a Queen, and they had a very beautiful daughter. Well, they wanted to marry their daughter, for they had no son, and to leave the throne to the bridegroom. But in that country there was a Dhrako, and he would allow no Prince to go and marry the Princess. They came from all the kingdoms where her beauty had been heard of; but the Dhrako came out when they drew near, and some he ate, and others he drove away, so that none of them had married the Princess. For the Dhrako intended to get the Princess for himself, and at the King's death to rule over the kingdom. He did all kinds of injury to the King, burnt his vineyards before the grapes were gathered, and was near setting fire to the palace, and this Dhrako became at last a perfect tyrant to the King. Then the King sent out a crier [to proclaim],

‘Whoever will destroy the Dhrako, I will give him my daughter to wife, and make him King thenceforward!’

So all the Princes heard this, but how could they attempt it, for they were afraid of the Dhrako who had destroyed so many Princes. There was one very handsome Prince, a native of a far-distant country. Said he,

‘I am resolved to go. What! shall we allow a Dhrako to lord it over our kingdoms, and do us such wrong and such evil?’

So he set out, and they told the King that 'Fiorentino, the son of such and such a King, has come to destroy the Dhrako and to deliver the King.' But the Dhrako, too, heard of it, and he determined to do all he could to prevent Fiorentino's passing and entering the kingdom.

Fiorentino arrived ; but when he saw the Dhrako on guard, he could not come near. So he went to a shepherd and gave him money, and bought a suit of clothes from the shepherd and put them on ; and he took a crooked stick and a pot of *yiaourti* (sour curds), and passed in front of the Dhrako and came to the King. When he was come in, and saw the King, he said to him,

'My King, I am a Prince, and I have come that you may give me your daughter to wife.'

He threw off his shepherd's dress, and stood in his fine clothes. Said the King to him,

'Very good, my boy, but thou must go and bring me the Dhrako's Spectacles. For whoever wears these Spectacles can see from one kingdom to another when war is going to be declared.'

'Very good,' replied Fiorentino. He went out, and here and there he learnt that the Dhrako was awake for six months, and the other six he was asleep ; but no one could tell whether he were asleep or awake, because his eyes were always open. He had, some time before, seized a Princess, and had turned her into a Partridge, and she took care of the house, and if anyone went into the Dhrako's house, she spoke. When Fiorentino learnt that the Dhrako was asleep, he determined to go and take the Spectacles.

He opened the door and went into the courtyard. The Partridge cried,

'Ba-ba-ka—he-has-o-pened-the-door!'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!' said the Dhrako [in his sleep].

'Ba-ba-ka—he-is-com-ing-up-stairs!'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'Ba-ba-ka—he-is-tak-ing-thy-spec-ta-cles!'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'Ba-ba-ka—he-has-ta-ken-them-and-gone!'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

Fiorentino took the spectacles to the King. Said the King,

'You must go and bring me the Dhrako's Horse.' For the Dhrako had a Horse which went like the wind.

So Fiorentino goes again. He entered the Dhrako's courtyard. When he opened the door, the Partridge began again,

'Ba-ba-ka—a-stran-ger-has-come-in-to-the-house!'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'Ba-ba-ka—he-has-gone-to-the-sta-ble!'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'Ba-ba-ka—he-has-taken-your-horse-and-gone!'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

So he took the Horse and brought it to the King.

'My King,' he said, 'I have brought you the Horse.'

'Well, now,' he replied, 'you must go and bring me the Partridge.'

So Fiorentino goes again, opens the door, and again the Partridge begins,

'Ba-ba-ka—he-has-o-pened-the-door!'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'Ba-ba-ka—a-stran-ger-has-come-in!'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'Ba-ba-ka—he-is-com-ing-upstairs!'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'Ba-ba-ka—he-has-ta-ken-me-and-gone !'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge !'

So Fiorentino took her and came to the King, and said,

'My longlived King, I have brought you the Partridge.'

'Well, my boy, in order that we may be at peace in the kingdom, you must go again and bring the Dhrako himself to the palace.'

Then Fiorentino pondered what he should do. Then he bethought him of a trick by which he might get him into a barrel. Just then it was the Dhrako's time to awaken. He awoke, and what did he see? His house deserted! He looked about for his Spectacles to see what was going on in the world; but where were his Spectacles? He waited for the Partridge to speak; but where was the Partridge? He went downstairs to the stable to see his Horse, and to mount him and find what was going on; but Horse there was none! Then he understood that it was Fiorentino's doing, and he cried,

*'Ach, Fiorentino! Thou hast taken my Spectacles—my eyes; the Horse—my feet; the Partridge—my tongue! Ah, Fiorentino! if I get hold of thee!' And the Dhrako came out and wandered about here and there on the mountains to refresh himself and find some means of outwitting Fiorentino. But Fiorentino had changed himself into an old man; he put on a white beard and hair, a hump, and some old clothes, and he took some hoops, and wood and straps and an axe, and went to the mountain where the Dhrako was, and began to make a barrel. He made the barrel, and then began to beat it—*tum, tum, tum!* and nailed the hoops; and the staves he did not close, but left a little*

space between them. The Dhrako saw afar off a man at work, and he came nearer to look, and saw an old man making barrels.

‘Good day, *pappou!*’^a said the Dhrako to the old man.

‘We-el-co-ome, my son,’ replied Fiorentino.

‘What are you making here?’

‘It’s little I can make—a barrel to put a little must in to make some wine.’

‘But how can this barrel hold wine, old man? I could pass myself through the holes, and will your must stay in?’

‘But where *are* the holes, I say?’

‘There, put thy hand in, and thou wilt see.’

‘*Po-po!* I will get some tow and caulk them.’

‘Look now, there’s a big hole at the bottom of the barrel!’

‘But where? I don’t see it,’ said Fiorentino.

‘See!—down there!’ replied the Dhrako; ‘give me thy hand, and I will show thee.’

Fiorentino pretended that he couldn’t reach. ‘I neither see it,’ he said, ‘nor yet do I feel it. Wilt not do me the favour to get inside and caulk it thyself? Do—so mayest thou be happy, and may God give thee good luck.’ And many other things he said to persuade him to get into the barrel. When he was in the barrel he gave him a wedge, and everything else he asked for, and he went in to caulk it. But once the Dhrako was well in, he lost no time, but—*tàka! tàka!* he nails him firmly in; and, as Fiorentino hammered, the Dhrako cried,

‘*Aï!* what art doing? Open, for I am inside! open, and let me out!’

^a Grandfather.

‘Indeed! I have seen and suffered too much to get thee into the barrel, to let thee out now.’

Then he threw off his wigs and orra-duddies^a, and stood up as Fiorentino in his golden clothes. And he began to roll the barrel, and say,

‘Roll, roll, little barrel, and let us go to the King’s palace, that I may marry his daughter.’

Then the Dhrako understood that it was Fiorentino.

‘Ah, Fiorentino!’ said the Dhrako, ‘thou hast taken from me the Spectacles—my eyes; the Horse—my feet; the Partridge—my tongue; and Me thou hast put in the barrel! *Ach*, Fiorentino, if I could lay hands on thee!’

‘Roll, roll, little barrel,’ said Fiorentino, ‘and let us go to the King’s palace, and marry his daughter.’

He took the Dhrako to the palace, and the King said to him, ‘Thou hast burnt my property, and I will burn thee.’

So he burnt the Dhrako, and there was an end of him. Then he raised Fiorentino to the throne, and made him King as he had promised. And they had music and drums and great rejoicings; he married the King’s daughter, and instead of the Dhrako taking the King’s lands and goods, the King took the lands and goods of the Dhrako. And Fiorentino lived with his wife happily and contentedly.

^a Παληόρουχα. Compare

‘Syne he took oot his little knife,
Loot a’ his duddies fa’,
And he was the brawest gentleman
That was amang them a’!’

JAMES V.: *The Jolly Beggur*.

THE MAN OF THE MANY CHICKPEAS.²¹

Naxos.

(Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα, B., 16.)

‘Now a tale I’ll tell to you,
Of a bean and chickpea too.’

ONCE upon a time there was a lazy fellow, and when he was asked to go and do a day’s work, he would work for an hour or so, and then leave it and go home, and so he never had enough bread to eat. Once again they said to him, ‘Come, my good fellow, and dig in one of my gardens. There will be many others, and you will earn a piastre and buy your fill of bread.’

Says he, ‘Very well.’

So he goes the next morning, and digs for an hour or so; and as he was digging he finds a chickpea. In great joy he says to himself,

‘If I plant this chickpea, I shall have next year a hundred chickpeas; if I plant the hundred chickpeas, in another year I shall have ten thousand chickpeas; if I plant the ten thousand, in the following year they will make a measure full; in the next I shall have a hundred measures of chickpeas, the next ten thousand, and the next again a million measures; and in some ten years or so I shall have no room for them—where shall I stow them? I must go to the King and ask him to let them open for me the royal granaries, and stow them there.’

The thrifty maiden grows wealthy awake; the idle wench when she is asleep!^a He never thought for a moment

^a A Greek proverb.

that he had nowhere to plant them! He at once puts the pea in his girdle and goes to the King, all ragged as he was, asking his way of no matter who, and finding it. The guards, when they saw his raggedness, were unwilling to let him go up into the palace. But when the King heard the dispute, and how the man insisted on coming up, he said,

‘Let him come up!’

So he goes in to the King and doffs his cap,

‘My longlived King, I have many chickpeas, and have nowhere to bestow them. Only give the order that they open to me your storehouses, that I may stow them there.’ (And he had them all in his girdle!)

The King said to himself, ‘This must be a rich man, he would do well for my daughter.’ So he says grandly, ‘I will do what thou askest, and thou shalt marry my daughter; but if thou hast not the chickpeas, I shall slay thee!’

‘At your orders, my King!’ he replies.

He sees the Princess, and remains ten days or so at the palace, after which the King says to him, ‘It is time for thee to go and bring the chickpeas.’

Says he, ‘Very good, but give me some ten thousand piastres.’

He was the King’s son already, so why shouldn’t they give him the money? He takes it and sets off on horseback with a retinue, and the Princess followed him at a distance with cavalry. Wherever he passed the people paid him reverence, and said,

‘The Prince is passing, the King’s son is passing!’

Our man goes on, and on, and seeing a beekeeper [he says to him], ‘Here are a thousand piastres for thee, and when thou seest by-and-by the Princess pass with the royal escort, set out a hundred honeycombs

for them to eat; and when they ask thee to whom they belong, say, "To the Man of the many Chickpeas."

'At your orders.'

He goes further and finds a baker, gives him a thousand piastres, and says,

'Presently there will pass by the Princess with her retinue. Set out bread for them that they may sit and eat; and if they ask thee to whom it belongs, say, "To the Man of the many Chickpeas."' "

'At your orders, *Effendi* !'

He goes further and finds a shepherd, gives him a thousand piastres, and says,

'Presently there will pass the Princess with her cavalcade. You will roast a few sheep for them to eat; and if they ask thee to whom they belong, say, "To the Man of the many Chickpeas."' "

Then he went on, and on, till he found himself beneath a tower where lived a Dhrako who gave twelve riddles to guess to everyone who passed by, and if he could not guess them, he devoured him.

When the Dhrako saw our man, he called to him from the window,

'What does *One* stand for?'

The newly-made Prince immediately replied,

'God is One.'

'What does *Two* stand for?'

'God is One, two-horned is the Devil,'²² replied the Prince.

'What does *Three* stand for?'

'God is one, two-horned is the Devil, three-legged is the table.'

'What does *Four* stand for?'

'God is one, two-horned is the Devil, three-legged is the table, four-teated is the cow.'

‘What does *Five* stand for?’

‘God is one, two-horned is the Devil, three-legged is the table, four-teated is the cow, five-fingered is the hand.’

‘What does *Six* stand for?’

‘God is one, etc., etc., six-starred (*sic*) is the *Poúlia* ’²³ (the *Pleiads*).’

‘What does *Seven* stand for?’

‘God is one, etc., etc., seven maidens dance the *hora*.’

‘What does *Eight* stand for?’

‘God is one, etc., etc., eight windings has the Archipelago.’^a

‘What does *Nine* stand for?’

‘God is one, etc., etc., a nine monthling is the child.’

‘What does *Ten* stand for?’

‘God is one, etc., etc., a ten monthling is the calf.’

‘What does *Eleven* stand for?’

‘God is one, etc., etc., an eleven monthling is the mare’s foal.’

‘What does *Twelve* stand for?’

‘God is one, etc., etc., a twelve monthling is the mule’s foal.’

As he said this the *Dhrako* tumbled out of the window, and burst. The new-made Prince went upstairs, and found a palace and better, all of gold. There were silver trays and services, fine stuffs and carpets, and all around were fields of different grains—barley, and corn, and chickpeas, which he was so fond of, and all kinds of things.

The Princess, meanwhile, as she passed along the road, had been accosted by the beekeeper, the baker, and the shepherd, who had given her to eat with all

^a The *Ægean* has, in fact, eight gulfs at least on its Asiatic and European shores.

her people honeycombs, bread and mutton; and when she asked, 'To whom do these belong?' they all replied, 'To the Man of the many Chickpeas.' He comes down from the tower as if it were his palace, receives the Princess, and leads her upstairs. And they lived and grew old together with joy and laughter, for his was a lucky *Kismet* if they let him alone.

THE THRICE-ACCURSED, OR THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 296.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours!

There was once upon a time a King and a Queen, and they had three daughters, so beautiful, that Princes came from everywhere to ask them in marriage; but they did not wish to marry, so that they might not be separated. Then the Devil took it into his head to come and take the eldest to wife. So he bethought him, like the Devil he was, to become a handsome Prince; and he fitted out a ship with different jewels and other gifts, and appeared at the palace. He presented them to the King, and said to him,

‘I am such and such a Prince, and I heard everyone praising your daughter. I want only to see her, and not to ask her for my wife, because so many others more handsome and more wealthy than I have come, and she would not have them.’

Then the King bade his daughter to come that he [the Prince] might see her. When she heard her father’s command, she was sorry, but what could she do? She took her mother with her, and went to her father, who had called her. As soon as the Devil saw her, he kneeled down before the King, and said to him,

‘I will never leave thy palace without thy daughter, and if she will not have me for her husband, she had better kill me!’

Then the King and the Queen told her to consent to take him for her husband, for they were tired of seeing the Princes coming and going. So, willy nilly, the Princess consented. Then music and drums and great rejoicings. The wedding took place; he took her for his wife, and it was settled that she was to go to his parents. He did not, however, take her plenishings, only a few things, and said,

‘I will go to my parents that they may see her, and we will come back to see her sisters, and then we will take the gear.’

Then they went on board the ship; he made a great feast for them; and then they separated with much sorrow and many tears.

They sailed, and sailed, and arrived at a lonely place, and there the ship struck on a rock; and after it had struck it fell to pieces, and they came on shore, and immediately mounted on mules, and rode, and rode, and rode, and still they rode. There the Princess saw a great big cave, with a hole for doorway. Said she,

‘Why are we going in here?’

‘*Ná!* since the ship is wrecked, we will go into the cave and sleep, and in the morning we will see if a ship will pass into which we may enter and go to my parents.’

But as soon as she had entered the hole, she heard a noise, a dreadful uproar which was going on in the cave. There were all the devils, and they were awaiting their chief, Versevoulin,²² to tell him what they had done. Then she was frightened, and said,

‘What is it? What is it?’

Then he shook himself once, and became a Thrice-Accursed, with such horns and such teeth! His two

front teeth, indeed, were as long as his horns! He said,

‘Eh! bide here now. I am the King of the Devils, and you are the Queen!’

Then he clapped his hands, and all the devils came into the cave. Up jumped one, and said,

‘To-day, Versevoulin, I blinded a man because we were in a whirlwind, and he threw away the stone of an olive which he was eating, and it hit me on the nose, and I gave him a blow and blinded him.’

Then the others were beginning to tell their doings, but Versevoulin stopped them, saying,

‘To-day I have got married, and am merry! Go all and amuse yourselves till to-morrow, and she whom you see is my Queen, so pay her homage.’

Then all the devils saluted her, wished her joy, and went away. Then he, when he was left alone, took her into another cave, and showed her another wife whom he had hung up, and whose breast he had cut open, and said to her,

‘She was a Princess; but when I gave her a human heart to eat, and she did not eat it, I killed her and hung her up. Now, if thou wilt eat her heart, I will make thee my Queen and wife; but if thou wilt not eat it either, I will do the same to thee.’

Then she was afraid, and said, ‘I will eat it, give it to me, and I will eat it.’

Then he took out the woman’s heart for her, and said,

‘I am going out hunting, and you must eat it.’

‘Very good,’ said she. But when he was gone she dug with her nails a hole under a stone, and put it in. When he came back, he said to her,

‘Hast thou eaten the heart?’

‘I have eaten it.’

Then he took down his sword, laid it across his knees, and said,

‘My little heart! my little heart! where art thou?’

‘My lady has put me under a stone!’

Then he lost no time, but tore her open, and hung her up where the other was. And he arose, and took a ship, and went again to his father-in-law. When they saw him, there were great rejoicings. ‘The bridegroom!’ [they cried], and ran to embrace him.

‘Where is she? Why haven’t you brought the Princess with you?’

‘Eh! what shall I tell you? She is so beloved there by my parents, that they wouldn’t let her come; but I have come to fetch one of her sisters to stay a short time, and later on, she shall return with her.’

Then they looked at one another, and the youngest said,

‘Let her go, and I will stay with you.’

Then the other said, ‘But what shall I do? How can I leave you alone?’

‘Eh!’ said the Queen, ‘one of you must go; do thou go who art the elder.’

Then they got ready the elder sister, and she took her brother-in-law and went away. As they went, they again moored in the same place, came on land, mounted the mules, and rode, and rode, till they came to the rocks. Then said the Princess,

‘Where are we going? This is a desert. Is the palace here?’

‘Eh! it is here; thou wilt see how splendid it is. The road is rather bad, but thou wilt see how splendid is the palace!’

But when they came close to the mountain, she saw a hole, and they went in at the hole, and she saw a great cave. Then she asked,

‘What is this?’

He immediately shook himself, and became a Devil with horns. Then she began to utter screams and cries, but he said to her,

‘Hush thee, for I shall do to thee as I did to thy sister!’

‘And where is my sister?’

‘There!’

She went in and saw her hanging up. She ran to embrace her, she kissed her, she wept, she fainted away. Said he to her,

‘Hush thee, whatever thou mayest do now, thou art mine, and must obey me, or else I shall do to thee as I did to her.’

Then he lost no time, but took out her sister’s heart, and said,

‘There! eat it, and when thou hast eaten it, I will make thee Queen and bring thee birds’ milk.’²⁴ And he gave the heart into her hand, and rose and left, and went with his companions, the devils, a-hunting.

Then she, poor thing, was left alone, and she wept, and cried, and looked this way and that, but nobody saw her, or heard her. Then she made up her mind, and took the heart and cut it up into little bits, and threw them on the roof. When he came back from hunting, he asked her,

‘Hast thou eaten it?’

‘I have eaten it.’

Then he at once took down his sword, laid it across his knees, and said,

‘My little heart! my little heart! where art thou?’

‘My lady has thrown me on the roof!’

Then he lost no time, but immediately tore her open, and hung her up with the other.

When he had hung her up, he arose, and took a ship, and went again to his father-in-law. When they saw him there were great rejoicings.

‘Why have you come?’

‘*Bré!* how shall I tell you?—the women have driven me!—they give me no peace! “Go and bring our other sister!” So, if it please you, let her come, and we will return all together.’

The youngest daughter did not wish to go; she screamed, ‘I won’t go anywhere!’ and shut herself up in her room. Her mother went to her and said,

‘My daughter, this is a shame! The bridegroom has set out and made this journey, and thou wilt not go?’

‘I will go, but I must take my pigeon and my kitten with me!’

‘Eh! very well, but put them in thy pocket, for it would be a shame for the bridegroom to see them!’

So she got ready, she dressed herself, put the pigeon and the kitten the one in one pocket and the other in another, and set out. There where the ship moored again, they went on shore, mounted the mules, and rode, and rode, and rode. When they were opposite the mountain, she asked him,

‘What is that? Are we going there?’

‘Yes, my palace is there.’

They went into the cave, and she began to scream and cry. Then he shook himself, and became a great Devil, and he said,

‘Hush thee! for I shall do to thee as I have done to thy sisters!’

‘And where are my sisters?’

‘There they are, hanging up!’

Then she, too, uttered screams, but he said,

‘Hush thee! thy cries are useless now; thou must do as I bid thee!’ and he took out her sister’s heart and said,

‘Here, eat this heart, and when thou hast eaten it, I will make thee Queen, and bring thee birds’ milk; but if thou deceive me, I shall do to thee as I have done to them.’ So said, he gave her the heart, and arose, and went away.

Then she thought to herself, What should she do? what should she do?—and she thought of the kitten which she had in her pocket. She cut the heart up into little tiny bits, and gave it to the kitten, and she ate it. Then she sat down and wrote a letter to her parents that he whom they had made their son-in-law was a Devil; that he had killed her two sisters, and many other things; and she folded the paper tightly and tied it to the pigeon’s neck, and told it to fly very high up so as not to be killed, kissed it, threw it up, and it flew away. Then the poor girl wept day and night, and waited for her deliverance. The Thrice-Accursed came and asked,

‘Hast thou eaten the heart?’

‘I have eaten it,’ said she.

Then he took his sword and laid it across his knees, and said, ‘Now we shall see if thou hast eaten it or not,’ and he called out,

‘My little heart! my little heart! where art thou?’

It replied, ‘My lady has put me in a warm, warm, little stomach!’

Then he said to her, ‘Thou art my wife!’ and he embraced her. ‘Now all thy commands shall be obeyed!’

Let us now leave them, and let us go to her parents. The pigeon flew swiftly, swiftly, and came to the palace. When they saw it, what rejoicings there were !

‘ Our lady’s pigeon ! our lady’s pigeon ! ’

They caught it, and saw that it had a string round its neck ; they untied it—what did they see ?—a little letter. They read it, and what did they see ? They cried, and wept, and cudgelled their brains to think how they could rescue her.

A neighbour heard the weeping and the cries in the palace, and went to see what had happened. Said she,

‘ What is the matter here ? Why are you weeping ? Why are you screaming ? ’

Then the Queen said, ‘ *Ná*, so and so and so, but what shall we do to rescue her from the Devil’s den ? ’

Then said the woman, ‘ My Queen, I have seven sons, and what trade they follow I don’t know ; they have to do with “ The Outside Ones.”²⁵ Only give me some silk and gold thread, and a beautifully fine, rose coloured handkerchief, to embroider, and they will ask me, “ What is that, mother ? ” and I shall say to them, “ I shall give it him who knows the best trade,” and in that way I shall learn what trade each knows.’

So she took the gold thread, and sat and embroidered on the threshold of the door. Then came the eldest, and said to her,

‘ Good-evening, mother ! ’

‘ Welcome, my son ! ’

‘ What wilt thou do with this kerchief thou art broidering ? ’

‘ I shall give it to my most worthy son.’

‘And is any more worthy than I?’

‘But do I know what is thy calling?’

‘I put my ear to the ground, and hear everything that happens in the habitable earth.’¹⁶

‘Oh, thine is a fine trade!’

The second came.

‘Good-evening, mother!’

‘Welcome, my son!’

‘What art thou broidering there?’

‘A golden handkerchief.’

‘And to whom wilt thou give it?’

‘To my most worthy son.’

‘And is there another more worthy than I?’

‘Do I know? What trade dost thou follow?’

‘I can make storms like the clouds, and run like a chariot.’

‘Oh, thine is a good trade!’

Then came the third.

‘Good-evening, mother.’

‘Welcome, my son.’

‘What art thou broidering there?’ and so on, not to make a long story of it.

‘What trade dost thou follow?’

‘I can go to the Devil’s den, and throw his one shoe to the West, and the other to the East!’ The fourth—

‘I can take a child from its mother’s breast without her knowledge.’ The fifth—‘I can strike my staff on the

ground, and mountains and cliffs arise which not even the Thrice-Accursed can pass over.’ The sixth—‘I can

strike with my staff and a glass tower will spring up with all of us on the top of it.’ The seventh—‘I can

shoot and strike the eagle and take the partridge out of its claws.’

‘Well, my sons, take my blessing, and come with me

to the King, for the Devil has taken all the Princesses, and the two he has killed, but the one he keeps alive; but let us go and try to save her.'

Then she went and told the King, and told him that each of her sons could do such and such business. Said the King,

'Let them come here.'

She took her sons and led them to the King. The King and Queen said to them,

'My sons, do you see and rescue the Princess, and all my goods are yours.'

Then they took some money, and set off immediately, because there was no time to lose; and they promised that they would either come back with the Princess, or not at all. Then they went out of the city, and went beyond it some way, and when they were come into the fields, they said,

'Where art thou, O brother, who putteth thine ear to the ground and hearest all that happens in the habitable world?'

'Here I am,' said he.

'Put down thine ear, and let us see where is the voice of the Devil.'

He puts down his ear, and says, 'Towards the north I hear a sound, and there must be the Devil's cavern.'

'Where art thou, O brother, who blowest like a tempest, and fliest like a chariot?'

'Here I am!' He threw himself down, and all the others fell upon him, and they flew to the place whence the sound came. When they were arrived near the spot, they said,

'Where art thou, O brother, who putteth thine ear to the ground, and hearest what is happening?'

‘*Ná*, here is the cave, but we must go softly, softly, to see if he is asleep.’

Then said he who threw the shoes to the East and the West, ‘Let me go and see if he is asleep, and I will throw his shoes away, and then he cannot walk.’

He went into the cave and saw him sleeping; he seized his shoes and threw them the one to the East and the other to the West. The Princess was sleeping by his side, and he had the nipple of her breast in his mouth, so that she might not run away. Then said he,

‘Where art thou, O brother, who takest the child from its mother’s breast, and she knows nothing of it?’

Said he, ‘Here I am!’ He had some cotton, and he made it like the nipple of a breast, and put it into the Devil’s mouth, and seized the Princess, and said,

‘Where art thou, O brother, who blowest like a tempest and fleest like a chariot?’

Said he, ‘Here I am!’

They all fell upon him, and he flew like a chariot.

‘Where art thou, O brother, who putteth thine ear to the ground and hearest all that is going on?’

Said he, ‘Here I am!’

‘Put thine ear down, and listen if perchance thou hear a sound.’

‘The Devil has found it out, and is after us!’ said he.

‘Where art thou, O brother, who striketh with thy staff and mountains and cliffs and torrents come forth?’

‘Here I am!’ said he.

‘Strike with thy staff!’

He struck with his staff, and there came out mountains and cliffs and torrents. And the Devil would have caught them, but while he went to fetch his shoes and returned they made some headway; but again he

was overtaking them. When they looked and saw him, they said,

‘Where art thou, O brother, who strikest with thy stick and a glass tower arises?’

‘Here I am!’ said he. *Tap*, he strikes with his staff, and they find themselves high up, and the Devil below raged, and cried to the Princess,

‘Come out to the little window, and let me see thee once more, and I will go away!’

She leant out once to spit at him, but he became an eagle, and seized her, and flew off.

‘Where art thou, O brother, who shootest and killest the eagle, and takest the partridge from his claws?’

‘Here I am,’ says he, and without losing time he immediately lets fly his arrow, and kills the eagle and takes the Princess from him.

When they had taken her, they led her to her parents. When they saw her they began at once to weep and to wail. When they were quieted a little, the King said to the youths,

‘What do you wish me to give you in return for the favour which you have done me?’

Said one, ‘I wish you to give me the Princess to wife, because I found out the place [where she was].’

‘But if I had not flown like a chariot, how would you have gone to the cave?’ said another.

‘But if I had not taken her out of the Devil’s mouth, how should we have carried her off?’ said another.

‘But if I had not struck with my stick and brought up mountains and cliffs, the Devil would have caught us again!’

‘And with all that, if I had not,’ said another, ‘struck with my staff, and brought up a glass tower, again the Devil would have caught us and killed us!’

The youngest jumps up and says, 'All that is done with, but if I had not killed the eagle which stole the partridge, how should we have the Princess here?'

Then up jumped the King, and said, 'The youngest is right.'

Then they began to quarrel among themselves. Then said the King,

'But thus I lost her! and having her I lose her! Cut her then into seven pieces, and take each one a piece!'

Then the youngest turned and said,

'No, my King, we will none of us wed her, but may you live long and be happy, and we will go about our business!'

Then the Queen gave them each a ring in remembrance; the King gave them much money, so that they might live contentedly all their lives; and the Princess kissed them all on their foreheads. So the King and the Queen and the Princess lived happily. And we more happily still!

THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.²⁶

Cyprus.

(SAKELLARIOS, II., p. 309.)

ONCE upon a time, my lady, there was an old woman who had three daughters. Well [the two eldest], because the mother loved the youngest best, were jealous, and sought some pretext for killing their mother. They agreed to go up on a high terrace with their mother, and take their spindles, and that whoever should first let her thread break they would eat. Of course the mother being old and feeble, her thread would be sure to break. So they took their spindles and went up to the terrace. The poor old woman, her hands were weak, and she broke her thread once.

‘Ah, dear mother mine,’ said they, ‘we will eat thee!’

Then says she to them, ‘*Aï*, my daughters, forgive me this time, and if it breaks again, eat me.’

Then they began again, and let down their spindles, and again her thread broke.

‘Ah, dear mother mine,’ they cry, ‘we will eat thee!’

‘*Aï*, my daughters, forgive me also this time, and if it breaks a third time, then eat me!’

So they began again, and let down their spindles, and again hers broke.

‘*Aï*, we can’t let you off again, we shall eat you!’ And they took their poor mother and began to make ready to kill her. When she saw that they were really going to kill her, she called her youngest daughter, and said to her,

‘Come, my daughter, and let me counsel thee! Take

my blessing,' she said, 'for they are about to kill and eat me; all the bones that fall do thou gather and put them in a jar, and keep them with care. Watch them and smoke them [with incense]^a for forty days and nights and go not forth from the chamber where they are; and on the fortieth day,' she said, 'open it [the jar], and see what they have become.'

'Gladly,' she replied, and began to weep for her mother.

'Don't weep, my daughter,' said she, 'for what can you do now that your sisters are determined?'

They seized and slew their mother, and set to and cooked her, and began to eat.

'Come, girl, and eat thou too; thou wilt see what good food it is—our mother.'

'No, my girl, God does not permit me to eat of my mother!' and she gathered up the bones wherever she found them, and placed them in a jar without being observed. When they had finished eating and were satisfied, they rose. What did she do now? She took and lighted a great fire and sat day and night to watch them, and smoked them day and night.

Then her sisters began to say to her, 'Get up, Cinderella, put on your clothes, and let us go out!'

'No—(O my mother!)—you have eaten our mother, and I have no wish to go out, do you go.' So they busked themselves, and went out; but she did not go, but sat close to the fire to watch the bones.

When the forty days and forty nights were fulfilled that she smoked them, she let them [her sisters] go out one day, and opened the jar. She looked in, and what did she see?—the bones had become all gold and diamonds!

^a Legrand translates this: 'Tu les fera sécher à la fumée.' Comparison with the following story and with other Greek variants seems to show that fumigating with incense is meant.

There was a wedding being held, and they invited her sisters to go, and they began [to call] 'Get up, you Cinderella, and let us go to a wedding!'

'No—(O mother dear!)—I will not go; if you will go, go; I will not go to the wedding.'

So they went to the wedding. When they were gone, she opened the jar, and she made her choice, and took out the best of the silks and the gold and the diamonds, and adorned herself. Then she too went out to the wedding. When they saw her at the wedding, they were at a loss to know who she was or where to find a [fitting] seat for her. When she found that it was time to go home, she rose, took leave, and returned. A Prince seeing her so splendidly dressed, ran after her. So as not to be recognised, she began to run, and as she was running, one of the boots she wore came off, and she did not stop to look for it. The Prince stooped and picked it up. Then, my lady, he sent for a pedlar-woman^a and gave it to her so that she might go round about with it, and let the King know whom it fitted. She went round to all the houses but found no one whom it fitted. At last she comes to hers [Cinderella's]. Her sisters try it on; it does not fit them; Cinderella tries it on, and it fits her—neither too large nor too small. Then she [the pedlar-woman] went and told the King, and he began to make preparations for marrying her. Well, when he had married her, she took two or three persons from the palace and went [to her old] home, opened the jar and began to empty it. When her sisters saw that, they were struck dumb. Where could she have found such

^a Πουλάτραν = πωλήτρα = πωλήτρια, a woman who goes from house to house with small articles for sale on commission, a female broker. M. Legrand has, however, rendered this word *servante*.

treasures as there were in the jar? When they asked her where she found them, she replied,

‘ They are my mother’s bones with her blessing !’

Well, then she gave what they wanted to the one and to the other, and took the rest back with her to the palace, and lived happily. And we left them there, and came here.

SADDLESLUT.

Zagora.

(*Ελλην. Φιλ. Σύλ.* VOL. XIV., p. 256.)

THERE was once a mother with three daughters, and they went to spin on the terrace, and the mother's spindle fell twice, and they said, 'We will excuse her.' It fell again, and they made a cow of her and slew her. And when they were killing her, she said to Kálo, the youngest,

'Don't you eat, but bury my bones in the barn, and burn incense over them every evening; and at Easter uncover them.'

The other two, Stamáto and Máro, put her under the packsaddle, and called her 'Saddleslut.' When Easter came round, the two went to church, and Saddleslut unburied the bones and found a thousand and two treasures. Then she also adorned herself and went to church, and threw down coins, and fled, and went and sat on the packsaddle. The others came home, and said to her,

'A lady came and scattered gold, and you, to your loss, were not there.'

They rang the bells again on Easter Monday, and the two others went. She, too, adorned herself, put on her gown, and threw money, and the people picked it up. As she was running away, she dropped her slipper, and the Prince found it and said,

'Whosoever it is, her will I take to wife.'

So they all went, and for one it was too long, and for another too wide.

Bring the Saddleslut too,' said the Prince.

They looked, and it was exactly the measure of her foot, and he took her for his wife. She swaddled her baby, and the Prince went away. The others became deaconesses, and they went to the house and said to her,

‘Open, lady, and give us alms!’

And she said to them, ‘My mother-in-law is not at home, she has gone to the mill.’

‘Open, noble lady!’

So she opened to them. And as soon as they saw her they said ‘*Ouï!* how lousy your head is!’

And she said, ‘My mother-in-law loused it for me.’

‘*Ouï!* my child! bend and let us louse it for you!’

And they stuck a sacking-needle into her head, and buried her under the sweepings, and Máro sat in her place. Her mother-in-law came from the mill and called her.

‘Come, my daughter, and let us unload! Why are you thus?’ asked her mother-in-law.

‘On account of my illness, and such a bad baby as it is!’

A bird came out from the sweepings and perched in the stable, and sang, ‘*Kirlíou, líou, líou!* Sweetly sleeps my lord, sweetly my mother-in-law, and my child more sweetly still, and the *skýla*, my sister, may she never have her fill of sleep.’

‘Kill it—the horrid thing, kill the wretch!’

‘What harm has it done thee then, my dear, hear you not how it sings?’

Presently the husband comes home with his gun, he fires at and kills it; and it falls down in a corner of the stable. But three drops of blood fell in the courtyard, and there sprang up an apple-tree, and in a year’s time it bore apples. The husband and the mother-in-law went near and it bent down to them. The child went,

and it bent down to the ground. Her sister went, and it raised itself higher and higher.

‘Cut down the wretched thing!’

‘What has it done to thee, my girl?’

As the Prince cut it down there passed by an old woman and said to him, ‘Give me an apple for myself.’ And he gave her one, and inside it was his wife, the Saddleslut.²⁸ The old woman took it and put it in her box. She came out of it, and swept and did all the household work for the old woman. The old woman came home and wondered who had done her work. One day she finds the Prince and says to him,

‘Come, and I will give you a sweetmeat, and a good apple from your apple-tree.’

‘Have you still, mother, the apple which I gave you?’

‘I have, my son.’

The Prince went. The old woman went to open [the box], and was taken by surprise. ‘How did you come here?’ she asked, and she [the girl] told her all the story. The old woman set filberts before the Prince. ‘The apple,’ she said, ‘I found all rotten and worthless.’ The old woman took Kálo’s ring and showed it to him.

‘Where did you get that betrothal ring, mother?’ asked the Prince.

‘Come, and I will show you, my son.’

‘How did you come here, I say?’ asked the Prince. She told him all the story. ‘So and so did that *skýla*, my sister.’

The Prince took her by the hand, and they go to Máro. ‘What is this, I say, then?’ The Prince seizes her and makes a thousand pieces of her and sends them to the mill,

‘Grind, grind for me, my mill, grind now this wicked
woman’s head,
And make of it the fine flour black, make it the meal so
red;
That come here may the scribes, and they it for their
ink may take;
That come here may the beauties all rouge for their
cheeks to make.’

THE SUGAR-MAN.²⁹

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 289.)

THERE was once a King and a Queen, and they had a very beautiful daughter ; but she did not wish to marry, she only wanted to make with her own hands a husband of sugar. So she bought sugar, and sat by herself, and pounded and sifted it, and would let no one else touch it. She kneaded it well, and fashioned a very handsome man to suit her fancy, locked herself up in her room, and began to pray to God and burn tapers that He would give it speech and a soul, and make it a man. Forty days and nights she prayed to God, and at the end of the forty days it began to take the colour of a man and to speak. The maiden then ran to her parents and told them that the Sugar-Man was alive, and [asked them] to send out the invitations that the wedding might take place. As soon as people learnt that the Sugar-Man spoke and that the wedding was to be held, they all hastened to see him, because he was a very handsome and sweet man. Then music, and drums, and great rejoicings, the wedding took place, and they lived happily.

Through all the kingdoms it was known that a Sugar Image had become human, and alive, and that he had taken such and such a Princess to wife. Another Princess heard all about it, and fell in love with him without having seen him, and was like to die. She said, ' Either I must have him for my husband, or I must die !'

Her parents said to her, ' How can you have him

now that he is married?' She would not listen to them, but shut herself up in her chamber without eating, or drinking, or sleeping; they doubted if she would live to take a husband. The doctors gave her up. You may imagine the grief of her parents, for they were old, and had no other child. The King then resolved to call a Council, and he summoned all the grandees of his kingdom to see what could be done, as there was evidently no hope from the doctors. One of the councillors of the King advised him to take a ship and travel, and take with him rich gifts, and go to the Sugar-Man and invite him to a feast on board the ship, and as they were eating, to weigh the anchor and take him and sail away. They all approved of his advice. No time was lost; the next day the ship was fitted out; they took the presents and left, and went to seek the Sugar-Man. At last they arrived there, the ship was anchored, the messengers disembarked with the presents, and went to the palace. They presented the gifts to the Sugar-Man, and they also invited both the royalties to a feast on the ship, so that they might suspect nothing. Then the old King replied and said, 'I am an old man, but let my son-in-law come.'

The Sugar-Man went and asked his wife if she would allow him to go to the ship to dine. She did not wish him to go. She hung on his neck, and said, 'I will not let thee go!'

But her parents said, 'This will not do; as they have brought so many gifts he must go and dine, and come back again.' And so he was allowed to go, but not to stay long. So he went. But when he had gone on board the ship, and they were eating, they weighed anchor, and sailed swiftly away. At table they began to tell various stories, and the Sugar-Man listened to

them with great pleasure. Finally when the feast and the stories were ended, he rose to return to the palace, and was taking leave, when they said to him,

‘It is impossible for you to go, my Prince; we will take you to see our King, and bring you back again immediately.’

He began to scream, and to weep, and wanted to throw himself into the sea. They said to him,

‘Have a little patience, and don’t make yourself ill, and to-morrow we will bring you back.’

At last the ship arrived, and anchored, and they came and announced to the King that they had brought the Sugar-Man. I leave you to imagine the joy of the Princess when she heard that they had brought the Sugar-Man! But he fell ill with grief, and the Princess comforted him.

‘Get well, and I myself will take you back to your wife!’

One way and another she beguiled him, and pacified him, and he began to like her, and after a short time took her for his wife.

Let us leave them now to enjoy themselves, and let us go to the Sugar-Man’s wife. She, poor thing, stood at the window watching for his return, when all at once she saw the ship sail away. Then she began her cries and tears, and said to her parents,

‘I will go and seek him, it is impossible for me to live without him!’

Her parents tried to comfort her, and said, ‘*Bré*, my good girl, stay here, and we will send people to find him.’

But she would listen to no one. She took with her some money, and three suits of golden clothes; one was the sky with the stars, the second the fields with their

flowers, the third the sea with its golden fishes. She dressed herself like a Nun, gathered up her hair, and threw over her head a cowl; took up her wallet with the dresses in it, her bundle, and her staff, and told her parents not to grieve, for she would in a very short time return with the Sugar-Man. One favour only she would ask of them—to give her a ship at her orders. Then they gave her a ship, she embraced her parents, kissed them, wept, and so went away. She began to sail from place to place, came on shore, and was asking here and there to learn about her husband, when all at once at a certain place, she saw a great many people gathered together, and asked,

‘What is all this crowd about, what is happening?’

‘We have here,’ they replied, ‘the Sugar-Man for King, and it is a year to-day since he married our Princess, and they are going to the church to pray God that they may live happily.’

Then she went and stood in a place where she could see him pass by with his other wife. Then without loss of time she hurried back to the ship, and took the dress with the sky and the stars, put it in her wallet, and bade them have everything in readiness to depart if necessary, and went on shore. She went to the palace, and begged them to take her in, as she had nowhere to stay, and she would do any work they gave her, because she was a stranger and knew no one in that place. They said,

‘Wait till the Queen comes, we have no authority; she may take you in, but we cannot.’

While they spoke, they saw them all returning to the palace, because the ceremony was over. Then she stood in a corner in the palace and saw the Queen. When the Queen saw her, she said,

‘What do you want here?’

‘I came here, because I am a stranger, a Nun, that you might take me in, and any work you give me I will do.’

Said she, ‘We have no place for you, but since you are a stranger, I will take you in, and give you some work.’

So she set her to tend the geese. Some time passed, and one evening she took out and put on a dress, the sky with the stars. A servant saw her.

‘What dress is that?—is it yours?’

‘*Bá!* mine it is.’

‘What would you like the Queen to give you for it?’

‘I don’t want anything; but if the King is so handsome, let her allow me to sleep one night [with him] and I will give it to her.’

Then the servant went upstairs to the Queen, and said to her,

‘*Ach!* Queen! The Nun we took in has a lovely dress—the sky with the stars!—and if she will give it to you to wear you will be so beautiful that the King will love you much more than he does now.’

‘And what dress is that which will make me so beautiful?’

‘But it is one thing for me to speak of it, and another to see it! You have no such gown as that!’

‘Eh! go and ask her if she will sell it, and I will buy it for what she wants.’

‘I did ask her, but she doesn’t want to sell it; she said, “I am going to the convent and don’t want money.”’

‘Eh then, what does she want me to give her, if she doesn’t want money? What can she do with it, as she is a Nun?’

‘Do you know what she wants? She said “to sleep one night in the King’s chamber, because he is so handsome.”’

‘*Bá!* how can that be? I will go and ask my nurse and see what she will say, and whatever she tells me I will do.’

She went to her nurse and said,

‘It is this—there is a Nun and she has a costly dress, and will not let me have it. I offered her money, but she doesn’t want it, but wants to sleep a night with the King who is so handsome.’

‘*Bá!* what kind of Nun is she to want to sleep a night with the King! Nun, indeed!’ Then her nurse said, ‘We will put a potion in the King’s wine, and put him to bed, and when he is asleep we will tell her to go and watch him, and sit near him all night.’

So it happened that at the end of supper she put in the potion, and he fell asleep immediately. Then she bade the slaves carry him to bed, and they called the Nun, and said to her,

‘Go up to the King’s chamber!’

When she was left alone with the Sugar Man, she began to tell him all her sorrows, she raised him up, and said again and again,

‘Don’t you remember how I made thee a man, and gave thee life, and now I am like to die for thee, I who came here and am become a servant only to see thee?’

He said nothing, and made no reply, because they had given him the potion and he heard nothing, like a dead man. God brought the dawn of day, and she went down and gave the dress to the Queen. The next day she put on the golden dress, the field with its flowers. The same little slave saw her again, and said,

‘*Bá!* what dress is this, it is more beautiful than the

first; wilt thou give this too to the Queen? What canst thou do with it?’

‘*Bá!* I will give it to her, if she will let me sleep again with the King, I will give it to her!’

Then she went to the Queen and said to her,

‘You have no idea, my Queen, what a magnificent dress that Nun is wearing again! I told her to give it to you, and she said, “Let her allow me to sleep once more with the King, and I will give it to her.”’

The Queen laughed. ‘Let her come again in the evening and I will give him to her!’

Then again at table, she threw a potion into his last cup; he slept again; the slaves carried him to bed; they told her to go; then she wept more bitterly and said,

‘Wilt thou not arise whom I made a man from sugar, and wilt thou not arise when I tell thee my sorrows?’ And many things she said to him, and beat her breast until morning, but he made no answer. Then she in despair went downstairs to her chamber, and gave her second dress. There remained to her no other hope than [the dress with] the sea and the golden fishes in which the fishes’ eyes were all of diamond-stones.

The King was very fond of the Vizier’s son, and he slept in a room which was near the King’s, and heard all the cries which she uttered, and her weeping. In the morning when he got up, he said to the King,

‘My King, my longlived one, I have something to tell you, but let us go out to a distance, for here we may be overheard.’

So he took him, and they went out, and away to a distance, and he said,

‘Two days ago there came a maiden—for her voice is very sweet—and said to you, “Wilt thou not awake,

my Sugar-Man? hearest thou me not? dost thou not pity me who have suffered so much for thy sake before I made thee a man, and now I beat the seas and the dry land only to see thee; and now that I have found thee thou wilt not speak to me—dost thou not pity me?" and a great deal more she said, and wept. So sad was her voice that I too wept in my chamber!

Then the King, astonished, said, 'How did I not hear it?—was I dead?'

'No, my King, only they throw into your wine a potion, and you sleep heavily, and don't hear. But do you know what you must do? Don't drink wine at table, but place a sponge on your chest, and spill it, and don't drink it, and at the end of dinner pretend to sleep and don't move at all, and feign not to hear anything.'

The King thanked him and said, 'Henceforward thou shalt be my brother, and not Vizier.'

Then they went away each one to his chamber.

The Nun put on her other dress, the sea with the fishes, and again the slave saw her.

'*Bá!*' said she, 'what is this dress again? Ah! ah! ah! This *is* a beauty!'

'I have no more. If the Queen will give me the King to sleep with once more, I will give her this too.'

Then the slave went to the Queen, and said, 'Ah! ah! ah! you have no idea, my Queen, how beautiful a dress the Nun is wearing! that gown has the sea with the little golden fishes, and the fishes' eyes are all diamonds!'

'*Bá!* where in the world did she get them?'

'They were her mother's, and she said that she has no more to give. If she sleeps to-night with the King, afterwards she will give it to you, and go away.'

Then said the Queen, 'Well, tell her to come in the evening; she must be foolish, or she would understand that he sleeps.'

Then she went to the Nun, and told her to get ready in the evening to sleep with the King, and give them the gown, and good luck go with her. Then, as his custom was, he went to dine, and they put a potion in the wine. He pretended to drink, but poured it into his bosom where the sponge was, and afterwards he feigned to want [to sleep] and fell down. Then said the Queen,

'Take him now and carry him up to his chamber, and tell the Nun to go and gaze upon him.'

The King heard all, but said nothing. So in a little time she went upstairs, and began saying that it was the last evening that she would see him, and that she must lose sight of him and go, and how that her sorrowing parents awaited her, and that she would throw herself into the sea because she could not live without him. And much more she said, so that he began to weep and started up, and said to her,

'Who canst thou be but my wife, my beloved one!'

They began to tell their sorrows to each other, and agreed to flee away on the following day. The Princess said to him, 'I have a ship on the sea with a yellow sail; I will go on board, and you must find means to come, and we will flee away.'

Then she told him to pretend to be asleep, and she would go down to her chamber. She arose in the morning, went down to her chamber, put on her rags, gave the sea with the golden fishes, and arose and went on board the ship, and unfurled the yellow sail, and waited for him. The King got up in the morning and took care to see his friend, the Vizier's son, and said to him,

‘She who beat herself and wept was my wife who formed me from sugar, and prayed to God and He made me a man, and gave me life and speech; and I shall now find means to flee, and, if thou wilt, thou shalt come with me.’

Said he, ‘I cannot come now, for there is my father, and they would slay him; but in time I may be able to come and join thee.’

Then he bade him farewell, and told him where his kingdom was, and arose and went away. Before the Queen was up in the morning, he went and found his wife in the ship, which had the sails ready set, and the sailed away.

Let us now leave the Princess to weep and to seek everywhere for him, and let us come to the Sugar-Man and his wife. The ship arrived at their country. They saw the palace draped with black, because the Princess had been six months away, and they thought she was lost. I leave you to imagine the joy which her return caused throughout all the kingdom! There was again a great ceremony, and the old King arose and said to him,

‘My son, thou shalt rule over the kingdom, for I am grown old, and I want to be quiet, I cannot rule any longer.’

And so they made the Sugar-Man King; and he sat on the throne and ruled the kingdom with great wisdom and justice. And they lived happily. And we more happily still!

THE STORY OF THE SOOTHSAYER ; OR, THE
CUP, THE KNIFE, AND THE FLUTE.

Cyprus.

(SAKELLÁRIOS, II., p. 340.)

ONCE upon a time there was an old woman, and she had a son who was a Soothsayer, and he could also play a little on the fiddle. One day he was asked to go to play at a wedding, but he was unwilling. His mother advised him to go, as he might earn some five or six *ryália* to buy flour with. Still he did not want to go. But after a time he consented, and told his mother to make him seven cakes and put them in his wallet. His mother thought seven too many, and she said, 'Seven cakes must I make thee, my son ?'

'Yes, seven cakes,' he replied.

The old woman made the cakes her son asked for. He saddled his donkey, hung the saddle-bags with the cakes inside over the saddle, mounted, took his fiddle, and set off to attend the wedding at the village where he had been asked to go.

Well, as he was going, he felt hungry, and ate one of the cakes ; when he had gone a little further, he ate another ; and, one by one, he ate the six and only one was left.

'I'll see,' said he, 'if the village is in sight, and, if it is, I'll eat the other.'

He shaded his eyes with his hands, and fancied he saw a village. So he threw himself off his donkey, sat down cross-legged, and ate the other cake. Then he slowly mounted again, and took the road to the village.

He came to a place where two roads met, and there, look you, he lost his own way and took another. Presently he came to a big cave and there dismounted. This cave was the den of a great Dhrako. Inside was a table, and a carpet spread on the table. 'We have found our ease,' said the Soothsayer as he sat down. 'If I had but some bread, how well off I should be,' he added, and he searched for some. God brought the night, and after a little while he hears a sound like a roaring.

'Holy Virgin mine, what mischief is this?' said the Soothsayer, and hid himself quickly under the table. The Dhrako came into the cave, and he was dead-beat. He sat a little while, and then took hold of his Cup and said,

'My Cup, my silver Cup, bring me fifty kinds of food to eat, for I am hungry.'

The Cup brought forth dishes, and its master ate.

'Bring me water besides,' and the Cup brought, and he drank who was thirsty. When the Dhrako had eaten, he put the Cup in a corner, and lay down, and went to sleep. In the morning the Dhrako got up, and was lost in the distance. The Soothsayer, who had not slept all night from fright, comes out from under the table and seizes the Cup.

'This is a good business,' says he, and orders the Cup to produce food to eat. When he had eaten and was satisfied, he asked for water. 'I'll go back now,' then said the Soothsayer, 'for my fortune is made.'

On the road he met a Dervish, and hailed him.

'Good day, Father Dervish!'

The Dervish begged a bit of bread.

'Sit down, Father Dervish,' said the Soothsayer, 'and let us eat what God will let fall.'

The Dervish sat down cross-legged, and the Soothsayer took out the Cup from his bosom and said, 'My Cup, my silver Cup, bring food that I may eat with my friend the Dervish!'

The Cup brought forth food, and the Soothsayer and the Dervish ate. When they had eaten, he asked for water, and the Cup brought forth water, and they drank.

'That's a fine thing,' said the Dervish to himself, and he proposed to the Soothsayer to swop it against his Jack-knife.³⁰

'And what good will your Jack-knife be to me?' said the Soothsayer to the Dervish.

'Whenever you bid it, it goes and kills,' said the Dervish. 'If you like, try it on that herd.'

'Let us see,' said the Soothsayer.

Then the Dervish said, 'Jack-knife mine, kill all that herd which I see.'

The Jack-knife immediately, with one above and one below, killed all the herd. The Soothsayer took a fancy to the Knife, and swopped with the Dervish, and gave him his Cup. When he had gone some distance along the road with the Dervish, the Soothsayer got hungry.

'Give us some food with your Cup,' said he to the Dervish.

'What do I owe thee?' asked the Dervish. 'If thou wantest food, give me back my Jack-knife, and I will give thee to eat.'

'Dost thou owe me nought?' said the Soothsayer to him, and then he bids his Jack-knife kill the Dervish. The Jack-knife immediately kills the Dervish, and the Soothsayer seized his Cup, and went off.

On the road as he was going, he met another Dervish.

‘Good-day, Father Dervish!’ said the Soothsayer to him.

‘Welcome, my friend,’ replied the Dervish, ‘have you a bit of bread to give me?’

‘Sit down, Father Dervish, for God has.’

The Dervish sat down, and the Soothsayer got off his donkey, and took the Cup out of his bosom.

‘Cup, silver Cup of mine, bring forth fifty kinds of food, that I may eat with my friend the Dervish,’ said the Soothsayer; and the Cup brought forth food. When they had well eaten, they asked for water; and the Cup brought forth water, and they drank.

‘That’s a fine thing,’ said the Dervish to himself, and he proposed to the Soothsayer to exchange it for his Turban.

‘And of what use is your Turban?’ asked the Soothsayer of the Dervish.

‘Whoever wears it becomes invisible,’ said the Dervish, and immediately he had put it on he became invisible. The Soothsayer took a fancy to the Turban, and he swopped with the Dervish; he took the Turban, and gave the Cup.

When they had gone some distance, the Soothsayer got hungry.

‘Tell your Cup to bring forth food to eat,’ said he to the Dervish.

‘What do I owe thee?’ asked the Dervish. ‘If thou wantest food, give me the Turban, and I will give thee to eat.’

‘Owest thou me nothing?’ said the Soothsayer, and with that he took out the Jack-knife.

‘Jack-knife mine, Jack-knife mine, kill the Dervish!’

The Jack-knife immediately killed the Dervish, and the Soothsayer took his Cup and went on his way.

After going a little distance he met another Dervish.

‘Good-day, Father Dervish,’ said he.

‘Welcome, my friend,’ replied the Dervish, ‘have you a bit of bread to give me?’

‘Sit down, Father Dervish,’ said the Soothsayer, ‘for God has!’

The Dervish sat down cross-legged, and the Soothsayer took out his Cup from his bosom.

‘Cup, my silver Cup,’ said he, ‘bring forth thirty kinds of food for me to eat with my friend the Dervish!’

The Cup brought forth food, and they ate. When they had eaten, the Soothsayer asked for water, and the Cup brought it forth and they drank.

‘That’s a fine thing!’ said the Dervish to himself, and he proposed to the Soothsayer to exchange it against his Reed-flute.

‘And of what use is your Reed-flute?’ asked the Soothsayer.

‘When it is played the dead come to life,’ said the Dervish, ‘and, if you like, we will make proof of it on the donkey.’

The Soothsayer slew the donkey, the Dervish played on the Flute, and the ass came to life again. The Soothsayer took a fancy to the Flute, and swopped with the Dervish. When he had gone some little way with the Dervish, the Soothsayer got hungry, and said to his friend, ‘Tell your Cup to bring forth food that we may eat.’

‘And what do I owe thee?’ asked the Dervish. ‘Give me my Flute, and I will give thee to eat.’

‘Owest thou me nought?’ replied the Soothsayer angrily, and takes out his Jack-knife. ‘Jack-knife mine, Jack-knife mine, kill the Dervish!’ said he, and the Dervish became immediately a headless body; the

Jack-knife had killed him. The Soothsayer seized the Cup and made off.

Not to make a long story of it, the Soothsayer reached home. The sun had set. When the Soothsayer's mother saw him dismount, 'Welcome!' cried she. 'Hast thou taken a little money at the wedding?'

'I did not go to the wedding,' replied the Soothsayer.

'Take my curse!' cried his mother. 'To-night we must go supperless to bed.'

'Have no anxiety about that,' says he, 'for our supper is ready.'

His mother was astonished to hear him talk thus, and feared that her son's mind was giving way. When the Soothsayer was a little rested after his journey, he called his mother and placed her by his side, and then took out the Cup from his bosom, and said, 'Cup, silver Cup of mine, bring forth fifty kinds of food, that I may eat with my mother!'

The Cup did as its master bade it, and he ate and drank with his mother. This happened every day, and the old woman found herself at ease.

After a very little time, the fame of the Cup reached the ears of the King, and he commanded the Soothsayer to come to his palace. When his mother heard of it, she forbade him to take the Cup. 'They will take it from thee,' she said, 'and we shall lose our bread!'

He paid no attention, but took the Cup with him. The King received the Soothsayer well, and asked him about the Cup. He did not deny that he had such a thing, and showed it to him. Then the King commanded them to bring a table, and set the Soothsayer down to eat and drink. When he had eaten and drunk,

the Soothsayer got tipsy, and felt sleepy. When the King saw that he was tipsy, he went and said to him, 'Let us exchange thy Cup against my wooden mug?'

'I will not exchange,' replied the Soothsayer, though he was tipsy. Afterwards he went to sleep where he sat, and the King commanded his slaves, and they took the Soothsayer home on a horse, and kept his Cup and gave him another.

In the morning the Soothsayer got up still a little the worse for liquor. He took a fancy to drink a glass of lemonade, and said to the Cup, 'Cup, silver Cup of mine, give me a glass of lemonade to drink!'

The Cup [did] nothing.

'Bring me a cup of coffee!'

The Cup [did] nothing.

Then his mother cries, 'Did I not tell thee not to take the Cup to the King, or he would take it from thee?—and thou would'st not heed me. Alas, he has taken it!'

'Never mind, mother,' said he, 'for I will go and bring it back!'

So the Soothsayer set out, and went to the King, to ask him for the Cup. The King's servants and the guards who kept the palace drove him away. Then he took out his Jack-knife and said to it, 'My Jack-knife, my Jack-knife, kill all these [men].' The Jack-knife, one up and the other down, slew the guards and the servants. Then he went 'before the King, and said, 'Give me my Cup, or I will tell the Jack-knife to kill you too!'

Then the King was frightened, and he showed the Soothsayer the cupboard where his Cup was, and the Soothsayer took it. Then he said to the King, 'What

will you give me if I bring all these dead men to life again !'

'I will give thee a million *ryália*,' replied the King.

Then the Soothsayer played the Flute in the ears of one of them, and he got up.

'Bring me the money,' said the Soothsayer, 'and I will raise them all !'

'What dost thou want with money,' asked the King, 'when thou art so clever ? I will give thee my daughter, and thou shalt be my son-in-law.'

The Soothsayer received the King's offer with joy ; and he married the King's daughter, and they made a wedding [feast] of forty days and nights. And I left them there, and arrived here safely ! ^a

^a An incident in which the Turban of Invisibility figures has evidently been omitted by the narrator.

THE WAND.³¹

Syra.

(VON HAHN, Νεοελ. Παραμύθια, p. 230.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, each of the islands [of the Archipelago] formed a separate kingdom. The King of Naxos had an only daughter, the like of whom for beauty was not to be found anywhere. Well, all the Kings wanted to marry her, and so her father reflected and said, 'If I give her to the King of Paros, the Kings of Tinos, of Ios, of Mykonos, and all the other Kings will make war against me.'

So he called the Twelve to give him their counsel. And the Twelve counselled that the Princess should pretend to be dumb, and that the *pallikar* who could make her speak in three days should have her to wife; but, if he failed, he should lose his head at the end of the three days.

Well, there went the sons of Kings, and the sons of Princes, and every three days the King took one of their heads, until at last he built three towers, and filled them with the heads of *pallikars*.

Let us now leave these folks and come to Syra, where there lived an old woman who had an orphan grandson, and she tramped, and went out to work, and begged even, in order to bring him up. And when he was grown he came to her and said, '*Lalá*, I will go and make the Princess speak.'

'*Bré!* my dear child, knowest thou not that there have gone the sons of Kings and of Princes, and none of them has been able to make her speak; and wilt

thou go and lose thy life?—thou who I thought would soon begin to earn some bread for me?’

Still the boy wished to go all the same.

Then the old woman said, ‘Go and say good-bye to thy great-aunt, my sister, for she is a wise woman, and doubtless she will advise thee well.’

Then he goes to his great-aunt, and says, ‘*Yiayià*, give me thy hand that I may kiss it, for I am going [to try] to make the Princess speak, and perhaps she will not, and the King will take my head.’

Then began the great-aunt to say, ‘*Bré*, my dear child, why not stay at home where thou art my sister’s only care!’ But when she saw that her words had no weight with him, she said, ‘Here, take this Switch, and when thou hast propped it up, speak to it, and it will answer thee.’

Then he took ship and went to Naxos, and presented himself, as we say, to the police, and asked permission to make the Princess speak. Then said the chief man among them, or as we say, the police officer, ‘Seest thou those towers? Those towers are filled with the heads of Kings’ sons and Princes’ sons; one only is lacking for them to be full.’

‘Let mine be that head!’ cried the youth in reply, and they gave him permission.

When the sun had set, he entered the palace, and the guards watched outside. Then he began to say,

‘Good evening, my Princess!’ But this time she didn’t even turn to look at him! ‘*Ach*, my Princess, is it not a pity for me who have a widow for mother, and have abandoned her for your sake alone, and yet you will not even turn to look at me!’ And with many words he passed the night, but without making her speak to him. Then the morning dawned, and they opened the doors, and he went away.

On the following evening he goes, and begins, 'Good evening, my Princess!—"At a deaf door knock as long as you will!"' and then he began to pray, and to sigh—'Ach, my Princess, will you not have pity on my comeliness? Will you not pity my case?'

He went on in this way till midnight was past, and day dawned. They opened the doors and the youth went away.

The third evening he went in great despair, and began to cry still louder,

'*Achoú!* my Princess, I don't want you to speak to me, but only to turn and look at me. I have left my kindred, my life is ebbing away for your sake!'

Then he suddenly recollected the advice of his great-aunt. So he took hold of the Switch that she had given him, and going to the door, propped it up, and said, 'Eh, door, the Princess won't speak to me, perhaps you will?'

'What can I tell you? I who was a tree on the mountain, and they cut me down and sawed me asunder and made me into planks; they took me to the carpenter who planed me, and made me into a door—"Shut"! "Open"! that they may see the Princess, and so they eat my life away!'

'O Princess, even thy door speaks to me, and thou wilt not!'

Then he goes towards the great candlestick, and leans the Switch against it.

'Candlestick, the Princess will not speak to me. Wilt thou speak to me?'

'But what can I tell thee?—I who was earth in the mountain, and they made me silver, and took me to the smith. Now it is *rub, rub*, to make me shine, and so my life wears away!'

The early dawn was now come, and the youth began to be frightened. He went on tiptoe up to the Princess, and leaned the Switch against her head without her being aware of it. Then said he to the Princess, 'O my Princess, thy door and thy candlestick have spoken to me, and wilt thou not speak?'

Then the Princess turns towards him and says, 'Enough! Art thou not weary of talking?'^a

Then he said to the Princess, 'I will say that thou hast not spoken to me, for thy father is able to destroy both me and thee, for, seest thou, many Kings' sons and Princes' sons were destroyed unjustly because thou wouldst speak to none of them.'

Then he left her, and the day broke. The guards went and questioned him, and he told them that she had not spoken, and immediately they laid hold of him and led him to the King. The King sent and called the Twelve, and the youth thus addressed them:

'*Archontes!* In my native place there happened an incident. A Parson, a Tailor, and a Carpenter, set out on a journey together. In the desert where darkness overtook them was a dwelling. They went to pass the night in it, and said that they would keep watch in turn for four hours each. The first watch fell to the Carpenter. What does he do to frighten the Tailor? He took and made a wooden man, put him opposite the house, woke the Tailor, and lay down himself. After a little time had passed, the Tailor saw the man, and going up to him, he understood that the Carpenter had done it to frighten him. So he took and put a fez on him, and breeches and a jacket; and he left him

^a A passage is evidently here omitted. The Wand leant against the Princess's head speaks, and she thinks she has herself spoken unawares. (See *Annotations*, No. 31.)

and went in and wakened the Parson. The *Papa* lighted his candle, and took his papers and began to read. As he was reading, he passed the door, saw the man, and was terribly frightened. He fell on his knees to the Deity and prayed fervently. Then God commanded the wooden image and made it speak, and it became a man like ourselves, and they took him and brought him to the town. Then they went to the Judge, and the Carpenter asked that he might have him because he had made him; and the Tailor because he had dressed him; and the Parson because he had made him speak. Then I left without hearing the decision. And so I pray you to tell me to whom should he belong?—to the Carpenter who made him, or to the Tailor who clothed him, or to the Parson who made him speak?

Then the Twelve with the King decided that the Carpenter should be paid for his trouble, and the Tailor for his clothes, and that the Parson should have the man. When the Twelve and the King had thus ruled, the youth said, 'Then the Princess belongs to me—he was poor, but he was cheeky!—who have made her speak!'

Then there was an end to the King's decree, and they could not kill him. And they brought out the Princess and crowned^a her. And then there were wedding feasts and carousals and great rejoicings! And they fetched his grandmother; and, instead of the beans she used to eat, she now ate partridges.

^a *I.e.*, married.

THE NEGRO; OR, THE RED WATER.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 321.)

THERE was once a poor woman, and she had a very idle son. She told him to go and do some work to help her, but not he. One day she was going to bake, and sweep the house, and she wanted wood to heat the oven. She said to him,

‘Won’t you go, my boy, and bring me a stick or two, instead of my going to the mountain who am ready to drop?’

‘I won’t go.’

‘But how am I to heat the oven?’

‘Don’t heat the oven.’

‘But what shall we do with the loaves?’

‘We will eat them unbaked.’

The unfortunate woman saw that it was useless, so she took the rope and went to the mountain for wood. She got her wood on the mountain, threw it over her shoulder, and came back. As she was coming back, she was weary; she saw a well with a high parapet round it. She rested her burden on the parapet, and said,

‘*Ach! Alé!*’^a

Then she saw a Negro jump out of the well. His one lip touched the earth, and his other the heavens. He said to her,

‘What wantest thou, mother, that thou callest me?’

‘I did not call you, *Affendi!*’

^a An expression of dismay or sorrow. See vol. i., *Annotations*, No. 23.

‘How, thou didst not call me! Thou saidst “Alí!” and my name is Alí!’

‘*Aí!* may you live long! I knew not that you were in the well.’

‘Where art thou going now, mother?’

‘Home, *Affendi*.’

‘Dost live alone at home, mother?’

‘No, *Affendi*, I have a son.’

‘What work does thy son do?’

‘None, *Affendi*, he is a do-nothing. I did all I could to make him go for wood, and he wouldn’t go.’

‘Wilt bring him here, mother, and I will teach him trades, and give as much money as thou wilt?’

‘But I am afraid to bring him here for fear you might eat him!’

‘I swear to thee, mother, that I don’t eat men.’

He goes down, takes a handful of sequins and gives them to her, and says to her,

‘Take these sequins, mother, and go home and bring me thy son here, and whenever thou wantest him come to the well and call “Alí!” and he will jump out and thou wilt see him. Go now home and bring him to me. Don’t fail to bring him, for I can destroy both thee and thy son; and when thou bringest him, I will give thee more money.’

Then the poor woman took the sticks and went with a sad heart and weeping to her home. Her son saw her and said,

‘What is the matter, mother, why art crying?’

‘What is the matter, my boy? A misfortune befell me by the way. Let me now heat the oven, and bake the bread, and afterwards I will tell thee about it.’

She heated the oven, baked the bread, and took it out. But before she had time to tell him anything,

there came an earthquake and shook all the house. Then she remembered the words the Negro had spoken, that he could destroy both her and her son, if her son did not come. She said to her boy,

‘It is true! Just now as I came back with the wood I saw a Negro, and he said that if I had a son, and I was willing, to take him there, and he need do no work, only sit and take care of the house. If you like, my boy, you can go there, and get money.’

‘I will go,’ he said, ‘why shouldn’t I?’

She took her son and went hastily to the well, and called,

‘Alí!’

‘*Houp!*’ The Negro jumped out. ‘Is this your son, mother?’

‘This is he, *Affendi.*’

He patted him, and said, ‘Stay, and come with me to my house; thou wilt be all alone, I shall be away all day.’

He gave more money to his mother, and she rose and went away.

The Negro took the lad, and they went below. There was a fine palace with a courtyard, very splendid. He said,

‘*Aî!* here thou wilt sit all day, and eat and drink, and take care of the house.’ Then the Negro said, ‘Thou must remain in the courtyard, and not go into the garden, for the flowers will tell me of it, and I shall drive thee out.’

‘Very well,’ said the boy; but when the Negro was gone he began to walk about all over the palace.

As he was passing through the garden there looked out a beautiful maiden. She called to him,

‘Gather thy clothes about thee that the Negro may

not see [the traces of] them, and know of it; and come here and I will speak to thee.'

The boy came under the window.

'How came you here, my boy? The Negro does not eat men, but if he does not find food, and comes home hungry, he will sprinkle some Water over thee and tell thee to shake thyself and become a hare. Thou must pretend not to know how to shake thyself, sway thy hands and shoulders about, but do not shake thyself. He will give thee other Water, and say, "Shake thyself and become a lamb!" but don't shake thyself. He will give thee many kinds of Water; but still do not shake thyself. Then the Negro will come to me, and I will tell him to give thee the best Water there is here. That Water has the power to make thee become what thou wilt—bird, or fly, or canary-bird, whatever thou takest into thy head. He will say, "Drink it, and become a kid!" But do thou say within thyself, "I shake myself and become a pigeon!" When thou hast become a pigeon, fly; and when thou art come up out of the well, do as God may enlighten thee. Go now and mop, and sweep, and when he comes, don't tell him that thou hast been here. And if God grant that thou escape, think of me, and deliver me too, whom the Negro took away from my parents.'

Some little time passed, and when he had finished his work, he lay down in the shade. *Ná!* there comes the Negro, weary and fasting.

'What art thou doing?' asked the Negro.

'What should I be doing? I have swept the house and am sitting.'

'Get up!' said he. 'Drink this Water, and shake thyself and become a hare; I will teach thee many tricks.'

He swung himself about, and pretended that he couldn't shake himself.

'*Bré!* curse thee! There, drink this, and become a lamb!'

The same thing happened again. He gave him two other kinds of Water, but he did not shake himself. The Negro sweated with impatience. He rose and went to the Princess, who lived in the other house in the garden.

'*Ba!* Welcome!' said the Princess; 'you are somewhat put out, what is the matter?'

'What is the matter? I have been a long way and am come back hungry; and I told him to become a hare, and he doesn't know how; to shake himself, and he doesn't know how.'

'*Aï!* why don't you give him Water to become something else?'

'I gave him of all, but to no purpose!'

'Give him some of the Water which we have here, the Red, which if he drinks and shakes himself, he will become something to eat.'

'But if he drinks of this Water, he will know more than I!'

'Pooh! How should he know anything? He will become anything you tell him!'

'*Aï!* let me give it to him.'

He takes a little glass and puts in it some of the Red Water, and goes and gives it to him. He says to him,

'Here, drink this, and become a deer!'

The lad drinks it, but says within himself, 'I will become a pigeon.' He shakes himself, and off he goes out of the well. The Negro loses no time, he shakes himself and becomes an eagle and pursues the pigeon.

In front the pigeon, behind the eagle—he has nearly caught it. As he was about to seize it, it flies into a bath. It shakes itself, and from a pigeon becomes a fly, and hides in the key in the bosom of the bath-keeper. The eagle shakes himself and becomes a fine gentleman in his fur pelisse, and says,

‘Will you sell this bath?’

‘*Ai!* if we get much money for it, we will sell it.’

They struck a bargain, and he asked for the keys of the bath. As the bath-keeper took out the keys, the fly flew out—buzz! and went here and there. The gentleman lost no time in becoming a flycatcher-bird and pursued the fly. In front, the fly; behind, the flycatcher—he had nearly caught it. When it saw itself closely pressed, the fly looked this way and that, and saw a Princess sitting at a window. The fly shook itself, and became a beautiful carnation, and fell on the Princess’s frame as she was embroidering. The Princess took the carnation and put it in her bosom. The Negro shook himself and became a venerable old Turk in his fur pelisse, and he went into the palace to find the King. Said he,

‘Your Mightiness, my mother gave me a carnation, and as I had it before me and was looking at it, a golden magpie passed by and took it and threw it on the Princess’s embroidery frame. So I pray you to command that it be given to me.’

Then he among the carnation-leaves changed himself into a handsome youth, and said to the Princess,

‘For God’s sake, don’t give me to him who will ask for me, for I am a Prince, and he is my enemy, and because we both are learned in magic he seeks to devour me so that he alone may be left.’ And he shook himself and became a carnation again. Just as

he had become a carnation, they began to knock at the Princess's door.

'Who is there?' said she.

'It is I,' said one of the servants; 'your papa has sent me that you may give me the carnation which fell on your lap while you embroidered.'

'*Bá!*' said she, 'there are carnations outside, give him a bunch.'

The servant plucked a few and took them downstairs. The Agha took and smelt one, smelt another, and another.

'What shall I say, my long-lived King? not one of these which you have brought me smells like my carnation. For it had with it my mother's blessing, and smelt different.'^a

Then the King was angry, and said, 'Tell the Princess to give it at once, or I will come myself upstairs and give it to the stranger.'

Then the nursemaid ran up to the Princess and said to her, '*Po-po!* my Princess, the King is angry! Give me the carnation at once, for he says he will come himself and take it!'

Then the Princess tearfully took out the carnation and gave it to her maid. The Princess's maid took it and brought it to the King. As he was about to give it to the Agha, the carnation gave itself a shake and became millet spilt on the ground. The Agha lost no time, but became a hen and chickens, and began to eat the grain. The millet gave itself a shake, and became

^a Compare—

'And thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.'

BEN JONSON, *To Celia*.

a fox, and ate the hen and chickens. The King gave *himself* a shake, and jumped on his sofa, and shouted 'Allah! Allah! Allah! HALLAH!' The fox gave himself a shake, and became a handsome Prince, and said,

'My long-lived King, don't start, don't be frightened! I am a Prince, and my mother was a Nereid, and taught me many magical tricks. The man you saw was my servant and stole my Book of Enchantment,³² and sought to destroy me and take my possessions; but you see how he who would harm another does himself harm!'

Then said the King to him, 'I rejoice greatly, my boy, that thou hast slain thine enemy; if thou art willing, I will make thee my son.'

But he said, 'I have some business to finish; if you will give me eight days' grace I will give you my answer.'

Then he shook himself and became a pigeon, and as he flew he saw from afar his mother at the well. He gave himself a shake and became a man as he was at first, and said to her,

'Mother! What are you doing here?'

'*Ná!* my son, I have brought back the sequins to the Negro to take thee again, my boy, for I cannot do without thee.'

'Now, mother, Negro there is none. We have become rich! But go home now and have no anxiety about me, and I will come and tell you all about it presently.'

The mother went away; he became an eagle and descended the well, and went to the Princess and told her all he had gone through, and said that he would take her home to her parents, or marry her, as she pleased.

She begged him to take her home to her parents, as she was betrothed. He gave her some diamonds ; she also drank some of the Red Water and became a pigeon, and he conducted her to her parents. Afterwards he went to the King, and said that he would take his daughter to wife. The King was very glad to have such a son-in-law. And they had music, and drums, and great rejoicings; the palace was illuminated, and so was all the city. He took the Princess for his wife, and became the richest King there was in any country. And they lived happily. And we more happily still !

THE PRINCE WHO WAS CHANGED INTO A
SNAKE.

Cyprus.

(SAKELLARIOS, II., No. 7.)

SCARLET thread, spun with the wheel,
Wound on twirling, giddy reel,
Like the dancers turn and spin,^a
And let me my tale begin ;
But first, my worthy Company,
I wish you all good e'en !

This is the beginning of the story—good-evening to
your Honours !

Once upon a time there was a merchant, and he
traded all the way to Pagtátin, as the saying is. He
had twelve ships in which he sailed about, and he had
three daughters. When this merchant's wife died, and
his daughters were left orphans, year by year he grew
poorer and poorer ; he lost his ships, and the unfortu-
nate man fell so low that he had hardly bread to eat,
and was so needy that he was obliged to sell all his
property, and nothing remained to him but his big farm.
Then the poor merchant made up his mind to tell his
daughters that they must live on the farm and look
after it. Two of his daughters, the eldest and the
second one, refused to go ; but the youngest, who was
good-natured and would not displease him, said,

‘ Papa mine, I will go and live there !’

So the youngest daughter bestirred herself, and dug

A game played by children in Cyprus is here alluded to.

and raked like a gardener, and got up early in the morning, and gathered the produce, and her father took it every morning to the market to sell it. (This is a story, so I will be brief.) Thus they continued every morning to gather the produce and sell it until twelve years had passed away.

In the twelfth year there returned three of his ships. Then his daughters, the eldest and the middle one, begged their father to bring them a gown each. The father, pleased with the youngest, asked her what she would like. She answered her father,

‘I want nothing, papa, but to see you released from your poverty.’

When her father pressed her to say what she would like, she replied,

‘I want nothing, papa, but a rose. They sell them now in sievesful, and I want you to bring me a choice rose.’

Well, at last the merchant mounted his horse, and went and landed his goods. In twelve days, from the time his poverty had come to an end, he had finished; but he had found no rose. Again he mounted his horse and set off to his farm. As he went, God commanded such a rain to fall as had never been known before. What was the poor man to do? He pulled his cape up over his head and crouched down on his horse’s saddle; and presently the beast came to a doorway and stood out of the rain. The man raised his cape, saw the doorway, and praised God that he had found a shelter from the downpour. Then he went and found a manger, to which he tied his beast, and afterwards he went in and found a chamber and sat down on the divan, and coffee came, and sweets, and a chibouk, without his seeing anyone. Then the

rain stopped, and the merchant arose, and went from chamber to chamber to seek the host, and thank him. When he could find no one, he was going to fetch his beast to go home, when he saw a rose-bush which had three blossoms on one branch, and he stretched out his hand and plucked them. Immediately there appeared before him a Snake, who said to him,

‘Ah! thankless man, after the kindness I have shown thee in saving thee from death! Canst thou not see a rose or two without desiring and plucking them?’

The merchant answered and said, ‘I looked through the chambers to find the host, and say a “Thank you” to him, but could not find him.’

‘Listen to me,’ said the Snake. ‘Thou hast three daughters, thou must bring me the youngest. Think not to thyself that I am only a Snake, and shall not come and find thee.’

The merchant asked how long he would wait—what could the poor man say?—and he gave him forty days. The merchant mounted his horse and went about his business.

When at last he got to his house, his daughters gathered around him and got their gowns, but his youngest daughter stood sadly by. Her father said to her, ‘Come here, my girl, here are the roses thou didst ask of me,’ and he began to weep.

When his daughter saw him weep, she asked, ‘What is the matter, papa, that thou weepest?’

Then her father began and told her all about it. Her sisters began to reproach her and to point their fingers at her,^a ‘Wretch, thou must have a rose, thou wantedst no gowns, so that the Snake might come and eat us!’

^a The ancient gesture of contempt, still called, as in classic times, the *φάσκελον*.

Then the maiden, who was sensible, went to her father, and asked how many days' grace had been given.

Her father replied, 'He said forty days, my girl.'

Then she went to her chamber and took paper and ink, and wrote down the day; but the maiden troubled herself nothing at all about it, [though] her sisters reproached her night and day. Afterwards she went and opened the paper, and saw that there were but two days left. So she said to her father, 'Go and saddle the horse that we may go where I have been invited.'

'Shall I take thee, my daughter, to thy Charon, where the Snake will eat thee?'

'Arise,' she said, 'and let us go, for the Snake will not eat me if I do his bidding; what ill-will has he against me?'

Then the maiden arose and said 'Farewell' to her sisters, and went away. They came to the house; her father tied up his beast at the manger; they went into the chamber and sat on the divan; their coffee came and their sweets, without anyone being seen. In a very little while the Snake appeared before them, and asked, 'Hast thou done my bidding, and brought her?'

Then the merchant answered and said, 'I have brought her.'

Then the merchant arose and mounted, and went home, and the maiden stayed behind with the Snake. Her father fell ill with regret and grief, and took to his bed.

It became the Snake's custom, when the girl was eating bread, to lie down in her lap and ask her,

'Wilt thou take me for thy husband?'

The maiden said to him, 'I am afraid of thee!' And she was very sad because her father was long in coming to see her. When she was sitting with the table before

her, the table opened, and she saw a mirror, in which all the world was reflected, and she saw her father ill, and began to weep and to tear her hair. Then the Snake, who was in the garden, heard her cries and her breast-beatings, and he rushed to her and asked,

‘What ails thee, my Rose?’

‘See in the mirror,’ she said to the Snake, ‘how my father lies nigh unto death!’

Then the Snake said, ‘Open the drawer of the table, and thou wilt find a ring. Put it on thy finger, and tell me,’ he said, ‘how many days thou wilt be absent.’

She replied, ‘[I will come] as soon as my father recovers.’

‘I give thee thirty-one days’ leave. If thou comest one day later, thou wilt find me dead upon some mound.’

The girl replied, ‘Do thyself no harm—when my leave has expired, I will come to thee.’

Then the Snake said, ‘Let supper be served, and do thou sup and I will counsel thee.’ When the girl had eaten her supper, he said to her,

‘Put the ring on thy tongue and thou wilt find thyself on the bed in thy chamber.’

The girl lay down on the mattress, and put the ring on her tongue, and she was in her own chamber. Her servants, in passing, heard her breathing, and went and told her sisters, ‘Our mistress is in her chamber.’

The sisters hastened in and found her asleep, and they awoke her, and she got up. Then the maiden praised God when she found that she had come home to her father. When her father saw her, he began to ask her how it had happened, and what had become of the Snake. And she began to tell him what the Snake had said to her when she was eating bread, how he had

sat on her knees and said, 'Wilt thou take me for thy husband?' and how she had said, 'I am afraid of thee!' Then her father answered and said to her, 'My daughter, tell him that thou wilt take him, and we shall see.' Then the maiden resolved that she would say that. But her sisters advised her not to go back, so that he might die. The girl replied, 'How could I leave my Beast to die, who have received such help from him?'

She remained with her father for as many days as she had leave, and then she rose, saluted her sisters and her father, laid down on her bed, put the ring in her mouth, and went back to the Snake. When the Snake saw her, he said, 'Hast thou come, my Rose?'

When the coffee came for her to drink, the Snake lay down in her lap, and when he said, 'Wilt thou take me for thy husband?' the girl replied, 'I will take thee!'

His skin fell off, and he became a Prince, and the earth opened, and the whole world was seen within. Then the maiden began to ask him what manner of man he was, and how he had become a Snake. Then the Prince told her that he had loved an orphan, and she had laid him under a curse to become a Snake and never cast his skin until he should find a woman who would consent to marry him. Then he wrote a letter to tell his father-in-law and her sisters that she was going to be married. So her father came with her two sisters. But, as they dismounted in the porch, he turned them into two pillars. When their father and their sister saw it, they wept. But the Prince bade them not to weep, for, as they had deserved, so it had befallen them.

Then they were married, and he made his father-in-law his Vizier. And we will leave them well, and return and find them better—God be praised!

THE HALF-MAN.³²

Epeiros.

(VON HAHN, *Νεοελ. Παραμ.*, p. 21.)

THERE was once a woman who had no children, and one day she prayed to God—‘O my God, give me a child, even if it be but half a one!’

Then God gave her half a child, with half a head, one foot, one hand, half a trunk, and half a nose. And as the boy was thus, she kept him in the house and did not send him either to school, or to do any work.

One day he said to her, ‘*Mána*, why don’t you give me an axe, and a mule, to go and cut wood?’

His mother replied, ‘What canst thou do, my child, Half-man that thou art, how canst thou cut wood?’ But as he begged her very hard, she finally gave him an axe and a mule, and he went to cut wood and brought it home.

One day as he was going to the forest, he passed by the palace of the Princess. He was standing erect on his one leg on the mule, and when the Princess saw him, she laughed and called to her servants, ‘Come and look at the Half-man!’ And when they saw him they split their sides with laughing.

As he passed, he let his axe fall to the ground, and he stopped and asked himself, ‘Shall I get down and pick it up, or not?’ Finally he decided not to get down, but to leave the axe where it was.

Then the Princess said to her servants, ‘Look at the Half-man! His axe fell down, and he won’t dismount to pick it up!’

He goes on a little further, and then lets his cord fall, and again he says to himself, 'Shall I get down and pick up the cord, or shall I not?' He was unwilling to dismount, so he left the cord too.

Again the Princess said to her servants, 'Look at the Half-man! His cord has fallen, and he won't pick it up!'

So he came to the place where he was in the habit of cutting wood, and stood thinking how he should cut it without an axe. Close by was a lake, and as he stood thinking about the axe, he saw a Fish floating about in the lake; and he threw in a bait and caught it. When he drew it out, the Fish said to him, 'Let me go, and I will teach thee a trick which will give thee everything thou mayest wish for.'

[Then said the Half-man], 'Load the mule with wood, that I may know if thou sayest true.'

'*The first word of God and the second word of the Fish—may the mule be loaded with wood!*' said the Fish.³³

Then the mule found itself laden with wood.

When the Half-man saw this, he asked the Fish to teach him that trick, and he would release it. Then said the Fish, 'Thou must say "*The first word of God and the second word of the Fish,*" and whatever thou wilt shall happen, will happen.'

Then the Half-man let the Fish go, and took by the halter the mule laden with wood, and set off. And again he passed under the palace of the Princess. When the Princess saw him, she called to her maidens,

'Come quickly, and look at the Half-man who is coming back with his mule laden with wood though he had no axe!'

Then they laughed, and when the Half-man saw that they were laughing at him, he said to himself,

‘The first word of God and the second word of the Fish—may the Princess become pregnant.’ And that very minute the Princess became pregnant. When the time came a child was born without anyone knowing from whom she had it. Her father took and questioned her, and she answered,

‘I know not, for no one has come near me. How this has come to me, I know not.’

When the child was grown, the King assembled together all the men of that city; and when they were come he gave the boy an apple, and said to him,

‘Take this apple and go give it to thy father.’

As he sauntered about and played with the apple, it fell and rolled away. He ran after it and caught it in a corner. As he picked it up, he raised his head, and seeing the Half-man, said to him, ‘Here, take this apple!’

When they heard the boy say this, they seized the Half-man, and led him before the King.

And the King said, ‘As it is he who has done this thing, we must slay them all, the Half-man, the Princess, and the child.’

The *medjliss*^a replied, ‘What thou sayest is just, for the Princess is thy daughter. Only thou must make an iron barrel and put inside it the Half-man, the Princess, and the child, and give them but a chaplet^b of figs for the child, that he may not die at once.’

These words pleased the King, and he gave orders for the barrel to be made; and they put all three of them into the barrel, and threw it into the sea.

As they were there in the barrel, the Princess said to the Half-man,

‘I have never set eyes on thee!—Why have they thrown this shovel at us?’³⁴

^a Μυστήριον = *medjliss*, Council (Turkish).

^b Dried figs threaded on a rush or straw.

Then said the Half-man, 'Give me a fig, and I will tell thee.'

The Princess gave him one of the figs which they had given to the boy, and the Half-man said,

'Don't you remember when I passed by your *serai*, one day, and you saw me and laughed because my axe and cord fell down?'

'I do remember,' replied the Princess.

'Then,' continued the Half-man, 'I know a word which I say, and whatever I will happens; and I said that word and thou didst become pregnant.'

Then said the Princess, 'If thou knowest such a word, and what thou willest happens, say now this word, that we come out of the barrel on the dry land.'

Said the Half-man, 'Give me a fig, and I will say it.'

Then the Princess gave him a fig, and the Half-man said to himself, '*The first word of God and the second word of the Fish!—let the barrel come on to the dry land, and break open, and let us come out.*'

This immediately happened; and when they were out, it came on to rain, and the Princess said to the Half-man, 'Say another word, that we may find a shelter and not get wet.'

Said the Half-man, 'Give me another fig, and I will say it.'

The Princess gave him one, and he said the same thing. Immediately they found a shelter and sat under it. Again the Princess said,

'You have done that very well. But say yet another word, that a great house may be found of which the stones and the wood and everything else that is in it shall speak.'

Said the Half-man, 'Give me a fig, and then I will say it.'

The Princess gave him a fig, and the Half-man said to himself, '*The first word of God, and the second word of the Fish!—let a palace appear of which the wood and the stones and everything in it shall speak!*'³⁵ Immediately there appeared a palace every part of which could speak. And they went into it with all their possessions, and whatever they required the Half-man brought.

One day, the King was out hunting, and seeing the palace from afar off, he sent two servants and said to them, 'Here are two partridges, go and cook them in that palace and find out what palace it is, for I have never seen it before when I have been out hunting.'

Then the servants, when the King had said this, took the partridges and went to that palace; and when they came to the door, the door asked them, 'What do you want?'

They answered, 'The King has sent us to cook some partridges.'

Then said the door, 'I will ask my lady.' And it turned and spoke to the other doors within, and they to the others again, and so on from door to door till they had told their lady.

When the lady said, 'Let them come in!' all the doors opened of themselves, and the servants entered, and wondered when they heard the stones and the wood say, 'You are welcome!'

Then they went to the kitchen, and as one said to the other, 'Where shall we find wood?' the sticks replied, 'Here we are!'

Again, when one said to the other, 'We have no salt! We have no butter!' these cried out, 'Here we are!'

When they had taken of everything they wanted, they put the partridges down to the fire, and while they

were gazing at all the things that spoke, the partridges got burnt. Then they sat down to consider what they should say to the King about it, how they had burnt his partridges. What were they to do? Then they made up their minds to go to the King and tell him everything, all that they had seen. When the King heard them, he would not believe them, and sent other servants, and the same things happened to them. When the King heard these men tell the same story, he made up his mind to go alone and see for himself. And when he came before the door and hesitated, he heard the door say 'You are welcome!' Then he went in and all the stones and the wood cried, 'You are welcome!'

When the Princess heard that the King was coming, she came and watched him without being seen herself. And when he set about cooking the partridges the same thing happened to him as had happened to the others. Then the Princess said to the King,

'I beg you, King, to condescend to sup in our humble house.'

The King replied that he would be very pleased, and would stay. Then the Princess went to fetch the Half-man, who was hidden away from the King, and said to him,

'I have bidden the King to supper in our house. Say now a word that a table may come with all its dishes and its servants, and with singers and dancers—everything that is befitting.'

The Half-man replied, 'Give me a fig, and then I will say it.'

So she gave him the fig, and the Half-man said as he had said before, and there appeared a table with everything that was befitting. And when the Princess

and the King had sat down and had eaten and drunk, the minstrels began to sing, and sang so well that the King was amazed and said,

‘I, a King, have never heard such singing in *my* palace!’

Then the dancers began to dance, and again the King was amazed and said to the Princess,

‘I, a King, have not the like of such things in *my* palace. And I beg you to tell me how did *you* get them?’

The Princess replied that her father had left them to her as a legacy. Then she went to the Half-man and said to him,

‘Yet another thing thou must do for me. Say a word that a spoon may go into the King’s boot.’

Said the Half-man, ‘Give me a fig, and I will say it.’

She gave him a fig and he said as he had said before, and a spoon went into the King’s boot.

When they had eaten and drunk, he rose to leave. But the Princess said to him,

‘Wait a moment, for it seems to me that something is missing.’

‘No,’ replied the King, ‘we are not of that sort.’

Then the Princess cried,

‘Pots! are you all here?’

‘All!’ they replied.

‘Pans! are you all here?’

‘All!’ they replied.

‘You, spoons?’

But the spoon which was in the King’s boot said,

‘As for me, I am in the King’s boot!’

Then said the Princess to the King,

‘I received you in my house, and set for you a table and so many other things, and you take my spoon?’

Then the King replied that that was unjust, and that someone else had put it in his boot.

‘And so it was with me,’ said the Princess, ‘unjustly thou didst put me in the barrel with the Half-man, without my ever having seen him, and there within is the Half-man.’

Then the King sat long without understanding. Afterwards the Princess brought the Half-man before the King, and he told him all that he had done. The King marvelled at that word of the Half-man. And his daughter he married to a Vizier, and the Half-man made chief slave-warder, and married him to one of his slaves.

THE GREEK PRIEST AND THE TURKISH WITCH.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 352.)

IN the time of the Turkish rule, a Priest of Athens wooed a young woman whom he afterwards deserted, and married another. She, in order to revenge herself, threw spells upon the Priest's wife, and said that she would cause her not to see the next year. And of a truth the beautiful *Papadhiá* not only grew thinner every day, but became paralysed, and her body was bent round like a ringcake, so that her face touched her knees. The Priest began with his blessings and readings; but when he saw that they were of no avail, he betook him to a Turkish Witch in the hope of finding some remedy; for he now understood that his wife's illness was caused by sorcery. But the Witch, when she had made a thousand and two [exorcisms] and found that they availed nothing, told the Priest that she who had cast the spells was more powerful than herself, and she advised him to go to Chalchis, and there to seek for and bring another Turkish woman. So the Priest went to Chalchis, and returned with that same old Witch-wife. When they arrived at Athens it was still daylight, and they waited a little while outside so as to enter by night into the city.

When the Witch saw the *Papadhiá*, she said that she would make her well that same night. She swept the hearth, told the Priest to give her three pearls, and to light on the hearth three great torches and one small lantern. And she told him not to be afraid whatever he might see, and whatever he might hear, but to hold

the lantern and, when it went out, to light it at one of the torches, but to take care, however, not to take twice from the same torch, but always to take them in turn. Then she let down her hair, and spread it over her shoulders, and began to walk round the room, playing with the pearls in her palm, and repeating her exorcisms in a low voice, while the Priest followed behind her. Then a great whirlwind arose, and one of the walls fell in; but she, quite undisturbed, descended to the courtyard, and there, as she walked round it, the pearls fell from her hand. Then she immediately bade the Priest search with his lantern and find the middle pearl. When he had found it, the old Witch-wife dug at that spot and turned up a tin box. In that box they found a gold embroidered slipper which the *Papadhiá* had lost on her wedding day. This slipper was nailed with a great nail. They found besides in the box a bit of dry soap which had stuck into it a great many large needles, a little wisp of hair entangled in a thousand knots, and a lock. Then they went up with the box into the chamber, and there the Witch first took out the nail from the slipper, disentangled the hair, and, one by one, drew out the large needles. As she drew out the last, the sick *Papadhiá* sighed as if a great burden were lifted from off her, and sat up in the bed. Afterwards the Witch gave the lock to the Priest and told him that they had locked up the womb of his wife so that she could not bear children, and that he must find means to open the lock, but be careful not to break it. The Priest consequently set to work to try and open it, but could not manage to do so; and after a couple of years he threw it into the sea, and so remained childless. The Witch would take no money for her trouble, but asked only for an *oka* of coffee, an *oka* of sugar, and a rushlight.

THE STORY OF A VAMPIRE.^a

Crete.

(PASHLEY, II., p. 226, *note.*)

A LONG time ago there came out a Vampire in the village of Kallikráti in the district of Sphakiá, and no one knew what man he was, or whence he came. This Vampire destroyed many children and grown-up people, and he made great havoc both in that village and in many others. They had buried him at [the church of] St. George at Kallikráti, and in his time he had been a man of note, and they had built an arch over his grave. Now there was a shepherd who was his *Synteknos*;^b and the Shepherd was pasturing his flocks close by the church, when it began to rain, and he went into the tomb for shelter from the shower. Afterwards he made up his mind to sleep there and remain the night; so he took off his arms, and placed them crosswise above his pillow (and people say that this was why the *Katakhnás* was not permitted to come out). So, during the night, when he wanted to go forth again, and destroy men, he said to the shepherd,

‘Get out of this, *Synteknē*, for I have some business to see to.’

The shepherd made no answer, neither the first time, nor the second, nor the third; for by this he knew that he was a *Katakhnás*, and that it was he who had been

^a See vol. i., ‘Annotations’ No. 7.

^b That is, was his child’s godfather. This relationship is considered in the Greek Church as complete a bar to marriage as the closest consanguinity.

working all the mischief. Accordingly he said to him when he spoke a fourth time,

‘I shall not rise hence, for I fear, *Synteknë*, that there is an evil odour about thee, and that thou mayest work me mischief, and I am afraid. But, if thou wilt that I arise, swear to me, “*by thy winding-sheet*,”^a that thou wilt not meddle with me, and I will get up.’

He would not say it at first, but said something else. Afterwards, when his *Synteknos* would not let him get up, he swore as he wished. Then he arose and took his arms and put them outside the tomb. And he (the *Katakhnás*) came forth, and greeted him, and said to him,

‘I say, *Synteknë*, don’t go away, but remain here; I have some business to see to, but in an hour I will come back, for I have something to say to you.’

So he waited for him. Then the *Katakhnás* went some ten miles distance where there was a newly-married couple, and he destroyed them, and returned, and his *Synteknos* saw that he was carrying liver, and that his hands were all dripping with blood; and as he carried it he blew into it as a butcher does, to make the liver larger. And he showed him that it was cooked as if it had been done over the fire. And with that he said,

‘Let us sit down, *Synteknë*, and eat.’

He pretended to eat, but ate only dry bread, and did not eat of it, but put it into his bosom. Presently the time came for them to separate, and he said to him,

‘*Synteknë*, speak not of what thou hast seen, or my twenty nails will be fastened in thyself and thy children.’

The shepherd, however, lost no time, but gave notice

^a A vampire considers no other oath binding.

of the matter to the Priest and to other persons, and they went and found him in the tomb, and all understood that it was he who had done all that evil. So the men gathered a quantity of wood, and placed him upon it, and burnt him. His *Synteknos* was not then present, but when he was half-burnt he came up, too, to enjoy the sight; and the *Katakhnás* threw out as it were a single speck of blood which fell on his foot, and it wasted away as if roasted by fire. On that account they sifted the ashes, and finding the little finger nail of the *Katakhnás* unconsumed, they burnt that too.



SECTION (III.)

TALES ILLUSTRATIVE OF SUPERNALIST IDEAS.

*THE STORY OF SAINT DEMETRA AND HER DAUGHTER.*³⁶

Eleusis.

(LENORMANT, *Monographie, etc.*, I., p. 399, *note.*)

SAINT DEMETRA was an old woman from Athens, good and charitable. She spent all that she had in feeding the poor. She had a daughter of incomparable beauty—since the time of Mistress 'Phrodítë (*Κυρά Φροδίτη*) no such beauty had ever been seen. A Turkish Agha of the neighbourhood of Souli, who was very wicked and deeply skilled in magic, perceived her one day when she was combing her hair, which was the colour of gold and reached to her feet, and he fell madly in love with her. Finding an opportunity of speaking to her, he tried to gain her love, but she was as virtuous as she was beautiful, and repulsed all his advances. He accordingly resolved to carry her off, and place her in his harem. So, one Christmas Night, while Demetra was at church, the Agha burst open the house-door, seized the maiden, who was alone, and in spite of her cries of distress, he placed her before him on his horse,

and rode off with her. This horse was a wonderful animal. He was black, fire issued from his nostrils, and with one bound he could spring from East to West. In a few moments he had carried the ravisher and his victim into the mountains of Epeiros.

When the aged Demetra returned from church and found the house broken into and her daughter carried off, her distress knew no bounds. She asked the neighbours if they knew what had become of her daughter; but they dared not give her any information, for they feared the Turks and their vengeance. She questioned the Tree which grew in front of the house, but the Tree could tell her nothing. She questioned the Sun, but the Sun could tell her nothing. She questioned the Moon and Stars, but nothing could she learn from them. At last the Stork which had his nest on the roof of her house said to her,

‘For many years we have lived together. You are old and so am I. Listen. You have always been kind to me; you have never disturbed my nest, and once you helped me to drive away the bird of prey which sought to steal my young ones. In return I will tell you what I know about the fate of your daughter. She has been taken away by a Turk mounted on a black horse, which has carried her to the West. Come, I will go with thee, and we will seek her together.’

Demetra set out, accompanied by the Stork. It was winter, and cold, and the mountains were covered with snow. The poor old woman was frozen and could hardly walk. She asked of all she met if they had seen her daughter, but they either laughed at her or made no reply. Every door was shut so as not to receive her, for men are cruel to misery. She wept and lamented. Still she managed to travel on as far

as Lepsina.^a Arrived there, however, she fell down by the roadside overcome with fatigue. There she would have died had there not chanced to pass by the wife of the headman of the village, who was returning from her sheepfolds. Marigho, for that was the name of this woman, took pity on Demetra; she helped her to rise, and led her to her husband, who was named Nikóla. The headman was as compassionate as his wife; she was treated by both with the greatest kindness, and they did their best to tend and console her. In return for their hospitality, Saint Demetra blessed their fields and made them fruitful.

Nikóla, the headman, had a son who was handsome, strong, brave, and clever, and, in a word, the smartest *pallikar* in all the country-side. Seeing that Demetra was not able to continue her journey, he offered to go himself in search of the stolen maiden, asking only in return for her hand in marriage. This was agreed to, and he set out accompanied by the faithful Stork, which would not abandon the quest.

The young man walked for many days without finding anything. At last one night, when he was in a forest in the heart of the mountains, he saw in the distance a great and shining light. He went eagerly towards it, but the spot whence the light came was much further away than the darkness of the night had led him to imagine. He, however, finally reached it, and, to his great amazement, found forty Dhrakos lying on the ground and watching a great cauldron which was boiling on the fire. Without losing courage at this sight, he lifted the cauldron with one hand, lighted a torch at the fire, and replaced the pot on it. The

^a The popular local term for Elevisis.

Dhrakos, astonished at his strength, surrounded him and said,

‘Thou who hast been able to lift with one hand the cauldron which with our united strength we are hardly able to lift, thou only art capable of carrying off a maiden whom we have long been trying to get hold of, and which we are unable to do because of the great height of the tower where a Magician keeps her shut up.’

The son of the headman of Lepsina saw the impossibility of escaping from the hands of these monsters. Accompanied by the forty Dhrakos, he proceeded to the tower, and after having well examined it, he bade them give him a number of great nails, which he drove into the wall, making a sort of ladder, and which he drew out again as he ascended so that the Dhrakos might not follow him. Arrived at the top, where there was a little window through which he could just squeeze himself, he proposed to the Dhrakos to climb up as he had done, one after the other. They did so, so that he had time to kill the first who came up while the other was mounting and throw him down on the other side of the tower, where there was a great courtyard, a beautiful garden, and a splendid palace. Thus rid of his dangerous guards, he descended into the interior of the tower, and found there the daughter of Saint Demetra, whose beauty immediately excited in him the most ardent love.

He was on his knees before her when the Agha-magician entered. Beside himself with anger, he fell upon the youth, who received him courageously. The Agha was possessed of superhuman strength, but that of the son of Nikóla was not inferior. The Agha had the power of transforming himself as he pleased; he

became a lion, a serpent, a bird of prey, a flame, hoping in one of these forms to prevail against his adversary. But nothing could prevail against the intrepid *pallickar*. For three days the Agha and the youth of Lepsina fought unweariedly. On the first day the Agha seemed to be vanquished, but on the second he recovered ground, and at the end of it he slew his young adversary, and cut his corpse into four quarters, which he hung on the four sides of the tower. Then, elated by his victory, he forced the daughter of Demetra to yield to his desires, having hitherto respected her virginity. But during the night the Stork flew his fastest to a great distance to seek a magical herb^a which he knew of, brought it in his beak, and rubbed the lips of the dead youth with it. Immediately the pieces of his body joined themselves together, and he came to life again. Great was his despair when he learnt what had happened after his defeat. But he only fell with greater fury on the Agha on the third day, to punish him for his crime. Once again he seemed on the point of defeat, when the happy idea occurred to him to invoke the aid of the *Panaghià* by vowing that, if he prevailed, he would become a monk in the monastery of Phaneroméni.^a Her divine protection renewed his strength, and he succeeded in laying low his enemy. The Stork, which had helped him so well, then fell upon the prostrate Agha, pecked out his eyes, and plucked out with his beak a white hair which was visible in the black tuft with which his head was surmounted. On this hair depended the life of the Turkish Magician, who immediately expired.

Taking the girl with him, the conqueror of the Agha

^a In the island of Salamis, opposite Eleusis.

returned with her to Lepsina at the time that the Spring was born and the flowers were beginning to appear in the fields. He went forthwith, as he had vowed, to shut himself up in the monastery. Saint Demetra, having regained her daughter, left with her. No one knew what became of them ; but ever since, owing to the benediction of the Saint, the fields of Lepsina have always been fertile.

WHAT IS FATED MUST HAPPEN.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, B. 14.)

THERE was once a man who had no children. He prayed to the Saints, and after many years a little daughter was born to him. The father, full of joy, went out into the road to seek a godfather for her. He meets a man.

‘Good-day, where are you going? What are you seeking?’

‘A godfather to baptise my daughter.’

‘I will baptise her.’

He takes him home, and gets things ready. Before the christening the godfather hears the Fates, and one says,

‘Let it be written that she shall be eaten by wild beasts!’

The other says, ‘No, but that she shall be burnt by fire!’

The third says, ‘Wait. When she is an eighteen year old maiden, let her be drowned.’ And so the three agreed.

The poor godfather was ready to burst, but he said nothing. He baptised the child, made the bond of godfatherhood with her, and went away. When the eighteenth year was drawing near, he went to his *synteknos*.^a

‘I would ask a favour of you.’

‘Ask two!’

^a See p. 168, note ^b.

‘Give me my godchild that I may have her with me for a year.’

Not to lose his friendship, he let her go. The godfather took her home to his town, and gave her a separate chamber where everything was ready to her hand, and water in the cup, so that she had no need to go to the well, for fear she might fall in, at least until the year had passed which had been written for her. One day, when the year had nearly expired, they went to her chamber to keep her company, and saw her plate full of water, and she was lying with her face in it, drowned. When her relations heard of it, they laid the blame on the godfather.

‘But, my good Christians!^a it was written! For eighteen years you lived free from care, while I, from the day I baptised her, have been anxious.’

*That which Fate has writ for me,
Can by none averted be!*

^a Καλὲ Χριστιανοὶ μ’! A common form of address among the Greek populace, who apply the term ‘Christian’ only to members of the Orthodox Church.

KING SLEEP.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 326.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good evening to your Honours!

There was once upon a time a King and a Queen, and they had a very handsome son, and they called him Sleep. This son did not wish to marry. Often the King and the Queen said to him, 'Do get married and have children!' but to no purpose, he would not marry. The Queen set spies to discover if perchance her son was in love with some one, and did not wish to tell her. She set two or three watchers to watch him, to see where he went, and what he did, and tell her. In the neighbourhood, a little way off, lived a very lovely girl, but she was poor. She had no relations, but was all alone in the world. At night when she sat up, she grew sleepy, and to drive away sleep she would say,

'Sleep, thou'rt come! and thou art welcome!
Take the stool, and sit thou patient,
While my spinning wheel I'm turning;
While I twist and fill the spindle;
Then will we lie down and slumber,
In a tight embrace enfolded.'

This she said every evening when she was sleepy, to drive away her sleepiness. One evening there passed by the watchers whom the Queen had set, and they heard her say, 'Sleep, thou'rt come,' and the rest of it. They went and said to the Queen,

‘My longlived Queen, over there lives a maiden, very beautiful, and of good reputation. We did not see the Prince go into her house, but every evening we hear her say,

“Sleep, thou’rt come! and thou art welcome!
Take the stool, and sit thou patient,
While my spinning wheel I’m turning;
While I twist and fill the spindle;
Then will we lie down and slumber,
In a tight embrace enfolded.”’

Said the Queen, ‘At what hour did you hear that? You must take me that I may hear it.’

In the evening, at the appointed time, the watchers took the Queen, and they went outside the poor girl’s window. She went near, the Queen did; the shutter was closed, but she heard within, ‘Sleep, thou’rt come,’ and the rest of it.

Said the Queen, ‘It must surely be my son, for there is no one else in the kingdom called Sleep.’ Then another day she said, ‘*Bá*, shall my son go and sit on a wooden stool?—I will send her a sofa and chairs!’

So she sent her a sofa, and chairs, and money, and they told her that the Queen sent her greetings.

Said she, ‘The Queen? It must be a mistake!—To me, a poor girl?—It must be a mistake!’

There was an Old Woman out in the courtyard, and she said to her, ‘Keep them now that they are sent to thee, it won’t do to send them back again.’

So she sent her thanks, and when the Queen’s people had gone, the Old Woman said,

‘Listen to me, my child, and do whatever I bid thee, for thou hast no one greater than me to counsel thee.’
(This Old Woman was the girl’s Fate.) Some little time

passed, and the Queen again sent her presents. One day the Old Woman said to her, 'If the Queen comes here to see thee, tell her thou art going to have a child.'

'But how could I tell her such a thing!—I, a maiden, to say that I am going to have a child!'

'Listen to me who am speaking to thee,' said the Old Woman, 'and thou wilt not repent it.'

The Old Woman goes to a carpenter and orders a male child of wood, with hands, and feet. One day the Queen passed by, and went into the girl's house. She said,

'How art thou, my child, art thou well?'

'What shall I do,' she replied, 'for some months past I have not been well.'

Then the Queen understood, and sent her birds' milk to drink. Hard by there lived another poor woman who was going to have a baby. The time came, and her child was born. Then the Fate went and told the girl to take to her bed as if she were a lying-in woman, and by her side she put the wooden child, and covered it with a gold embroidered kerchief. The Fates went on the third night to decree the destiny of the neighbour's child, and this Fate wished also to go and settle its destiny. They also invited a Laughterless Fate, who never laughed, to take her with them. They said to her,

'Come, and let us go, and do thou also decree.'

It was many years since she had laughed, and that was why they called her 'The Laughterless Fate.' She arose, and they went first to the woman who had borne a child. They said that the poor woman's child should become a good man, and prosperous. The Laughterless Fate told him nothing, either good or bad. When they came out at the door, said the Old Woman,

‘Let us go and destine here where another poor woman has had a child.’ She had told the mock-mother whatever happened not to laugh at anything.

Then the Fates came in, the mock-mother heard their voices, but said nothing, and was silent. Said the Old Woman to the Laughterless Fate,

‘Here thou must first decree,’ and she raised the kerchief, and the Laughterless Fate saw the wooden child, and split her sides with laughing.

‘*Ou!* it made me laugh, who for so many years have not laughed!’

‘Since it is so many years since you laughed, and you laugh now, you ought to wish that he may become human.’

Then said the Laughterless Fate to him, ‘I destine thee to become human, with blood, with flesh, with hair, as real children are.’

Said the second Fate, ‘And I destine thee, and give thee speech, and knowledge, and brains.’

Said the third, the Old Woman, ‘And I destine thee, my child, to become a king exactly the same as King Sleep, even a mole which he has on his cheek thou shalt have too; and when the Prince sees thee, thou shalt find thy way into his heart, and he shall love thee.’

The Fates arose, and went away. Then the child became alive, and began to cry—he wanted milk. Then said the girl,

‘What shall I do? I am ashamed before the world.’ The Fate came back (her own), and took him and got him nursed, and brought him back to his mother. In the morning the *Moir*a took him, and carried him straight to the Queen, and said,

‘Your daughter has been delivered, and has borne

this child; he is the image of your son, Sleep. See! he has even a mole on the cheek!’

The Queen took it from her arms, and carried it in to her son. She said to him,

‘My son, have done now with deceit; thou art lucky at last, and long mayst thou live! Let us bring my daughter-in-law too—*ai*! what matter?—she is poor, but honest, and she shall be Queen!’

Said he, ‘What sayest thou, mother? I don’t understand a bit.’

‘Come, now, have done with that now; we will send and fetch her here; she must not stay in that little house.’

Then said he, ‘I will go and see what it is all about; where did she see me, and where did I see her?’

The Fate took him, and said, ‘Come, let us go, I know the house.’

As they went along the road she fated him to love her [the girl]. The Prince went in, the maiden was seated spinning. When the Prince saw her, she started to her feet, she knew not who it was. She said,

‘Who are you, and what do you seek that you have come here?’

‘What! Thou knowest me not? Thou sayest that thou hast had a child by me, and thou knowest me not?’

Then she sat down and told him all the story, and how at even, when she was falling asleep, she said,

“Sleep, thou’rt come! and thou art welcome!

Take the stool, and sit thou patient,

While the spinning wheel I’m turning;

While I twist and fill the spindle.”

‘Now, my King, thou canst do what thou wilt. I

knew nothing of what was going on ; the Queen sent me things, and I could not send them back.'

He did not speak, but sat still. Then said the Old Woman,

'I will tell thee something, my son. I am thy Fate and hers, and I did all this, and made the child of wood, and the Laughterless Fate destined it, and it became a man ; for I saw that thou hadst no mind to marry, and that thy kingdom would perish, and now thy kingdom is saved. Only wed her, my son, she is a good and honest girl, and you will live happy and fortunate.'

He took a carriage for the Fate and himself and the maiden, so that they might go to the palace. When the carriage stopped, the Prince got out, and gave his hand to help out first the Old Woman, and afterwards the maiden, but the Old Woman had vanished. Then he understood that she was really a Fate ; and so he took the girl by the hand, and led her upstairs to his mother. There were music, and drums, and great rejoicings. The wedding took place, and they took a nurse for the child, and lived happy and prosperous. And we happier !

THE GOOD FATE.⁸⁷

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 637.)

ONCE upon a time there was a Queen, and she had an only son. The Queen was very wicked and ill-tempered, as we shall presently see. But though the Queen was so wicked and ill-tempered, the Prince was as good and kind as he could be. At home the Queen was like a wild beast, or a Lamia, and was always on the lookout to devour them with her words. The Prince, not knowing what else to do, so as not to hear all the scolding that went on, went often out hunting. On one of the many occasions that he went a-hunting, he was sitting on a rock to rest when he heard voices behind the rock. He strained his ears to hear what they said. Said one,

‘My dear, the Prince is out hunting.’

‘Indeed; when is he going to marry?’ said another.

Said the third (for they were three girls who were speaking), ‘If the King would marry me, I would become his slave, or anything he liked.’

Said the second, ‘But if he married me, I would come and go, and bid him welcome when he came home from hunting, and take his gun from his hands, and say, “Art thou weary, my long-lived King?” and even if he were to bid me throw myself into the well, I would do it to please him.’

Said the third, ‘If he married me, I would bear him three princes who would shine like the sun. The one would have golden hair, the second golden ankles, and the third a golden star on his forehead.’

‘But if thou shouldst not bear those golden children?—as if it were in thy power!’

‘Well, if I don’t, let him drive me away, let him do with me what he will. But I *should* bear him those three golden children, for my Fate foretold it when she told my fortune. My mother was awake on the third night, when they fated me, and she told me, for she heard it.’

Then they laughed and said, ‘*Aĩ*, let us go home like princesses as we are!’

The King heard all that the maidens said, and suddenly—*pop!* he appeared before them. When they saw him, they were afraid, and were about to run away. But he said,

‘Stay, don’t run away! Which of you three is she who is to bear me the three princes?—the golden-haired, the golden-ankled, and the one with the golden star on his forehead?’

She who had said this made no answer, but cast down her eyes, for she was the youngest, and more beautiful than the other two.

Then the eldest said, ‘*Ná!* this one, my long-lived King.’

Then the King says to the youngest, ‘I will take thee home with me now, and either thou wilt bear me the three princes as thou hast said, or I will send thee back to thy mother.’

So he took her, and went to the palace. When the Queen saw her, she said to her son,

‘*Bá!* where hast thou found this game thou hast brought us?’

‘Mother mine, I beg of thee to have her bathed and dressed in royal clothes, and she will bear me three golden princes; the one will be golden-haired, the

second golden-ankled, and the third will have a golden star on his forehead.'

Then his mother laughed a mocking laugh and said, 'Thy slaves are there, command them what thou wilt!' And the Queen went away into her chamber.

Then the slaves took the maiden, and led her down to the bath, and bathed her, and adorned her. They took her to the King, and he loved her very much, for she was very good. After a time, when she was about to have a child, word came for the King to go to the wars. Then he begged his mother very earnestly to see what kind of child his wife would have.

'Very well,' said she, 'do thou go to the war, and I will look after thy wife.'

The King took leave of her and took leave of his wife, and set out to go and fight in Lombardy. His wife wept as if she knew, poor thing, what grief was in store for her. Well, the King went to Lombardy, and his wife remained in the palace, and after a little while her baby was born. She called the Queen, and the Queen called the nurse and other people, and when the baby came into the world, it lighted up all the chamber.

Said the Queen to one of her people,

'Wrap it up well, and go and throw it out for the dogs to eat.'

When the servant came down and went outside the door, there was an Old Woman there, and she said,

'Where art thou going with that child?'

Said he, '*Ná!* a slave has given birth to it, and I am going to cast it away.'

'*Oú!* give it to me, and mayst thou prosper! My daughter-in-law has borne a dead child, and I will tell her that this is hers.'

The Old Woman took it and went away. This Old Woman was the young mother's Fate, who had changed herself into an old crone. Well, she took the child, and went away. When the poor young mother was laid on her bed, she said,

'Where is my baby?—let me see it.'

'Baby indeed! Thine was a dead child, and we have cast it away!'

The poor woman said nothing, but she cried a little, and then was quiet. Some time passed, and the King came back from Lombardy. He went to his mother, kissed her hand, and said,

'Where is my wife, and what kind of a child has she had?'

'*Ná!* She has had a dead child, and we threw it away over there; thy wife is well.'

Then he went to his wife, and saw her, and she wept.

'*Aĩ!*' said the Prince to her, 'it is because thou wert sad that thy child was born dead. *Aĩ!* Never mind, thou wilt have another.'

Some time passed, and again she was about to have a child. Hardly had the month begun in which it was to be born, than word came again for the King to go and fight against the Saracens. He was very much grieved at having to leave his wife again at the time her baby was to be born, but what could he do? And she wept. Said he,

'Don't fret, or this child which thou bearest in thy bosom will die too. Only be patient, and I will soon come back.'

A few days after her husband's departure the pains of labour came upon her, and again the same servant was at hand. Another child was born, and the house was lighted up, for the baby was golden-ankled. Again the

servant wrapped it in a sheet. He went to cast it away, and again the Old Woman was there, and she persuaded him to give it to her, and went away. Said the young mother,

‘Where is my baby? Let me see it!’

‘*Ná!* Thou hast borne a horror! And as soon as it was born, it fled, and we don’t know what has become of it. But I wish my son joy of his choice!’

The poor young mother said nothing; she must be patient—what can she do? What can she say? The King came back from the Saracens’ land. He went again to his mother, kissed her hand, as usual, and asked her,

‘Mother mine, how is my wife, what child has she borne?’

‘A horror. And as soon as it was born it went we know not where.’

‘*Aï!*’ sighed the King, he was beginning to suspect something, but what could he do?—could he accuse his mother?

He went and found his wife, and comforted her by saying that she would have other children, and that cloud passed by. Some time passed and the King’s wife was again going to have a child. About the seventh or eighth month, word came for him to go to Venice. Imagine the grief of the Prince and of his wife!—but what could he do? She threw herself on his neck and wept, and he set off to go to Venice. The appointed time came, and the Prince’s wife was delivered, and she bore a child with a golden star on his forehead, and all the house was lighted up. Again the servant folds it in a cloth, and takes the bundle down to the road. The Old Woman was there. She seizes hold of it, and takes it to the others. Says the mother,

‘Where is my baby?—let me see it!’

‘*Ná!* Didn’t you see that you bore a great snake, and it roused our ire, for it was five *pikhs* long!’^a

‘Why, I saw that it lighted up the whole house!’

‘Ah! that was the serpent’s eyes! and he took a spring and broke the window, and went away to the mountains.’

When a few days had passed the poor woman began to weep and to cry,

‘I gave birth to three lovely children!—and you have cast them away!’

Then the Queen got very angry, and she ordered them to throw her into the ash-pit, where all the dirty ashes fell. And whoever pitied her threw her dry bits through the grating. A long time passed, a year, three years, before the King returned this time from Venice. He came back from Venice, went to his mother, kissed her hand, and said to her,

‘How is my wife? Has she given birth? And what has she borne?’

‘Your wife, my son, deserted you years ago. As soon as you had gone, she beat her breast, and carried on, and did not wait to be confined, but went away with that she had in her bosom.’

Then the King was grieved exceedingly, and he wept. He went to his chamber, so that no one might see him, and locked himself in. Two of the King’s friends went and said to him,

‘My King, will you not come out hunting?—all this is destiny.’

They took him, and went out hunting. They hunted, but he did not hunt, but only went and sat on the rock where he had first seen his wife, and meditated. One

^a About four yards.

day he saw at a distance three little children on the road, the one had beautiful golden hair, the other had golden ankles, and the other had a golden star on the forehead. Said the one,

‘Langouvérdie!’

‘Yes, Saritsinié!’

‘Tuck up our Venetsána’s apron, that she may not dirty it, and our father and mother scold us!’

When the King saw them, he wept, and said, ‘Just such children my wife said that she would bear me!’ When he heard them say, ‘Langouvérdie!’ ‘Yes, Saritsinié!’ ‘Tuck up Venetsána’s apron that it may not get dirty, and our father and mother scold us,’ he remembered that when he was gone to Lombardy his wife bore her first child; the second when he had gone to the Saracens’ land; and the third when he went to Venice. He called the children to him, and said,

‘Come here, my children. Whose are you?’

‘Our father’s and our mother’s.’

‘Where are your father and your mother?’

‘Do we know where they are?’

‘But with whom do you live then?’

‘With our *Mammítsa* (nurse).’

‘Will you come with me to the palace, for I am the King?’

‘We will ask our *Mammítsa*, and if she will let us, we will come, of course we will.’

‘Go then, and ask her, and come and tell me, but be quick.’

Then the two little boys put Venetsána between them, and took hold of her hands, for she was the youngest; and the King looked after them, and his heart ached, and he said,

‘Ach! If those children were only mine!’

The children went to their Nurse, and said to her, 'He who is sitting on the hill is the King, and he has asked us to go to the palace—shall we go?'

'Go, and they will give you to eat; but when they put food on your plates, say, "We will not eat unless our dear mother eats too," and they will ask you, "Where is your dear mother?" then you must do so,^a and you will see some iron bars across a little window, and you must say, "Our dear mother is in there!" and a woman will come out at that hole; she will put out her head, and it will be covered with ashes, and her hair all uncombed and dirty. You must say to her, "Eat, dear mother, who hast suffered so much for our sakes when we were born." And if they don't show you your mother, don't eat, but fall on the King's neck and say to him, "Give us our mother!"'

The children returned to the King, and said, 'Our *Mammitsa* allows us to go with you!'

When the children had gone to the King, the Fate immediately disappeared. The King took the children, and brought them to the palace. When the old Queen saw them, she had serpents enow.^b The King commanded them to give the children to eat. They took their little plates in their hands, and said,

'We will not eat unless our little mother eats first!'

'And where is your little mother?' asked the King.

'She is in there, behind those bars!' and they ran with their plates, all three of them, and went up to the bars. 'Eat! mother dear!' they cried, 'who hast suffered so much for us when we were born!'

She runs up to the window, and seizes the plates of soup; and, one by one, she empties all three.

^a *I.e.*, raise their heads and look up.

^b 'Εξώθηκε 'ς τὰ φεῖδια.

‘O, my dear!’ says her mother-in-law, ‘have you supped all three?’

‘I bore three children, and three platesful will I eat!’

Then the Prince turned and said to his mother,

‘*Ach!* mother, didst thou not pity me? Didst thou not pity her? Didst thou not pity these three little children, but cast them out on the road?’ And he ordered them to take her out of the ash-pit, and wash her, and put royal garments on her, and bring her upstairs.

Then came the Old Woman, the Fate who had brought them up, and she said to the King,

‘When thou wast in Lombardy thy wife gave birth to this one’ (pointing to the first with the golden hair), ‘and for that reason he is called Langouvérdio. When thou wert in the Saracen’s land, Saritsinié was born—this one with the golden ankles. And when thou wert in Venetia, this Venetsána with the golden star on her forehead. And they cast them away, and I took them and nourished them. And now take my blessing, and live happily with thy wife and children.’

And as the Old Woman was giving her blessing, his wife came and threw herself on his neck and embraced him, and embraced her children, and the Old Woman vanished. Then the King at once ordered music and drums and great rejoicings. And he married her, and they lived happy. But it was more than his mother could bear; and in forty days she burst. And the children went to her grave and wept, and sometimes their father and mother went, too, and they all wept together.

THE ARCHONTAS AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Cyprus.

(SAKELLARIOS, III., p. 147.)

THERE was once an *árchontas*, and he had three daughters. Well, they grew up, but as he couldn't find husbands for them, he didn't know what to do. So he bethought him, my lady, of having his daughters' likenesses painted and hung up in front of the door of the house, so that the passers-by might see them, and he might get a son-in-law.

The place where this *árchontas* lived was by the sea-shore, and many vessels came from other lands and touched there. At last, my lady, one day a captain of one of the ships saw these likenesses. He took a fancy to that of the youngest, and went and asked her father for her. But her father was not willing to give her to him, because he wished to get the two eldest married first, and the youngest afterwards. But this captain wanted the youngest, and the father's friends advised him to agree to give her, so as to make a good beginning. So at last, my lady, he consented; and in a few days the wedding took place. When they had crowned them, all the relatives and friends went away and left them alone together. Then the bride laid herself down on her walnutwood bedstead; but when the bridegroom went to sleep by her side, the wall was rent, and a Phantasm came out and said to him,

'Leave thou Rosa (for that was the bride's name), for Rosa must marry her father; by her father she will

have a child ; and in time she will take that child for her husband.'

When the bridegroom heard all that, he went without saying a word to anyone to find his father-in-law, and told him that he had made a mistake and that it was his eldest daughter he wanted, and not the youngest. The father was glad to find that he wanted the eldest, and they were married. Then the husband took his wife and returned to his own country.

Not long afterwards, there came another suitor who also liked the youngest best. Not to make a long story of it, the same thing happened to him as had happened to the first husband, so that poor Rosa, after being crowned along with one husband and then another, remained husbandless. When some time had passed, Rosa fell into thought, but could not understand why two husbands should have wed her and both have abandoned her. She, however, bethought herself of a plan, and begged her father to let her go on a visit to her sisters as she wanted to see them, so that she might find out why her husbands had left her. Her father gave her leave, and she set out.

When she was come to the place where her eldest sister lived, she saw her maid at the well, where she had come to fetch a pitcher of water. She knew her and called to her,

'Take this ring and give it to thy mistress, and I will wait out here for her answer.'

A few minutes afterwards the maid came back and begged her to come in, for her mistress wished to see her. She found her sister all alone, and they sat down.

'Sister dear,' said she, 'I longed for thee and came to see thee, and I want thee to do me a favour. To-

night when thou goest to sleep with thy husband, thou must put out the lamp, come out of thy walnutwood bed, and I will get in.'

'Very gladly,' replied her sister, 'why not? All that thou wilt I will do for thee.'

When night came, her sister did as she had asked her. She left her husband, and Rosa laid down by him. Then, as if she had been his wife, she said,

'Long as I have had thee for husband I have always forgotten to ask the reason why thou didst wed my youngest sister and then didst leave her?'

Then he told her all that had happened.

When Rosa had learnt this, she left the walnutwood bed, and her sister came back to it. The next day she set off to see her other sister; and when she had learnt the same thing from her husband, she returned home, saying to herself,

'No, I will not take my father for my husband as the Phantasm said, but I will hire men to kill him.'

So, my lady, a few days afterwards she hired men who killed her father; and they took the corpse and buried it in a field outside the town. Over the grave where they had buried her father there sprang up an apple-tree which bore beautiful apples.

Then one day, my lady, Rosa saw a man selling apples; she called him, bought some, ate them, and became pregnant. Some time afterwards she became great with child, and knew not the cause. By-and-by, however, she learnt that an apple-tree had grown up from her father's grave and she remembered that she had eaten of those apples. Then she said to herself again,

'I will not let the Phantasm's words come true; for, as soon as the child is born, I shall kill it.'

When she gave birth, she took the child, gave it several stabs with a knife in the breast, put it in a box which she nailed up carefully, and threw it into the sea. As the wind was blowing seawards, it carried away the box to the Pélagos. It so happened that a merchant-ship was passing, and the captain of the vessel saw it, and said to his men,

‘Lower a boat, and pick up that box. If there is anything of value in it, it shall be yours ; but if there is a living being, it shall be mine.’

So they lowered the boat and picked up the coffer, and found inside it an infant bathed in its blood. Then the captain took it and adopted it as his son. When many years had passed the captain died, and left all his goods to his adopted son.

The child when he grew up followed the calling of his father, and sailed from place to place. In one of his many voyages he happened to land in his mother’s country, and seeing her house-door, he asked whose were the likenesses that were at that door. Then they told him the story of the three sisters, and also that the youngest was not yet married.

‘Then I,’ said he, ‘will take her for my wife.’

So he married her. And when a good many years had passed, and children were born to them, one day she saw him changing his shirt, and noticed on his breast the marks of the stabs which she had given him before putting him in the coffer. She then grew suspicious and asked him,

‘Wilt not tell me what are these marks that thou hast on thy breast?’

He then told her that he had never known either father or mother, but that a captain had found him on the Pélagos in a coffer and had saved him and adopted

him as his child. 'And after the death of my father [he added], I inherited his goods, and followed his calling, and I came to this country and wedded thee. That is all I know.'

Then Rosa said, 'My evil Fate still pursues me! Thou art my son! And now that what the Phantasm foretold has come to pass, I leave thee grieving and my children orphans. As for me, I must die, for such was my fate.'

And she left him, and threw herself from a terrace, and was killed.

THE CAP OF INVISIBILITY,³⁸ OR THE
BEWITCHED PRINCESS.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 693.)

ONCE upon a time there was a very wealthy King, and he had an only daughter who was so lovely that everyone thought she must be a Nereid. This Princess was sought in marriage by many, many Princes, but she did not wish to marry. Her father every evening put a new pair of satin slippers under her pillow, and in the morning they were found worn out. Whoever came to ask for her, he said to them,

‘If you find out how her shoes become thus, I will give you her to wife, will she or nill she.’

As the fame of her beauty had spread to all the kingdoms, there came Princes from the four quarters of the inhabited world to guess the riddle and take her to wife, but in vain. None of them could find it out, and they killed them all. One Prince who was very handsome, and an only son, said to his parents, said he,

‘I will go and find out how her slippers get worn out under her pillow!’

His parents said to him ‘*Bré!* my good boy! *Bré!* my bad boy! What dost want? What dost seek? Seest thou not how many princes have lost their lives?’

He heeded them not.

‘I will go! I will go!’

Ah well! his parents saw how it was with him, and they prepared for his going. He kissed the hands of his father and mother, and left. On the road as he went, he met an Old Woman. Said he,

‘Good day, mother!’

‘Glad to see you, my boy! May I ask where you are going?’ replied the Old Woman.

‘What shall I say, mother? I am going to such and such a Princess, who has slain so many Princes, because they could not find out the puzzle she set them.’

‘And what is the puzzle she sets them?’ asked the Old Woman.

‘They put every evening a pair of satin slippers [under her pillow], and in the morning they are found worn out.’

‘Ah, my boy, the one who finds that out must have a head and feet too!’

‘I, mother, have a head and feet too, and I am determined either to make her my wife, or be slain.’

‘I pity thy youth,’ said the Old Woman, ‘and I will give thee something so that they shall not kill thee. Here, take this cap’—she gives him a cap of white felt—‘and when you put it on and wear it you will be invisible. Here! wait, I will put it on, and thou wilt see if I am visible.’ When she put it on she became invisible. ‘There! you see, my boy! It is called the “Cap of Invisibility.” The Princess to whom you are going has to do with “Outside Princesses.”²⁵ And when you are there, and are sitting at table, there will be two bottles of wine. That which they will place before you will have a potion in it, and you must manage not to drink it. She will say, “Drink! Drink!” and you must pretend to drink, but have under your beard a sponge; and when you are making believe to drink the wine, pour it into the sponge, and then pretend to sleep. While you are feigning sleep, watch what she does. If you see her go out of the door, put on the Cap of Invisibility

and go softly, softly behind her. The rest, my boy, I leave to thee, but I think that thou wilt win her.'

'For the counsel thou hast given me, mother, what can I give thee in return?' asked the Prince.

'Nothing, my boy, do I want, for I am thy Fate.' This said, she disappeared.

The Prince took the cap, put it on his head and became invisible. He went on his way, and came to the palace of the Princess's father. He presented himself before the Princess's father, and said to him,

'My long-lived King, I have come for thy daughter, tell me what I must do to gain her for my wife?'

'First tell me who thou art, my boy?'

'I am a Prince, and an only son, the son of such and such a King,' said the Prince. 'And I heard of thy daughter's beauty, and came to get her for my wife, or die.'

'What shall I say, my boy? I pity thy youth!' said the King.

'Well! tell me what I must do, and perhaps I can do it.'

'What shall I say, my boy?—for three years past, since she was fifteen years old, we put under her pillow a pair of shoes, and in the morning they are found worn out, and no one can find out how this thing happens, and many Princes we have slain—to our great sorrow.'

'Well! let me try my luck too!' said the Prince.

Then the King clapped his hands,^a and a servant came, and he conducted the Prince to the Princess.

When the Princess saw him, she rose to her feet and said to the servant, 'Is not my father weary of sending them to me? Sit down,' she said to the Prince, and ordered them to lay the table for dinner.

^a The usual way of calling a servant in the East.

The slaves came in, and spread a great table with sweetmeats and food, and many kinds of fruit, and two bottles of wine. Said she,

‘Come and let us dine, my Prince!’

They sat down to table, and she talked and joked, and said to him,

‘Why don’t you drink some wine?’

‘O! I will drink a little at a time, because it goes to my head.’

She poured some out of the bottle and drank it. Afterwards she took hold of his bottle, and filled his glass half full.

‘Let me drink to your health!’

He bent down as if to drink, and poured the wine under his beard, but did not put any into his mouth. When he had emptied his glass, he said,

‘*Ouf!* I feel giddy, I will go outside for a little while!’

He went outside, squeezed the sponge on the spot where he stood, and then put it back under his beard, and went in again. He came in and said, ‘I don’t feel well,’ and as soon as he had said that he fell down like one fainting. Said the Princess,

‘There he goes too! Take him,’ said she to the servants, ‘and put him on that bed.’

When night came, and everyone was asleep in the palace, our good Princess gets up, dresses herself very carefully, puts on her diamonds, puts on her fine shoes which were under the pillow, and then opens a cupboard and takes out of it two Wands, one of silver and the other of gold, and turns and says to the Prince,

‘Your head will go, too, to find those of the other Princes!’

When she had got as far as the door, he got up, put

on the Cap of Invisibility, and followed her softly, softly. She leaned the silver Wand against the door, and the door opened of itself. She went down the steps of the palace and up to the great door, put the golden Wand against it, and the door opened. Then she set off on her journey, she in front, and he behind wearing the Cap of Invisibility. She went on, and on, through lonely places and thorns and pitchy darkness, and still she went on. Now and again she heard a noise behind her among the branches, but as she saw nobody, she again went on her way. He tramped, and tramped, and at last he saw a great palace, all brilliantly lighted up from top to bottom. When they saw her coming, three beautiful Princesses took each a lamp and came down to receive her. They were Princesses of the 'Outside Ones.' They had seen her at a dance three years before and all three had taken a fancy to her; and that was why she did not marry, but went there to amuse herself. When they saw her, they embraced her and said,

'Why are you so late, my eyes, in coming to-night?'

'What shall I say? My father sent me a foolish Prince, and I had to see and bother about sending him to sleep. To-morrow, however, he will find his match. And as I came along the road, it seemed to me that I heard something following behind, and I was frightened. Could it have been a snake?—what could it have been? perhaps one of the "Outside Ones"?''

'*Bá, Bá, Bá!* it was nothing of the kind,' said the Princesses, 'for we hold them all bound; it was your fancy!'

They lifted her and carried her up the steps,³⁹ and behind came he with the invisible cap. On the top step was a great flowerpot, all of gold; and in the golden

flowerpot was a tree like a willow, all diamonds and coral. When they had gone in, he with the Cap on broke off a branch and hid it in his bosom. They sat down to table, and above shone a splendid diamond chandelier. The plate the Princess ate from, and her fork, and her spoon, were all of diamonds and rubies. When they had well dined, they went into a fine large saloon to amuse themselves, and he took her plate, and her fork, and her spoon, and put them in his bosom and hid them well. Afterwards there was brought a basin, and they poured water [on her hands] and she wiped them on a gold-embroidered napkin, and when she had dried them she threw the napkin on a stool, and he in the Cap went behind and took it. Then the Princesses took each one a lamp and accompanied the Princess to the door, and she went away. The Prince with the Cap of Invisibility took the same road, and followed behind her all the way, and came to the palace. She took out the golden Wand, the door opened, and *pop!* he went in after her. She went upstairs, again opened the door with the silver Wand, and went in, and he behind her. When she went to undress, he went to his bed, stretched himself out, and lay like one dead. When she had undressed and put away her diamonds, and put away her Wands, she took off her shoes, now all ragged, and put them under her pillow. She then went and looked at him, and laughed.

‘I have you now, and I have you for to-morrow.’

God dawned the day, and the King sent to see the shoes from under her pillow—they were in tatters. Then the King sent two men, and they called the Prince, and he said to him,

‘*Äi!* my boy, the shoes are in rags, can you tell us how they have become ragged?’

‘My long-lived King, you must call a council; let your Councillors come, and your Viziers, and then I will speak.’

When the council was assembled all around, then said the Prince,

‘You will do me yet one more favour.’

‘Speak,’ said the King, ‘what do you ask?’

‘Let the Princess come behind that lattice^a up there, and listen.’

The King at once commanded the Princess to come and sit behind the lattice. When she had come behind the lattice, the Prince began,

‘You wonder, my long-lived King, how her satin slippers get worn out. How should they not get worn out when all night long she is wandering through the valleys and wildernesses?’

‘Consider well,’ said the King to him, ‘and don’t tell us lies, or off will go thy head!’

‘A man,’ replied the Prince, ‘who has resolved to deliver a Princess from death, or to sacrifice his own life, never tells lies.’

‘*Äi!* what valleys dost thou mean, and what wildernesses?’ asked the King.

‘The evening that the King sent me, and I went in to the Princess, the table was laid and there was one bottle of wine. Afterwards the Princess clapped her hands, and they brought another for me. Then I became suspicious when one kind of wine was set for me, and the Princess drank another. I managed to put my handkerchief under my beard and spilt the wine on it instead of drinking it.’

^a A screened aperture in a partition-wall of a Turkish house, behind which the women may sit, seeing and hearing everything, while themselves unseen.

And he told them all as we know it, about the Wands, and how he went down, and went along the road, and reached the palace—(the Princess began to be uneasy behind the lattice)—and how the three Princesses had come down and received her into the palace. ‘On the topmost step,’ said the Prince to them, ‘is a beautiful golden flowerpot, and inside it a tree, a willow, all of diamond and coral, and here is a piece of it for you, which I cut off as a proof. Is it not from that which was on the steps? Do you recognise it?’ he asked of the Princess. But she answered never a word.

The King began to get very uneasy, and pulled his beard.

‘Then’ [the Prince went on] ‘they sat down at the table to dine, and there were the three others and she the fourth. Afterwards they went into a large room to amuse themselves; and I then took her plate, her spoon, and her knife and fork, all of diamonds,’ and as he said this, he took out of his bosom the plate and the other things he mentioned, and showed them. She said not a word, but gnawed the bars in her anxiety.

‘Afterwards they brought a golden basin and jug^a for her to wash; one held the basin, the other poured out from the jug, and the third handed the golden napkin, and she wiped [her hands]. And when she had wiped, she threw it on a stool which was near—and, look you, I took that too.’

Then the King drew his sword and was rushing to kill her—her own father!

‘*Ach!* three years thou hast been our scourge, wicked *skýla!* and hast slain so many Princes, and dost thou still live?’

^a Λεγερόμπρικο, the Turkish *leyen* and *ibrik*.

Then the Vizier and all of them threw themselves on the King to hold him, and they said,

‘My King, would you kill your own child? Don’t you remember that you have no other? Marry her, give her to him to wife.’

‘Ah! but let us see if I want her!’ said the Prince.

‘Oh, it wouldn’t do, since you found out the puzzle, not to marry her,’ said the others.

‘I will accept her for my wife on one condition—she must burn her Solomonic books,³² she must burn her Wands, the silver one and the golden one, and I will take her to my fatherland, and to my parents. And if I find that she does not love me, and is not contented to remain there, I will send her back to you, and you must not be affronted.’ Then he asked her, ‘Dost thou agree to all this?’

‘I agree,’ she said.

Then they set a crier to proclaim—‘The Princess has abandoned her witchcraft, and she is going to marry the handsome Prince!’ [Then] music, and drums, and great rejoicings. He made her his wife, and they went home to his parents, and for three days and nights they sat at table. I was invited too, but came late; and they gave me a bone, and I sucked it, and sucked it, but couldn’t get the marrow out, and my nether-jaw fell. I gave it a kick, and it flew up on the tiles.⁴⁰ And neither you nor I were there, so you needn’t believe it!

THE MOTHER OF THE SEA, OR THE STORY
OF YIANKOS.⁴¹

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικά Ἀνάλεκτα*, B. 37.)

ONCE upon a time there was a fisherman who had no children, and on that account he was discontented. If he cast his nets, too, he never caught any fish. The first time he brought them up empty; the second time they were full of seaweed; the third time they were very heavy, and he said,

‘*Aï*, now they must be full of fish!’

He looked, but they were full of sand and mud. So it happened for a month and more, though now and again he would find a small sea-gudgeon hidden in the mud. His poor wife waited every evening in the hope that he would bring something home, and despaired every time when it was only a small sea-gudgeon to cook on the gridiron. What could that avail them? They were hungry and had no bread. One day, when he had cast his nets, and left them a long time in the sea, he had much difficulty in drawing them up again, but found only quantities of stones and mud, and his nets torn to pieces. ‘*Ach! Ach!*’ he sighed, as he sat in his boat.

There came up the Mother of the Sea on the foam, and said to him,

‘Why dost thou sigh so deeply? Thy sighs wither the very trees!’

‘I am in despair because for a month and more I have cast my nets without being able to take a single

fish. I have no bread to eat, and now my nets are all torn to pieces.'

'If you will promise me to bring up a son, well taught and well nourished, and when he is eighteen years of age to bring him to me on the beach as a husband for my youngest daughter—for the two eldest are married—you will catch plenty of fish.'

'But I have no children!'

'Give me thy word, and that will be my business.'

He gave his word, thinking, 'What does it matter to me what I promise, who have not so much as a puppy dog!'

He patched up his nets as well as he could, threw them again, and with that one cast caught a boatload of fish. Having sold them, he went home with his handkerchief full of gold pieces, bought new nets, plenty of bread, wine even, the utmost he could desire.

On the following day he cast his new nets, and caught as much fish; and again he gained a handkerchief full of money. Thus it was day after day, and, as the way of the world is, the other fishermen became jealous of him. But soon the fishermen's wives were jealous too. Months came and months went, the good-wife was full of joy that she was at last to have a child after she had given up all hope of one. But the fisherman was sad. His wife asked him,

'Why, my good man, other people have half a score of children, and don't trouble about it, and we who have wished so much to have a child, should we not thank God instead of being sad?'

'How shall I tell you, wife? The Mother of the Sea made me take an oath to her, and that is why I take the lives of the fish.'

The woman was much distressed, but what could she do?—*he had promised*. At the end of nine months a

son was born, and they christened him Yíanko, and he was a most beautiful child. They brought him up like the son of a noble, for they were rich ; they sent him to school, and he became a great scholar. When he was eighteen years of age, the Mother of the Sea came out on the foam, and said to the fisherman,

‘ It is time to bring me the boy.’

He returned home, took a sack, and said to his son, ‘ Follow me!’ He took him down to the water’s edge, got into the boat, and said to him, ‘ I am going to fish ; do thou gather seaweed here and fill the sack, and stay with it till I return.’

So the fisherman went in his boat to the deep waters, and said to the Mother of the Sea, ‘ I have brought him to the beach, and you may go and take him.’

The Sea threw herself upon him to seize him as he gathered the seaweed. He, being wide awake, and seeing the wave [coming], fled, and the Sea followed him. He took to the fields, and the Sea chased him till he came to a high mountain which she could not climb. So the Sea returned and let him escape.

The fisherman asked her, ‘ Eh, did you find the boy?’

‘ He fled, but I shall catch him yet. Will he not come back to the beach? You have not wronged me, you shall catch fish as before.’

The youth came down from that mountain, climbed another, and went on, and on. Then he saw an eagle and a lion and a dying ass which they were going to eat, and they were quarrelling about sharing it. When they saw the youth, they called to him—for at that time even the animals talked, so they say—‘ Come and divide it for us ; give the bones to the lion and the flesh to the eagle.’

So Yiánko takes out his knife, stabs the ass, and kills it, takes out the bones and gives them to the lion, and the eagle eats the flesh. Then they say to him,

‘What favour dost thou ask of us?’

He, desiring nothing, said, ‘What can I expect from you?’

Then the eagle plucked a feather from his breast, and said, ‘Take care of this feather, and thou wilt not repent it. Whenever thou wilt, thou mayest become an eagle, and, when thou wilt, a man.’

And the lion pulled out one of his hairs, and said, ‘Keep this hair, and when thou shalt burn it, I will gather together all the other lions, and we will do thy bidding.’

The youth hid the hair and the feather safely away in his girdle, and again he put the road before him. At night he slept under a tree. One day he met a shepherd.

‘Good day to you! Will you take me to tend your sheep, that I may earn my bread?’

‘These flocks belong to the King, and the palace is five hours’ [journey] away. I may not take them nearer, because it is all gardens and fields belonging to other people, which are sown and planted at this season, and there is no pasture to be found. Every morning I carry them a big skin of milk which the King’s daughter likes better than anything, and she likes it to be warm. If thou art active, and canst leap like a bird, I will take thee with me.’

‘I can do more than that, for I can let her have it with the froth still upon it.’

So the shepherd took him, and they ate together. They slept. While it was still night he milked the skin full, and said, ‘Off with thee, this is thy only business!’

The youth took it, and when he had gone a little way, he called 'Eagle!'

He became an eagle, and in the early morning he arrived with the froth upon it. He became a man again, and went up. When the Princess saw him, she looked at him closely, and was more pleased than I can tell you. Said she, 'This is the first time I have seen thee?'

'Your shepherd has taken me as his servant, to bring the milk to you.'

She asked him a great many questions, for he was handsome, and she had taken a fancy to him. So not to make a long story of it, he carried the milk to her every day as fresh as fresh could be. The Princess always received him kindly and gave him pocket-money in secret. And wasn't he just as fond of her? He observed her fancy for him, and her notice of him, but was shamefaced, because he was but a shepherd. What stratagem does he resort to? He takes a sackful of grain and throws it on an ants' nest. The ants come swarming out and carry it into their hole. Then they ask him,

'What favour desirest thou in return for what thou hast done for us?'

'Only that I may become whenever I wish an ant, like you.'

The King of the ants pulled out one of his wings and gave it to him, saying, 'Take care of it, and whenever thou wilt thou canst become an ant.'

He takes it and goes at night to the outside of the palace, and cries, 'Ant!'

At once he was changed into an ant. He creeps into a cranny of the palace-wall, and enters the Princess's chamber. He saw her lying asleep, and at each corner

of her bed hung a lighted lamp. He became a man, put out the lamps, went to the Princess and embraced her. She awoke and screamed, and he again became an ant.

Her father, the King, gets up from his bed, and going to her room with a candle, he asks, 'Why didst thou scream?'

'Human hands were embracing me.'

The King searched here and there—(how should he find the man when he had changed into an ant, and was hidden in a chink of the floor?)—and then said, 'Thou must have fancied it, my girl,' and went back to his own chamber and lay down.

After a little while the ant again became a man, and he pinched her, and again she screamed, and again the King came in.

'What is the matter?'

'A man pinched me!'

He looks about, but there was nobody, for the youth had again become an ant.

'Thou hast been dreaming, my child, and awoke out of thy sleep, and have spoilt my rest too,' he said, and went away.

After a little while Yiánkos again became a man, and caressed the Princess. Once more she screamed, and once more Yiánkos was an ant in the cranny, so that he might not be trod upon. Again the King rises from his bed.

'What is the matter again that thou screamest?'

'Papa, I felt a man's hand caressing me!'

Again the King searched, but found nothing.

'Where then is the man?' he asked. 'The doors are all locked, where could he have gone? Every hour thou wakest me up unnecessarily until I am itching with

sleepiness; if thou screamest again I shall whip thee, a thing I have never yet done!’ And again he goes back to his chamber.

Once more the ant becomes a man; he finds the tinder-box—that was how they struck a light then—and rekindled the lamps, for he knew that if the Princess were again frightened she would call out. When she saw him she said softly, ‘My Yíanko, was it thou, and all the time I knew it not? Where didst thou hide thyself?’

Then he related everything to her—how that the Sea had come forth to take him away; how he had fled, and she had pursued him as far as the mountain; how he had the eagle’s feather and the ant’s wing, and how everything had happened. Then she understood that it was by becoming an eagle that he had been able to bring the milk to her so quickly with the froth upon it, and by becoming an ant, that her father had not seen him. Then they lay down in each other’s arms and slept, and in the morning she went to her parents and said,

‘I want this one for my husband.’

‘*Bré!* really, my daughter? This shepherd lad, when so many others are asking for you?’

When they saw her determination, so as not to lose her love, they married her with great pomp, and many guests were invited. Then the shepherd found out where Yíanko had been all the day and night that he had been missing. Now he was dressed like a prince, and went out with his wife, and she loved him to distraction.

One day he sees the King pensive, and says to him, ‘What is the matter, father-in-law, why are you sad?’

‘I have a quarrel with another King, and he has

declared war against me, and I find that I am not prepared for war, neither have I many troops.'

'And are you going to wait, father-in-law, until they arrive here? We will go forward and fight against them in the name of the Lord!'

So he persuaded the King, and they made ready and set out together with the troops. Then the Princess fell upon her father's neck, saying, 'Papa, my Yíanko [who is dear to thee as] thine eyes, see that thou let him not go near the ocean, for fear the Sea should take him from me!'

Then they went away, and met the enemy, and fought with them. Yíanko did all in his power; he rushed on with his sword and slew them; but they were too many, and '*alas!*' as people say, '*for the strong man who is seized by two feeble ones!*' The enemy had nearly gained the day, and he and his father-in-law were sorely pressed. At that moment he burned the lion's hair, and all the lions gathered around him, and he cried, 'Why wait ye? Fall on the enemy!'

They threw themselves on the foe, some fled, others were killed, and the rest were scattered miserably with their King. And Yíanko, on horseback, rode, sword in hand, amid his lions and slew them [the enemy]. When the battle was over, Yíanko was about to go and wash in the Sea, which was close by, when his father-in-law called to him, 'Where goest thou? Where goest thou?' and prevented him, but gave orders to his men to bring water for him to wash in. Early the next morning they set out for the capital of the foreign King, and found that he had collected his scattered forces to prevent if possible his capital being taken. So the battle began again, and again Yíanko lighted the lion's hair, and the lions fell upon them with Yíanko at

their head, and they slew all the enemy, and Yiánko killed the King with his own sword.

Again he ran, all bloodstained, to the Sea to wash. His father-in-law, overjoyed at the victory, forgot to warn him, and as soon as Yiánko reached the margin and dipped his hand in the water, the Sea threw herself upon him, and drew him in. His father-in-law waited for him an hour or two; he went to the beach in the hope of overtaking and warning him, but saw nothing of him. Then he concluded that the Sea must have taken him; and he who had been so joyful was consumed with sorrow, because he had lost him who had been the hero and the victor in the battle. He returned to the palace full of grief. Seeing him come back alone and without Yiánko, his daughter lost her senses, and tearing her hair, she said,

‘Papa, I will go and seek my husband, but you must get ready for me a great ship with three decks and forty youths and forty maidens; you must give me also three golden apples, and I will go in the ship.’

‘*Bravo*, my daughter, for he is the man who not only saved my life, but brought me out with a white face.^a All that thou dost is befitting, may’st thou be able to find him.’

He got ready for her the three-decked ship, put on board the forty youths with various kinds of music, and forty maidens to wait upon the Princess, ordered them to make for her three large apples of gold, and she embarked.

They set sail, and went forth on the ocean. The Princess bids the maidens sing, and the youths accom-

^a *I.e.*, ‘an unblushing face.’ How much more graphic and picturesque a phrase than our abstract, ‘saved his honour.’ The Albanians make use of a similar expression.

pany them on their instruments. She holds an apple in her hand and plays with it. Then up comes the Mother of the Sea, and says to her.

‘What a grand concert, my eyes! Give me that golden apple to take to my eldest daughter who has smelt it, and I will give you what you will.’

‘I am a King’s daughter, and Yíanko, whom you took away, was my husband. Put out his head only for me to see, and I will give you the apple.’

The Mother of the Sea put out the head of her son-in-law, and when he saw [the Princess] his heart went out of him and he sank. Then the Princess threw the apple into the sea. The ship sailed away. After a while the Princess bade them begin to sing again, and she played with the second golden apple. The Mother of the Sea again came up, and said,

‘Give me, Princess, the apple, my second daughter longs for it.’

‘If you will let me see my Yíanko down to his waist, I will give it to you.’

She throws her the apple, and the Mother of the Sea brings up Yíanko as far as his waist, and he saw her [the Princess], and his heart beat and again he was lost to sight.

The ship sailed on. Presently the Princess again commanded the forty maidens and the forty youths to begin singing, and she held the third apple in her hand and played with it. The Mother of the Sea came out again and said,

‘For God’s sake, my Princess, my third daughter who has married Yíanko and who is pregnant has smelt the apple, give it to her that she may not miscarry.’

‘Show me the whole of Yíanko erect and free from you, and I will give it.’

'*Bravo,*' says she.

The Mother of the Sea took the apple, and raised up Yíanko erect and free. When he no longer felt the sea flowing above him, he cried 'Eagle!' and became an eagle, and flew into the ship, and went below to the cabin, and became a man again, and the Princess followed him. A mad wind arose and the waves entered the ship; but he was in the cabin, and the Sea could not get hold of him. Thanks to the worthy captain and the good ship they weathered the storm, and cast anchor and came safely ashore when within an inch of drowning. Then they walked for two days till they came to the palace. From this time he remembered never again to go near the Sea. And he became King when his father-in-law died. And they lived and grew old, and brought up their children.

THE WIDOW'S SON.⁴²

(Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα, Α. ΙΙ.)

ONCE on a time, and an olden time,
And a very long time ago,
When the Turks were keeping their Ramazan
In a leaky old cauldron, O,

there lived an old woman, who had been a widow a great many years. She had an only son who, all day long, from dawn to sunset, carried faggots on his back in order to earn his bread, and support his old widowed mother. After working in this way for a long time, he one day, as he was going to the wood, heard a crier who had been hired by a Jew, crying on the road, 'Whoever is able to work for me one or two days, I will give him as much money as he wants!'

These words sounded pleasantly to his ears, for he had been thinking on his poverty and his misery; and he ran joyfully to his mother to ask her blessing. His mother did not object, and so he goes to the Jew, takes his hire, gives it to his mother, and then follows the Jew. That Jew had ever so many ships under his orders, and when the youth came to his house, he took him down to the sea, and they embarked in one of the ships, and the others followed. After making a prosperous voyage, they saw on the one hand high and green hills, and on the other vineyards and trees and fields, the sight of which made their hearts rejoice.

After sailing for some time they found themselves under a very high mountain, the foot of which was washed by the waves, and the summit lost in the white clouds which floated around it. When they arrived

there, the Jew told the Widow's Son that he must climb to the top of the mountain and there do what he was bid. He was rather frightened, and asked how was he to get up? Then the Jew gave him arms, and sewed him up in a hide, and told him that when he knew that the eagles had seized him and carried him up to the top of the mountain, he must slit the hide with his sword, and come out, and whatever he found on the summit he was to throw down.

As he was bidden, so he did. The birds of heaven came, and seized him, and carried him to the top of the mountain; and he slit the hide and came out. What did he see? Wherever he turned his eyes were millions of diamonds, and golden things, and sapphires lying among myrtles and roses, and surrounded with musk. There you might see everything you could possibly imagine. Instead of stones or flints, gold and diamonds lay about; and on the roses pearls hung instead of dew. The youth stood wondering at the sight, he bit his lips, and crossed his arms^a as if he were ashamed to step among so much brightness and such wealth. By and by he hears the Jew calling from below, and then he begins picking up and throwing down, throwing with both hands, until he was weary.

The Jew by this time had filled his ships, and he set sail. The youth called to him from above, and asked what he was to do, but he made no answer. Again he called, but still the Jew took no heed. The poor youth, left alone on the mountain top, walked round and round it in despair. The brilliants and the pearls were all very fine, but of what use were they to him when he had neither bread to eat nor a drop of water to drink? Grief seized upon him. He thought of his poor mother,

^a The posture expressive of respect, assumed by Orientals.

now all desolate and lonely ; and, weary as he was, with his eyes all red and swollen with weeping, he lay down in the shade of a tree to sleep a little. As he was sleeping with his head on a stone, or rather on a great diamond or lump of sapphire, he fancied that he felt it move under him.

‘ Perhaps,’ said he to himself, ‘ there is some animal underneath.’

He lifted up the stone, and saw a trap door. Under it was a ladder, down which he climbed. He goes down, down, forty steps, fifty, I don’t know how many steps, and at the bottom he sees a palace. Not a soul, however, was to be seen about, either human or other. He was very hungry, and as he went about looking here and there for something to eat, he came to a cupboard, opened it, and found inside a piece of bread. He ate it, and it satisfied his hunger somewhat. Then he went further, and searching here and there he saw a blind Dhrako. At first he was afraid, and began to tremble, but when he saw that the Dhrako was blind, he thought that if the Dhrako did not speak to him, he would make himself known to the Dhrako. But still he was afraid and didn’t know how to set about it. Finally he went softly behind the Dhrako, and—with your pardon—called out,

‘ Father !’

The Dhrako replied, ‘ Since when have I had a son ?’

Said the youth, ‘ Now thou hast borne me, this very minute !’

Then the Dhrako believed him. He called him to his side, and began to love him as if he were really his son. He gave into his hands forty keys, and told him to open all the forty chambers save one, which he was not to open.

Well, he came and went; he opened the thirty-nine chambers, and found within all God's treasures; but the one the Dhrako had told him not to open he did not open. But after a few days had passed, he began to be curious, and said to himself, 'Why may I not open that chamber too? There is some treasure in it, and the Dhrako is jealous, and does not want me to see it.'

So, after a time, he could refrain no longer, and he opened it. There he saw a beautiful garden, so beautiful as to dazzle his eyes. All the choicest trees of the earth were there collected. And amid all this greenness, and amid all the branches which bent under their weight of delicious fruits, was a marble cistern, glistening white.

While the youth was gazing on this garden, and not knowing what to look at first, there came flying down three most lovely pigeons, how lovely I cannot tell you—you must imagine for yourselves. These pigeons dropped their feathers on the edge of the cistern, and became three maidens so fresh and blooming that the Patriarch himself would have fallen in love with them if he had seen them, and much more so a youth. Then the maidens plunged into the cistern, and swam quietly about as if no one was looking at them. And how should they know that he saw them from inside the doorway? But see how his eyes glisten, and a scalding tear falls on his cheek!

Well, what would you?—such is love! It steals cunningly into the heart when we are least aware of it! Well, enough of that!

So he gazed at the maidens, gazed at all of them, and liked them all; but he gave most glances to the youngest, for his heart told him that she was the best. Then, while he was still gazing, they suddenly finished

their swimming, took up their feathers and put them on again; and the youth saw with dismay the three beautiful maidens disappear, and three pigeons fly away up into the heavens.

You may imagine his grief! He locked the door of the chamber, and went sorrowful and mazed^a to the Dhrako. The Dhrako asks what is the matter with him that he sits moping there.

‘How shall I tell thee?’ he replied. ‘It happened this way. I opened the chamber and saw this and that. Well, I repent of it, but of what use is that now that I am in such affliction, and my heart has gone out from me?’

When he had thus spoken, the Dhrako forgave him, and advised him to go early in the morning when the maidens were bathing, and watch where they left their feathers and take the plumage of the one that pleased him best and hide it; for, if she were to see it again, she would seize hold of it and escape.

So the next day he went as the Dhrako had told him, seized the plumage of the youngest—the one he said he liked best—and took it with him into the house. The other two, when they had finished bathing, donned their feathers and flew up at once into the heavens. The other searched here and there for her feathers, but could not find them, so there she was! Then the youth came out and approached her. She begged him to give her back her feathers, and she would promise not to escape. But not he!—he would not give them, and so he took her for his wife.

The couple lived happily together for some time, and two children were born to them. Then the youth

^a This Devonshire word is the best equivalent I know of for the original.

related to the Dhrako how he had come there, and the Dhrako asked him if he would not like to go home to his mother. At this he rejoiced greatly. So he says good-bye to the Dhrako, who gives him lots of money, and opens the mountain for him to go out with his children and his wife, whom he loved like his own eyes.

Well, they walked, and they walked, till they came to the place where his widowed mother lived. Imagine the joy of the widow when she saw her son, and with him this goddess and his two dear children, whom you might call little angels. Shortly afterwards he gives the plumage to his mother and begs her to hide it safely, lest perchance his wife might find it, and he would lose her. She, however, put it in a place where it could easily be found, and some days afterwards when the youth was away from home, she [his wife] managed by some means or other to find the feathers. She took them, just as they were, gave one feather to one child, and another to the other, mounts up on the roof, and calls out to her mother-in-law,

‘Tell my husband that he must take a pair of iron shoes, and an iron staff, and come to find me in

‘The castles green, the castles red, and in the five white towers.’

When she had said these words, she gave a spring, and was lost to the old woman’s sight. When her son came home and found no wife there, he began to weep, and was quite inconsolable, until his mother repeated to him what his wife had said just before she flew away. Then day and night he pondered on the means of recovering his wife, for he knew not where those places were of which she had spoken to his mother. He turned it this way and that, but could

make nothing of it. Then he bethought him of going to the Dhrako, who had been like a father to him; for he might possibly know where the pigeons lived who bathed in the garden and became women.

So again he goes to the Jew as he had done before, and they set off for the foot of the mountain. This time, however, he throws him down no diamonds or anything else, but leaves him to tear his hair. Then he goes down to the Dhrako, greets him, relates all that has happened, and then questions him concerning his wife's command.

The Dhrako gave him the shoes and the iron staff, and told him to set out and he would soon find means to reach the palace of his beloved one. So he tramped, and he tramped; and, as he went, he came to a lonely place where he found two men quarrelling and shouting. He went near, and asked them what they were making all that noise about, and they replied, '*Bré*, brother, look! We have this Poplar, this Sword, and this Hat, and we can't divide them between us.'

When he heard this, he couldn't help laughing at the idea of their killing each other for such a small matter, and he cried, 'Pooh! as if those things were worth fighting and quarrelling about!'

Then they explained to him that whoever should put that Hat on his head would become invisible; whoever should climb into that Poplar and shake it would be carried to any place he might mention; and whoever held the Sword in his hand, and bade it do so, it would cut down everything before it.³⁰ When the youth heard this, he took a fancy to have them, and pondered what he could do to obtain them. Then he said, 'I will divide them between you. I will throw my staff to

a distance, and whoever runs and brings it first to me shall find his share ready for him to take.'

Then while they are both running to bring the staff, he dons the Hat, girds on the Sword, climbs up into the Poplar, and vanishes. They look here, and they look there, but—pumpkins!^a The youth climbs higher up in the Poplar and tells it to take him to

'The castle green, the castle red, and to the five white castles.'

He had hardly said the words when—there you are!—he was arrived at the place he mentioned. He leaves the Poplar and the Sword in a certain spot, and, still wearing the Hat so as not to be seen, he enters the castles to find his wife and children. He first goes round this way, and then round that way, and at last he finds his wife in the poultry-yard among the fowls, where her father had put her when she came back. He goes up to her, makes himself known, and proposes to her to fly with him.

Said she, 'We will tell my father, and then we will go.'

After a little while they hear her father coming down. She was afraid, but he stood still and told her to take no notice of him.

Then he put on the Cap and became invisible without stirring thence.

Her father comes near and asks her, 'Who is hidden here? I smell human flesh.'

Then she told him that it was her husband, who had come to fetch her. He asked her if he could see him, for he wanted to know what kind of man he was. She, however, did not allow him to show himself, as she feared that her father would kill him—for those who have the heartache live ever in dread. Then her

^a Κολοκύθια, a popular expression, signifying 'emptiness.'

father said that he would give her back to her husband if he could throw down a mountain which was near, and make it into gardens, thinking that this was just as if he had said 'I will never give her!' for it was not possible to imagine how the deuce (τὶ διά'ολο) he could succeed in accomplishing such a task!

And so she pretended to believe. But when her father had gone away, she called her husband, and gave him a tile which she bade him throw into a certain well, and he would see a crowd of men come out to whom he must give his orders.

So he went as his wife directed him, and threw the tile into the well, and there flew out—what shall I say?—thousands of men. He gave them his orders, saying, 'By to-morrow morning I want that mountain removed, and in its place to have gardens planted with every kind of tree and flower.'

He had hardly finished speaking, when they set to and began working. In the morning, when her father got up he opened the window, and what did he see? The mountain was gone, and in its place were gardens—but such gardens!—with trees and flowers and fountains; how shall I tell you what all?—indescribable marvels! He could hardly believe it; he rubbed his eyes, and rubbed them again, until he found that it was no delusion. So he went to his daughter, and said to her, 'Well, that has been accomplished. But now I require the garden to be turned into a sea with ships upon it.'

The girl again gave her husband a tile, and—not to make a long story of it—there happened what had happened before, and the garden became a sea with three-masted ships and feluccas and every other vessel you might wish to see. Then, when this had been accomplished, the youth presented himself before the

King with his Sword girt round his waist and his wife at his side. When her father and mother saw their daughter's husband, they fell upon him to devour him. But he lost no time in saying, 'Little Sword of mine, cut them down!' and it cut them down.

So now they were at peace, and he set out with his wife and children—taking with him also the Poplar—to return to the Dhrako, and afterwards to go to his mother's house. Then the wife remembered that she and her sisters had taken out the eyes of the Dhrako, and had hidden them in a cave. So they went there on the Poplar, and when they had got the eyes of the Dhrako, they returned to his palace, and put them back in their sockets. And so they lived happily. And we more happily still!

THE QUEEN OF THE GORGONS.⁴³

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 304.)

THERE was once a King and a Queen, and they had an only son. Good as the King and Queen were, their son was perverse in an equal degree. In the same palace there lived the King's Vizier, and he had a son who was as handsome and good as the Prince was ugly and bad; and the Prince was always on the look-out for an opportunity of persecuting the Vizier's son. One day the Vizier's son went out hunting with his tutor. As they were going, he saw on the ground a beautiful golden feather. Said he to his tutor,

'Shall I take this feather, *Dháskalē*, it is so lovely?'

'What shall I say, my boy! If thou take it, thou wilt repent it; and if thou take it not, thou wilt still repent it.'

'*Āī!*' said the boy, 'then I will take it and repent it, since it is such a beautiful feather!'

He got down from his horse, picked it up, and put it in his cap. The Prince was gone up to the *kiosk* which was on the roof of the palace, and he had a spy-glass, and looked at the mountains and at the open country. He chanced to turn his glass on something that flashed in the sun like a diamond. He did not know what it was. He looked more closely and saw the Vizier's son, and in his cap was a jewel like a great feather.

'*Bá!* where the devil did he get that?' said he. 'I am a Prince and my papa is the King, but I never found

such a thing. When he returns to the palace I will take it from him.'

The youth returned to the palace with his tutor. He [the Prince] sends word to him to come upstairs immediately, as he wanted him. Said he,

'What was that which thou wert wearing in thy cap out hunting which shone like a diamond?'

'Nothing, a feather,' said the youth.

'Feather! Go and bring it for me to look at.'

The Vizier's son went down to his chamber, took the feather, and carried it to the Prince, and said to him,

'As it pleases you, take it, my Prince.'

'*Bá!* what should I do with the feather? Go and bring me the bird; and if thou bring'st not the bird, there is no place for thee in the palace.'

The Vizier's son went down to his own apartments, and began to weep and to curse the hour when he picked up the feather from the road. As he was weeping, his tutor came to him.

'What ails thee, my boy, that thou weep'st?'

'What ails me? Would it not have been better to have listened to you and not to have taken the feather?'

He related everything to him as it was, and told him that he had to find the bird which had the feather, or he would be driven out of the palace. Said the tutor,

'Leave weeping, and we will go and find thy father, and see what can be done.'

Then they decided to take some skins of wine, and go to a great cistern where the birds drank water, which the tutor knew of. They took the wine, and went to the cistern, and opened it and turned off the water,

so that no more should flow into it, and emptied the wine out of the skins, and went to a distance and watched. A short time only had passed when they saw the whole country lighted up. What did they see then? They saw a magnificent Eagle which came to the cistern to bathe and drink. It came and drank and then rose high, and again descended, drank again of the wine, and then tried to fly again, but could not. The tutor loses no time, but runs and seizes the Eagle. He brings it to the youth, he takes it, and they go to the palace.

The Queen of the Gorgons and of the Birds was out walking, and was told that the great Golden Eagle had been caught and taken to the [King's] palace. In her anger she tore off her girdle from her waist and threw it away, ran to her palace, and shut herself up, for she was very fond of the Eagle.

They brought the Eagle to the Prince. He was delighted with the Eagle, but annoyed with the Vizier's son, because he had been able to catch it. Some days passed. The Vizier's son, to get some fresh air, took his tutor and went out hunting. As they went through a valley, he saw something shining, and said,

'What thing is this? Let me go near and see.'

He goes up and what does he see? A girdle smothered with diamonds and pearls, and on the girdle were pictured in pearls Fishes and Gorgons. He takes it up and runs to his tutor, saying,

'See, *Dhaskalē*, what I have found! Shall I take it, or shall I not take it?'

'What shall I say, my boy? For if thou take it thou wilt repent it; and again, if thou take it not, thou wilt repent it.'

'*Aī!* I will take it, and shall not repent it, since it is so beautiful!'

He took it and clasped it round his waist, and set out to return to the palace. The Prince again saw him from the *kiosk*.

‘I say!’ he cried, ‘what is he wearing round his waist? When he comes I shall take it from him!’

The youth arrived at the palace, folded up the girdle, and put it in his box. The Prince sent word to him to go upstairs, as he wanted him. The Vizier’s son went. Said the Prince,

‘What was that which thou wert wearing round thy waist?’

‘Nothing, a girdle which I found out there where we were hunting.’

‘Go and bring it, that I may see what kind of girdle it is.’

The youth went and brought the girdle upstairs. The Prince looked at it.

‘*Bré!*’ said he, ‘only fancy what the lady who had this must be! Thou must go without fail and find her and bring her to me.’

‘*Bré! Aman!* Prince, how can I find the woman who had that and bring her to thee?’

‘Whether thou canst or not, thou must bring her, otherwise thou wilt repent it.’

The Vizier’s son goes downstairs again. He runs, weeping, to his father, to his tutor.

‘How am I to find her who had that girdle?’

‘What can I say, my boy? Thou should’st not have taken it; or, as thou did’st take it, thou should’st have hidden it; tears and cries are useless, let us now see how we can find this lady.’

He took the tutor, and they searched here and searched there to see if there was any trace, but—nothing! But while they were searching they saw a splendid

palace, and outside in the courtyard of the palace they saw a beautiful lady walking all by herself. They lost no time, but said that this must be she who had the girdle. They rushed to her, wrapped her in a mantle, and placed her on a horse. The Vizier's son mounted behind her, and held her tightly, that she might not escape. She was frightened, and shrieked. Then the Vizier's son said to her,

'The fault is not mine, lady. The Prince sent me first to fetch the Eagle, and afterwards you, or he would cut off my head.'

Then, in her anger, she broke the strings of pearls which were round her neck, and threw them on the road. They arrived at the palace, the Prince saw her, and lost his senses over her beauty. The King came and told her that she should be Queen if she would marry his son. Said she,

'I can give you no answer unless you go and bring me the pearls which I lost on the road, and not a single pearl must be missing.'

They call the Vizier's son.

'Go quickly and bring the pearls which the Queen threw away, and let not one be missing.'

The unfortunate Vizier's son goes down, and says to the tutor, 'Let us go and seek the pearls, for not one must be missing.'

The poor fellows search here and there; they see an ant-hill, and the ants had put the pearls all in rows round their nest. The Vizier's son immediately dismounted his horse, picked them all up and did not leave one. Then she was pleased and said,

'Before I take you for my husband we must punish him who has done me such despite.'

'Command, my Queen, and I will give him whatever

punishment you may mention, you have only to command.'

'Let them heat an oven during seven days and nights, and on the seventh day, let them throw him into the oven, and be burnt.'

Immediately the Prince commanded them to heat the ovens for seven days and nights. Imagine the grief and anger of the Vizier's son, of his father, of his tutor, of everyone! One day this Queen wanted to go to the seashore for a little walk. There she began to speak and speak things which no one could understand, Solomonic words.³²

Said the Prince, 'What art thou saying? Thou speakest all this time, and I understand nothing.'

'I am saying my prayers.'

The Prince said no more; he turned and went back to the palace.

The seven days passed; but the Queen of the Gorgons told the Gorgons to carry water and throw into the ovens. In front the men of the palace heaped up fires, and behind they [the Gorgons] put them out. The seven days were past. They went to throw the youth into the oven. They left him there all night, and at dawn he came out alive. They were all amazed to see him living, and there was great rejoicing in the palace. Then said the Prince,

'Command now when our wedding shall take place.'

'But we have still another trial to make if thou lovest me.'

'If I love thee?' cried the Prince. 'I love thee madly! For love of thee I have given my best friend to be burnt.'

'That is not sufficient,' said the Queen. 'For the

Vizier's son they heated the oven seven days and nights, and we put him in, and he came out alive. For thee it shall be heated two hours, and thou wilt go in, if thou lovest me; but if thou do it not, I am able to go away and return whence I was brought.'

Then what could he do? He tried to make her change her mind, but in vain; she said it was her last fancy. Then at last the Prince saw that he could not do otherwise, and he called the servants and told them to put very little wood so that the oven might not get very hot. Then the Queen took him by the hand and they went downstairs. They went to the ovens, and the Prince saw that the oven was cool. Then she said to him,

'Go in, for I have blessing and cursing from my parents that the first husband who weds me must enter an oven.'

When the Prince was in, she clapped her hands, and they threw a great fire into the oven, and he was burnt to a cinder. She lost no time, but came into the courtyard, and passed through it into the garden where the Vizier's son was sitting under a tree. She took him by the hand, and clapped her palms, and a whirlwind came and took up both of them and carried them to her palace. And she said to him,

'Thou who art valiant, and hast done such deeds, art worthy to rule with me over the Gorgons. For I am the Queen of all the Gorgons and all the Birds. I, because I loved thee, commanded the Gorgons and they brought water into the oven into which thou didst enter, and when the Prince went in, they brought fire. If thou desirest me for thy wife, well; if not, thou art free to return to thy palace, to thy parents.'

Then he fell at her feet, and saluted her and said,

‘Not the husband, but the slave will I be of thee who savedst my life.’

Then the whole World laughed, and all the Birds began to sing, and he took her for his wife. They sent for his tutor and his father. And they reigned, and are still reigning over the Gorgons and the Birds. And they lived happily. And we more happily still !

THE NEREID.⁴⁴

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 153.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours !

There was once a King and a Queen, and they had an only son. This son of theirs did not wish to marry. Princesses came to him, but not only would he not wed, but he would not even raise his eyes to look at any woman. Opposite the palace lived a mother, and she had three daughters. They were very beautiful. At last the Queen said,

‘Perhaps he loves one of these and is unwilling to confess it?’

She made up her mind that it was so, and said to the girls’ mother,

‘Wilt not send thy eldest daughter here to me, to keep me company?’

‘*Bá!* with pleasure, my Queen!’ said the woman.

So she adorned her eldest daughter and led her to the palace. When the Queen saw her, she greeted her, took her by the hand, and brought her into her son’s chamber. And she said to her,

‘I have brought thee here, my girl, because my son does not wish to marry, and to see if perchance he is in love with one of you. If my son tells thee he loves thee, I will make thee my daughter-in-law.’

So the girl went and sat on the sofa. The Prince came in the evening, went into his room, sat down at his table to write, and wrote without looking at her at

all. Sleep took her, and she slept on the sofa. In the morning the Queen went alone to see what the maiden was doing, and [hear] what the Prince had said to her.

‘What shall I tell you, my long-lived Queen? The Prince came; he did not look at me at all; he wrote and wrote, and got up and went out without speaking to me at all.’

Then the Queen thanked her and gave her a present, a beautiful ring, and begged her to send her next sister. She went home and told them, and so they adorned her second sister, and she arose and went to the Queen. The Queen received her well also, and led her to her son’s chamber and said to her,

‘If my son tells thee that he loves thee, then tell me, for I will make thee my daughter-in-law.’

She, too, sat on the sofa like the other. In the evening, at dusk, the Prince came, and sat down at his table, without raising his eyes to look at her. He wrote, and wrote, rose, and went away. In the morning the Queen went to learn what her son had said. She told her that he hadn’t even looked at her. Then she made her, too, a present of a ring, and begged her to send the youngest. The youngest was very wide-awake and very beautiful. The Queen adorned her with her own jewels, and told her to sit in her son’s chamber, and, when he came, to speak to him, and see what he would say to her. So she sat down on the sofa in the Prince’s room. There was outside a splendid cage with a bird, and she brought it inside. When the Prince came, he entered without noticing her, and sat down and wrote. The maiden pretended to talk to the bird, as the Prince wouldn’t speak to her. She said to it,

‘Good-evening, my little Bird, won’t you speak? or

you, my little Cage, you, my Candlestick, won't you speak ?'

Then said the Prince, 'My Candlestick, my Candlestick, at your orders, my Candlestick.'^a

She was ashamed, and said no more. The Prince rose when he had finished his writing, and went away. In the morning the Queen went to see if her son had spoken to her, and what he had said.

'When he came in,' said she, 'he wished me "Good evening," and afterwards he asked me who had brought me to his room, and I told him that the Queen had told me to come and keep him company.'

Then the Queen begged her to remain another day. In the evening she again talked to the candlestick, and he again answered to the candlestick, and when he had written and written, he rose and went away. Her sisters expected her on the following day to have returned home, and as they did not see her coming, they went themselves to the palace. They saw her sitting beside the Queen, and both the Queen and she were in very good spirits. They bade her come home, and she said,

'The Queen will not allow me to come.'

'What? Has the Prince spoken to thee?' asked her sisters.

'*Ou!* we have had a great deal of talk together!'

So the two sisters were poisoned with jealousy, and they rose and went away. When they had left the palace, said the one to the other,

'*Kalé*, don't believe that the Prince has spoken to her! She likes very well to remain at the palace, and tells lies. Knowest thou what we must do?—we

^a The Prince replies in Turkish.

will take to her those pearls which the pedlar-woman is selling, for her to buy, and we will see what she will do.'

The next day they took the pearls from the pedlar-woman's hand, and rose and went to the palace. They said to her,

'These beautiful pearls are for sale, ask the King to buy them for thee.'

She said, 'Leave them, and I will ask him if he wishes to buy them for me.'

They left the pearls, and arose and went away. On the road as they went they said, 'We shall see how she will manage it, who will buy the pearls for her.'

When the Prince came in the evening, she said to him, 'My Candlestick, my Candlestick!'

Said he, 'At your orders, my Candlestick!'

'My sisters have brought these pearls for me to buy. Shall I buy them, or shall I not?'

'My Candlestick, my Candlestick, the keys are in the cupboard, the sequins are in the drawer, open and take what thou wilt!'

In the morning she told the Queen that the Prince had given her money to buy anything she liked. Then the Queen embraced her, kissed her, and said, 'Thou shalt be my child!' Her sisters came, she asked how much the pearls were, paid it, and bought them. Then they went away, and their noses dropped venom; but still they did not believe that the Prince had spoken to her.

'Don't believe it, she is a cunning baggage—the Queen must have bought them for her! We will take her now a pair of bracelets, and see if she will buy them too.'

The next day they took a pair of bracelets which

the pedlar-woman had, and carried them to her that she might buy them, and she again used the same means to get the Prince to buy them for her. They went the next day to fetch the money, and said to her,

‘If you are a Queen now, why don’t you invite us to dinner that we too may see the bridegroom?’

‘I will speak to him,’ she said, ‘in the evening, and if he is willing, why not?’ Then she went into her chamber and burst into tears. And she said, ‘What is this?—my sisters fall upon me to devour me worse than Lamias!—how shall I escape them?’

In the evening the Prince came and began to write. She wept so much that she could not restrain herself.

‘My Candlestick! my little Candlestick!’ sobbed she.

‘Come here, my Candlestick! what ails you, my Candlestick, that you weep so?’

‘My sisters want me to invite them to table, and I have no authority here, and I am in despair, and for that I weep.’

Says he to her, ‘My precious Candlestick, the cooks are downstairs, the hunters downstairs, geese and ducks as many as you want, kill and prepare your table.’

In the morning she crossed her arms,^a and went to the Queen and said to her,

‘The King has ordered me to spread a table for my sisters. And he says that the hunters are below, and geese, and ducks, and I am to order them to cook anything I like. What do you command me to do, my Queen?’

‘Since the King has said so, call yourself and give orders.’

Then she called the hunters, and ordered them to go hunting; she called the cooks, and told them to kill

^a See p. 220, note ^a.

ducks and geese and fowls, and prepare them for the next day, as she was going to give a dinner to her sisters. She called the groom and told him that the King did not wish to sit down with her sisters at the table, and bade him play a trick with her on them. She was so lovely and her face was so sweet that all in the palace loved her. She bade him, at the time when they would be sitting down to table, about noon, and expecting the King to come and eat with them, to bring out the horse to the ruined back gate of the courtyard, and cause him to make a great clatter with his hoofs so that it might be heard upstairs, and then to send a servant in haste to say,

‘Run downstairs, Little Queen, for the King wants to speak to you!’

So it fell out. The next day the sisters came to dine. The Queen was delighted at dining with her son after so long a time, but the sisters smiled because they believed it was all fables. The youngest girl went from time to time to the window to see why the King was so late in coming. Then they heard the horse galloping on all fours in the courtyard. They both grew yellow, but the youngest blushed. Then a servant ran up and said,

‘Come downstairs, Little Queen, for the King wants you!’

Then she went running downstairs. She went to a place far away under some chambers, and wept. There as she was walking up and down not knowing what to do, she trod on a slab which moved. She raised the slab and saw a staircase. She went down the staircase, down and down, and then walked on, and came to a dark place, and there she saw a lonely barn full of thistles, and upon the thistles slept the

Prince, and near him was a Nereid, and by her side a child. Then she lost no time, but ran off back to the palace, called the Queen out and told her that the Prince would not come to dine with them, but desired her to bring down two gold [embroidered] scarves,^a one rose-coloured and one white, a silver comb, and a gold [embroidered] coverlet of silk for a child, as a friend's wife had given birth, and he wished to offer them as presents. Then the Queen gave them to her. She took them, and begged her to go and begin dinner, and she would come when she had taken the things, because the Prince had told her to go alone.

So she took them, went downstairs, lifted the stone which moved, descended the steps softly, softly, and approached the Nereid. She then spread the golden coverlet on the ground, lifted the child, and laid him on it, picked the thistles out of his hair, combed it, and covered him with the rose-coloured scarf. And she also cleared her [the Nereid's] hair of the thistles of which it was full, and covered her and the Prince together with the white scarf, and went back and sat down to table and ate.

When the Nereid woke up and saw herself and her child thus cared for, and without thistles in their hair, she turned and said to the Prince,

‘Who is she that has come and has done this thing to us here?’

He swore to her—‘*by the sparks of the fire*’—that he had seen no woman.

‘Thou knowest well that thou hast taken the light out of mine eyes, and that I see no woman but thyself!’

^a The Turkish *tchevrés*—strips of linen, or muslin, with embroidered ends, of which so many have of late years been brought to this country. The other articles mentioned also refer to Turkish usages.

Then he related to her how he heard every evening a woman talking to the Candlestick, but saw her not. Then she gave him a slap and said,

‘I give thee this blow that thy light may come again, but I charge thee on thine oath to take none else to wife but her.’

Then the Nereid clapped her hands, and a great whirlwind⁴⁴ arose like that which had carried away the Prince one noontide when he was out hunting, and it carried off all the thistles and her child and herself, and they disappeared. Then he heard a voice out of the whirlwind which said, ‘I leave farewell to thee! Thou wilt never see me again, neither me nor thy child!’

It was about mid-day, and the Prince grieved for her until evening. He then went up to his chamber and saw the young woman weeping bitter tears. As soon as he came in he embraced her, and said, ‘Let your tears be dried; you must neither say what you saw, nor I what I know; let us forget the past. You delivered me from out of the hands of the Nereid. Now let us go and kiss my mother’s hand, and to-morrow we will hold our wedding.’

He led her to his mother, and the next day [they had] music and drums, and great rejoicings. The wedding was celebrated to the joy of everybody and to the disgust of her sisters.

THE STRINGLA⁴⁵ PRINCESS.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 309.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good evening to your Honours!

Once upon a time there was a King and a Queen, and they had three sons as beautiful as gold. But, as you know, man is never content, but forever wanting something. Because they had nothing else to desire, they asked God to give them a daughter. Because they had no other cause for grief, they grieved that they had not a daughter to amuse them. For their sons were grown up and did not stay in the palace, but were always out of doors. And so they prayed to God day and night to give them a daughter. After a little while the Queen was with child. They took the greatest care that not a drop of rain should fall upon her to wet her, so that perhaps she might have a daughter. When the time came the Queen gave birth to a female child. Just fancy the joy it gave! It was who should first hold it in his hands, who should first dandle it! When it was born two of the sons were at home, but the youngest was out hunting. But when he returned they told him that the Queen had borne a female child. In his joy he ran into the lying-in chamber, to take up his little sister and kiss her. As he held her in his arms, she turned and looked at him, and he saw that she had eyes like stars, and he said,

‘*Bá!* what sort of eyes are these which the child has?’ They glittered as he looked at them, and he gave back the baby to its mother, and went out.

In the night they heard an uproar, a horrible noise down in the stable.

‘*Bré!* what can that be?’ they said.

They hasten to the stable and what do they see? The best horse strangled. The next night another, and the next again another.

‘*Bá!*’ said the Princes, ‘this is a bad business.—But I will go who am the eldest, and we shall see what happens to the horses that they die.’

He went down to the stable, and stayed all night, but saw nothing, the horses neither died, nor did anyone come into the stable. The next night the second Prince said,

‘I will go and watch.’

The Queen said to him, ‘Go!’

The second one went. Nothing [happened], there was quiet in the stable.

The next evening no one went to watch, and again there was uproar, a horrible noise, and they found a horse dead. The youngest then said nothing to anyone, but thought to himself,

‘I will go alone and watch, for I don’t like my sister’s eyes!’

He took his sword, went at dusk to the stable, and hid himself behind the door. He drew his sword from its sheath, and waited to see who was the customer who strangled the horses. He waited, and waited, nothing [happened].

‘*Aí!*’ he said, ‘some accursed serpent, it seems, must have strangled them.’

He waited till the fearsome midnight was past. As he was thinking of going away, he heard a faint rustling. He shrank back, and what did he see? His little sister with her little arms outspread and her little fingers

outstretched, and she threw herself upon the neck of a horse to strangle it! He lost no time, struck a blow with his sword, and cut off her little finger. She turned, looked fiercely at him, and recognised him, but said nothing. The Prince, when he had cut off her finger, picked it up off the ground, and then hastened to his chamber. And all night he could not sleep a wink for worry.

In the morning when God dawned the day, he went and found his brothers and told them what he had found out in the night, that their little sister was a Stringla and strangled the horses. He had watched her the night before, and had cut off her little finger. Then they threw themselves upon him as if to eat him, the Queen, and the King, and his brothers; and all bade him be off, and never let them see him again.

‘Murderer! Out on thy jealousy! To cut thy little sister’s hand, and cripple her!’

Then he weepingly bade farewell to his brothers and said, ‘Whether we shall meet again or not [I know not], for the Stringla will destroy us all.’

His brothers, instead of being sorry that their brother was going away, said to him,

‘Art thou not ashamed, with thy jealousy, to pit thyself against a baby-girl, and cut off her finger and maim her to prove thy words true when thou sayest that our little sister is a Stringla?’

The poor youth made no reply, but gazed sadly at his brothers. He looked at the palace, his eyes filled with tears; and then he went to his chamber, dressed himself, took his arms, and fled, weeping as he ran, for he knew he would never see them again. He looked straight before him, and went and went, and still went on. When evening came, he climbed a tree, and slept,

and at dawn when he awoke, he again took to the road and journeyed on. One day he saw afar off a splendid palace, with the door standing wide open. He goes in, he sees nobody. He ascends some marble steps, and there he sees sitting on a sofa and leaning on some gold embroidered cushions a most beautiful maiden. When she saw him, she jumped up.

‘*Bá!* How didst thou come here?’ she asked.

‘The earth and kosmos tell of thy beauty, and I heard it, and came to see if it were so [great]; but now I see that thou art still more beautiful than I heard tell, indeed thou art.’

Said she, ‘Never mind about that, would that I had not been beautiful, for my beauty has been my misfortune. For forty Dhrakos saw me and tore me away from my parents and brought me here; and they guard me so that no one can come and steal me. Four years now it is since the foot of man trod in here, and now it has befallen thee to come, and the Dhrakos will eat thee, if they see thee.’

She had hardly spoken when they heard a noise, a great uproar.

‘Alas!’ she cried, ‘they are coming! Now what shall we do?’

‘*Ái!* I shall stand here,’ said the Prince, ‘and if I perish, I perish!’

‘Ah! but I want you to live, and rescue me!’ said the Princess.

The noise drew near. She lost no time, but gave him a slap, and turned him into a bundle of thyme used for sweeping and placed him behind the door. A Dhrako comes in, turns up his nose very high, and says,

‘I smell man’s flesh in here!’

‘*Aï!* someone passed by outside and the door was open, and the scent of him came in.’

A second Dhrako came in, and did the same.

‘I smell the smell of a man!’

The third came and did the same, and not to make a long story of it, all the forty. She said again,

‘*Aï!* my brothers, I too am human, and smell; eat me, and have done with it, that I may escape from your hands.’

Then the youngest said, ‘Let us leave her now, and go and eat with the other Dhrakos.’

They went away and ate heartily, and then each one went to his mattress and fell asleep. When she heard their snoring and knew that they were asleep, the Beauty went to the top story and hung out a red handkerchief at the casement, and immediately there arose afar off a cloud of dust and a commotion, and there came under her window a horseman, a most handsome youth, and said to her,

‘Have you decided to run away with me? What do you want with me?’

‘To run away! But how can we run away when there are the forty Dhrakos and we should both perish?’

‘Dost thou wish me to fight with them? to kill them?’

‘But if thou shouldst perish, what would become of me?’ said the Beauty.

‘*Aï!* then why didst thou call me? What dost thou want?’ And he turned his horse to go.

‘*Bá!* wait and hear, don’t go away! Don’t be angry! God has sent us a simpleton to save us!’

‘What sayest thou?—a simpleton? How can he save us?’

‘He is a simpleton because he fell in love with me without knowing me. I will tell him that I love him, and will set him to kill the forty Dhrakos, for he is very valiant.’

‘*Äi!* and when he has killed them, what shall we do with him?’

‘I will send him to fetch me the Water of Life,⁹ so that we may never die, and there let him leave his bones, and we will then live a joyful life. Go now away quickly, and don’t come back till I call thee.’

He whipped up his horse, and she shut the window and went to where the thyme broom was, and again she gave it a slap, and he became a man as he was before. Said she,

‘*Äi!* now, what shall we do about the forty Dhrakos? So long as they live we cannot live, and we shall be in the Devil’s eye if they find us and eat us.’

‘If thou lovest me and art willing to take me for thy husband, I will engage to kill them.’

‘What, thou, one man, kill forty Dhrakos?’

‘When a man has a [stout] heart, what he sets his mind on he can do.’

‘*Äi!* then, in God’s name, if thou kill them I promise to be thine!’

The following evening, when the Dhrakos were coming home, he hid behind the outer gate; he had sharpened his sword well, and as they came in, one by one he cut off his head and dragged him away and threw him into a great well. When he had killed them all, he said,

‘I have kept my word, do thou now keep thine!’

‘What dost thou mean? I love thee and desire thee, but we can stay but a short time together, for I am a Princess, and my Fate foretold that I should be carried

off by forty Dhrakos, and if there should be found a man to kill them, and he should marry me within the year, the blood of the Dhrakos would become a monster and he would strangle me. But if that man goes and brings the Water of Life and sprinkles me with it when he finds me strangled, then indeed we may live happily. But how canst thou go and bring this Water? I fear thou wouldst never return!

‘And where is the Water of Life?’ asked the Prince.

‘*Ach!* but it is very far away, and very difficult [to get], and great valour and swiftness are needed, for where the Water is are two mountains which open and shut, and if thou art not nimble they will crush thee. But love me only, and all will be well.’

She embraced him, kissed him, and wept; and she gave him a jar to fill there where it falls drop by drop, and told him to fill it. ‘And don’t forget that thou leavest me here all alone, and waiting for thy speedy return.’

He took the jar, bade her farewell, and set out. As he went along the road he was all in a sweat. He went and sat down under a tree, and spied afar off among the trees a beautiful palace. Said he,

‘Shall I not go in there and see if perchance I may learn which way to go for the Water of Life? If there are Nereids within, will they not pity me and tell me something? and if there are Dhrakos, may my sword be good.’

He went up and saw a great open door; he went in and sees nobody, only a large garden. He goes into the garden, and what does he see? A lovely Nereid!⁴⁴ She was sitting under a tree, and around her sat three great Dogs. When they saw him, they began to bark.

The Nereid patted them, and they licked her hand

and were quiet. The Prince saluted her with much respect and gentleness. She said he was welcome to her palace, and asked what she could do for him.

‘Ah! my Queen!—for I can give you no other name but Queen!—my woes are many and great!’ and he related to her all his story—how he had found in the palace where he had been a beautiful young woman and forty Dhrakos, and how she had sent him to bring her the Water of Life. The Nereid smiled and said,

‘Knowest thou where is the Water of Life?’

‘No, but I shall seek for it, and find it.’

‘Well, because thou hast trusted me and told me thy secrets, I will tell thee where is the Water of Life, but on condition that thou give me thine oath to return this way, and afterwards thou shalt go to the Beauty’s house, for I shall be anxious [to know if] thou returnest alive from thence.’

Then he swore to her that if he lived he would come first and see her, and afterwards go to the Beauty’s house. Then the Nereid said to him,

‘Thou must keep to the right for some hours. Then thou wilt observe a high and dark mountain, and behind that mountain thou wilt see a higher, but the second will be green, and upon it crawl great serpents with horns on their heads and with one eye in their foreheads, and others again with one horn and with many eyes under that horn. Those are the poisonous snakes. But fear them not and kill none, for I will give thee some Water to drink, and they will not bite thee if thou touch them not. When thou hast passed over that mountain thou wilt see a lake, and, at the far side, two mountains which open and shut. In front of the lake thou wilt see a little ship moored to a withered tree. Unmoor the ship, embark, and spread the sails. Take

these two pigeons, and when thou comest near the mountains which open and shut, let fly the one pigeon, and if it does not pass through to the other side, but is crushed by the mountain which opens and shuts, stay in the ship a little while, for the mountain sometimes opens and shuts quickly and sometimes slowly, and if thou pass safely to the other side there is a cave, and within it falls drop by drop the Water of Life. Then fill thy jar, but drink not, for it kills the living, but brings the dead to life. Then let go the other pigeon, and if the pigeon passes through, do thou also pass, and come hither.'

Then the Prince thanked her heartily, drank the Water against the snakes which the Nereid gave him, took the two pigeons, and set off. Not to make a long story of it, he found the black, and afterwards the green [mountain] with the great snakes, and afterwards the lake and the moored ship. He went on board, and unfurled the sails. Then, as he came near, he let fly one of the pigeons and it passed alive to the other side, only its tail got scotched a bit. Then he set all his sails, and made haste, and sped through with his little ship to the other side, only the stern of the ship got smashed a little. He found the cave, filled his jar, got into the ship again, and let fly the other pigeon. When it had passed safely, he set his sails and passed through. He came on shore and arrived at the Nereid's house.

When she saw him coming back so soon and alive, she was amazed and thought to herself,

'What a pity such a youth should perish for the sake of a horrid wicked woman!' (for, being a Nereid, she knew who had sent him). She said to him,

'Welcome! Sit down and rest, and eat a little, and sleep, and go an hour later to thy beloved.' She said

much more, so that he could not but stay in order not to offend her who had shown him such kindness. And of course he thanked her and said,

‘Without your aid I should have perished!’ and he ate and went to sleep.

Then the Nereid went softly, softly, took the jar, emptied it into another, filled it with cold water, and placed it by his side. And the jar which held the Water of Life she put in a cupboard and locked it up. After a little while the Prince awoke, he took up the jar, bade the Nereid farewell, thanked her, and went away. When he was gone, the Nereid called to her biggest Dog,

‘Aslán! follow that Prince. Wait outside the door and observe what happens, and come and bring me tidings, hearest thou? Be wary! Now thou knowest!’ The dog wagged his tail, and disappeared.

Let us now leave the Dog to watch, and let us come to our beloved Prince. She [the Princess] did not love the Prince, as we know, but another, who, so long as the Dhrakos were alive, feared to approach the palace. But when the Prince went to fetch the Water of Life, she immediately spread the red handkerchief, and her lover came at once and she said to him,

‘I have sent away the never-returning simpleton; the serpents will eat him, or the mountain will crush him.’

So her lover came, and they lived happily. Some time passed, and they forgot all about him—for how were they to know that a Nereid had fallen in love with the Prince the first time she saw him, and had helped him to bring the Water of Life?—and let things happen of themselves just as they did happen. So the Beauty, on the day the Prince returned, was at the window; she saw the Prince, and cried,

‘*Po ! po !* just what I dreaded ! He is coming ! What shall I do now ?’ and she ran to her lover and said to him, ‘I saw at a distance the Prince coming, and now what will become of us ? He will kill both thee and me if we cannot destroy him !’

The Prince replied, ‘He killed forty Dhrakos, and cannot we kill one man ?’

‘But we have not time now ; go hide thyself, and may God give the opportunity !’ She ran downstairs to the door, and said to him, ‘Welcome ! Thou art come at last, and I was near dying of grief !’

The Prince stood and embraced her. She said, ‘Sit down now and stretch thyself while I go and prepare something to eat.’ Then she went in, took a cup of wine, and put in it a potion and said, ‘Drink this, and lie down on the bed a little, while I go and get the food ready.’

He drank the wine, and sleep took him at once. Then she went and said to her lover,

‘He is asleep, so finish him off !’

Then he ran, and took a knife, and went to the bed, and cut him in pieces. He gathered him up in the sheet, knotted it, and threw it out of the window into the street. Aslán, the Nereid’s Dog, was on guard outside the window, and when he saw the bloody sheet, he smelt at it, took it in his teeth, and ran off with it to his mistress. The Nereid, as soon as she saw the Dog come with the sheet, took it from his teeth, and spread it out on her bed, laid him out very carefully, and put the pieces in their places. Then she ran to the garden for a winter melon, cut it into thin slices, dipped them into the Water of Life, and put them upon his wounds ; and then she began to pour over him the Water of Life and wetted him all over with it, and poured some

into his mouth, and presently he began to move. Then the Nereid raised him in her arms very very gently, and laved him all over with the Water of Life. Then he opened his eyes and said,

‘Where am I?’

‘In my house, but thou must be quiet.’

She gave him some more Water of Life to drink, and covered him up and said to him,

‘Go to sleep, and don’t speak.’

He slept for a day and a night, and then woke up and saw the Nereid at his side. He asked her how he came there, and the Nereid told him all, how they had killed him, how her Dog had found him, how they had for some time wished to kill him, because she whom he loved, loved another. ‘For that she set thee to slay the Dhrakos, and the Water of Life was only a pretext to get thee eaten by the serpents.’

He was angry and said, ‘It is impossible that such a beautiful woman could be an evil-doer. I knew that my sister was a Stringla, and why did I not know that this one was a Lamia!’

‘*Ai!* that is all over now, and done with; we must now see how thou canst revenge thyself.’

‘I will go at once and kill them both,’ said the Prince.

‘Thou art still weak, but I will now send Saíne to see when he goes out of the house to hunt; and when the Dog brings us the tidings, thou shalt go and kill her; and when her lover returns to the house thou must kill him, and finish with them.’

So he did. He went, killed them, and came back again to the Nereid, and fell at the Nereid’s feet, and said to her,

‘Thou hast saved me from many deaths, and not from

one only ; now I am thy slave, so command me what I shall do.'

The Nereid told him that she had loved him from the first day she saw him, and all she asked for in return was that he would love her and live with her.

He replied, 'Dost thou deem me so thankless? I will be thy slave, not thy husband. One favour only I would ask—let me go to our kingdom to see what has become of my most unfortunate parents, and my brothers, and afterwards I will come and live with thee. If I come back glad, we will be joyful ; but if I come back sorrowful, thou wilt comfort me.'

'*Bravo !*' said she, 'I am proud of thee, and love thee all the more, because thou lovest and rememberest them who drove thee out of thy palace. Go, and come back happy. I will await thee. Take these three dates, and when thou art gone from hence into some road, eat one, and plant the stone in the earth ; and when thou hast gone again some distance further, eat another, and again plant the stone ; and do the same with the third. The dates will take root, and grow large, and if anyone pursue thee, climb up into the date-trees, and if thou needest any help, call three times from the top of the date-trees, "Come, my Aslán ! Come, my Sainé ! Come, my Boutalá !" ^a and the Dogs will run to help thee.'

The Prince took the three dates and kissed the Nereid, for he did not know whether he should see her again.

He took the road, and went on, and on. He ate one of the dates ; he went further and ate the others ; he did all that the Nereid told him. He took the road, and went on until he came into the city. And what

^a These names are Turkish.

did he see?—solitude everywhere, the shops deserted and dark, no man called to another. He went to the palace, what did he see?—*Tzan, tzin, top inar!* (the *Stoicheia*^a were playing at ball). He shuddered and fell a-weeping. He wept, and wept, and then mounted the stairs of the palace. There, in a corner, he saw his father, a miserable stump, without legs or arms. He ran weeping to embrace him, but instead of saying, ‘Welcome, my boy!’ he called to the Stringla Princess, ‘Come, my good daughter, and revenge thyself, this is he who cut off thy finger!’

Then the little Stringla ran up and cried, ‘O! welcome, my little brother who escaped from my hands! Whenever I saw my maimed finger I remembered thee and said, “Let him fall but once into my hands!” Come now, and beat this drum, so that I may know thou art not fled, while I go and sharpen my teeth so as not to torture thee much, as thou art my little brother,’ and she gave him a drum to beat till she came back.

But no sooner had she gone downstairs than a Mouse came out and said to him,

‘Why dost thou stay here and beat the drum? She will sharpen her teeth and come and eat thee as she ate the others!’

‘But what can I do?’ asked the Prince.

‘Give me the drum to beat, and do thou run away.’

He gave the drum to the Mouse, and he beat it with his tail. He went down to the oven, took off his torn trousers, tied up the feet, and stuffed them with chaff, hung them high up on a beam, and set off running. When the Stringla had sharpened her teeth, she came upstairs. *Phrouct!* off goes the Mouse to his hole.

^a See Vol. I., Annotation No. 14.

The Stringla Princess looks on this side and that, but sees him not. She runs all about the house, and sees the trousers hanging high up.

'*Ach!*' said she, 'thou hast got up there so that I may not reach thee!' and she snaps at him with her teeth and bites the cloth which was stuffed with chaff, and the chaff falls on her face and nearly blinds her.

'*Ach!*' said she, 'even if thou hide thee in a snake's hole I will drag thee out!'

She runs up and down in the garden. Nowhere! She runs out into the street, and sees him a long way off. But as he was very far away she could not catch him. He ran in front, and she behind; he in front, and she behind; and she had nearly caught him when the Prince saw a date-palm, and climbed up into it. She lost no time, but began to gnaw at the trunk that the palm-tree might fall. As her teeth were sharpened, she was not long about it; and the tree was about to fall when the Prince went up to the top and caught hold of the branches of another date-palm and swung himself upon it. The Stringla Princess lost no time; she ran to the second date-palm, and began to gnaw it. In a little while the second tree began to totter. The Prince lost no time, he took hold of the branches and swung himself into the third date-palm. She ran to the third and gnawed it.

'Ah! now at length whither wilt thou go from me? There is no other date-tree, and as I am hungry and angry, I will not leave a bone of thee!'

Then the Prince called to mind the words of the Nereid, and he shouted with all his might,

'Come, my Aslán, come! Come, my Saíné, come! Come, my Boutalá, come!'

When the Nereid's three great Dogs heard this cry,

they broke loose, my eyes ! in a sweat, and fell upon the Stringla Princess, and tore her to bits of bits.

Then the Prince went sadly to the Nereid, and told her all he had seen and heard. Then he took the Nereid for his wife. And they went together to his palace with her servants, and sent out men, criers, and they proclaimed throughout all the kingdom that the Stringla was destroyed ; that the youngest son of the King was on the road ; that he had married a rich Queen ; and that whoever of his subjects wished to come back, he would love him as a brother. When they heard that the Stringla was slain, they came and did homage to their King, for his fame had gone abroad into all the world. Then the wedding was held, and he took the Nereid for his wife, and distributed much money and many gifts to his subjects, and enlarged his kingdom, for he took the lands of the Dhrakos. He had sons and heirs, and became the most noble and just King in the world.

As to his father, they searched everywhere for him, but found him not, whether alive or dead. This is the end of the story of the Stringla Princess.

THE WILD MAN.⁴⁰

Astyalaia.^a

(VON HAHN, *Νεοελλ. Παρ.*, p. 179.)

ONCE upon a time there was a King and a Queen, and they had one son. This King was always sorrowful because he foresaw that, as he had neither soldiers nor money, if any other King were at any time to declare war against him, he would take away his kingdom from him. This worm continually gnawed him, and so his lips never smiled; and every day he walked out into the country to dispel the gloom which was in his heart.

One day as he was out walking, a Monk met him on the road, and when he saw him so moody, he said, 'Sir King, what is the matter that thou art so sad?—always moody is your Majesty!'

'Eh, my good Monk,' says the King to him, '*every stick has its own smoke*,^b you know. I am moody because one day I shall be undone; they will take from me all my towns, because I have no soldiers.'

'*Bá!* Is that why thou art sorrowful, my King? I will tell thee what to do. In a certain place there is a Wild Man whom all the world fears for his strength. Collect thy soldiers, and send men to seize him; and when thou possessest such a Wild Man, no King can menace thee.'

Then the King rejoiced a little, and said, 'My Monk, I will give thee whatever thou may'st desire, if only this is accomplished and the Wild Man brought to me, as thou sayest.'

^a A small island in the Ægean belonging to Turkey.

^b A Greek proverb.

And when he returns to the palace, he calls immediately the Twelve and tells them what the Monk had said to him. The Twelve, when they heard his words, rejoiced on the one hand, but looked grave on the other, for how was it possible to bring that Wild Man? So they said to the King, 'O Sir King, thou sayest that in a certain place away in the wilderness is to be found a Wild Man; but we must see if it is possible to bring him. We see no easier way than that he who told thee of this Man should himself bring him.'

The next day, accordingly, very early in the morning, the King gets up and goes to meet the Monk, and when he had arrived at the same spot, the Monk again presented himself, and said, 'Eh, what hast thou done, my King?'

Then the King replies, 'Alas, *Kalóyerë*, I have done nothing. For I told my Twelve, and they said to me that no other could bring him save he who had given me the tidings.'

'Very well, Sir King, if thou biddest me, I will bring him to thee. Give me forty thousand soldiers; make me a chain of copper weighing a hundred thousand *kantars*, and an iron cage each bar of which must be like a column; and so I will bring him to thee, otherwise nothing can be done.'

'I will gladly make for thee,' said the King, 'anything thou askest me.' And he takes him, and brings him to the palace, and at once gives orders to the Gipsies^a to collect all the copper in the city for the chain. In a week all is ready. And the Monk takes them, and goes for the Wild Man.

After two or three months they arrive at the place

^a The gipsies are the blacksmiths of the East.

where he was. They immediately set to work and encircled the mountain with the chain, and took every precaution against his escaping at any spot. They did in fact everything the Monk told them. And about noon they felt the mountain tremble, and from that they understood that the Wild Man was coming forth. They look this way and that, but see nothing ; but when they look upwards, they see—my eyes!—coming down from the summit a Wild Man, a sight which made them tremble. But the Monk encouraged them.

‘Ah, my *pallikars*, let us seize the monster ! Bring here the chain !’ So then they took a little courage, and began to shout and drag the chain, and so approach him. But, as if he had wings, the Wild Man fled away, and so they could not entangle him. Not to make a long story of it, six months passed, and they had not caught him ; and about the end of the sixth month the Wild Man became one day at last weary ; and they entangle him in the chain, and bind him, and put him in the cage.

Then the Monk says to them, ‘Now, my boys, you may rest, for we have him safe !’

And they take him and bring him to the King, and put the cage in the courtyard of the palace. You should have seen the King when they brought him ! He made great rejoicings, and embraced the Monk, and kissed him tenderly, and said to him, ‘What gift dost thou desire in return for the favour thou hast done me ?’

‘I want nothing,’ he said, ‘but thy love.’

‘No,’ said the King to him, ‘am I not able to reward thee ?’ And he took and gave him many royal gifts, and the Monk bade him adieu, and departed.

Let us return to the King. Sorrow and care had

departed from him since the day on which they brought him the Wild Man, and he leapt for joy. In a short time, however, his grief returned, and you will see how.

Two weeks had not passed when one day the little Prince was standing on the steps of the palace, playing with a golden apple. As he played, it slipped from his fingers, and rolled, and rolled, until it got inside the cage where was the Wild Man, and he picked it up. The boy runs to the cage and asks for his apple. And then, for the first time, the Wild Man speaks and says to the Prince, 'If thou wilt take the key and open the door of the cage that I may take the air a little who have been so long imprisoned, then I will give thee the golden apple.'

The Prince, like the child that he was, goes and takes the key, and opens the door, and the Wild Man gives him the apple, and then gives him a kick, and—if you see him, so do I!

In a short time the King comes, and as soon as he enters the courtyard, he goes to look at the Wild Man, as was his custom, for he was his consolation. And when he saw that the cage was open, and the Wild Man gone, he lost his senses, and drew his sword and ran to kill him who kept the key. As he was going to cut off his head, this man cried, 'Sir King, you kill me unjustly, I have done no wrong! My Prince came and took the keys without my knowledge, and went and opened, and the Wild Man ran away.'

'Is that true?' asked the King frantically.

'It is true, *Affendi*!'

So he left him and ran to kill his son. But the Queen, when she heard of it, seized the Prince in her arms, and cried, and besought the King—'In God's name, my King, do not such a thing as to kill your son

in your anger,' she said, and much more. Then all the people in the palace fell at his feet, and 'Don't, my King! Don't!' they cried. 'Don't do such a thing!' And amid the cries and tears, here from the Queen, and there from the rest, the boy found means to escape. The King called and sought him, and when he was a little calmer, he made an oath, and said, 'Let him not appear before me, nor let my eyes see him, for I will not leave life in him so long as I remember how much I spent to bring hither that Wild Man, and he to let him go! I cannot stomach it! Let him go so far away that I cannot hear of him, for he knows what will happen to him.'

The poor Queen, when she heard such hard words from the mouth of his father, seeks to make him flee quickly, and goes at once to order him a pair of iron shoes, and puts in each one fifty gold pieces, takes whatever else is necessary for him, and carries them to the place where she had bidden him hide, and says to him, 'My boy, as my fate has overshadowed thee, and thou hast done such a deed; and as thy father has made a solemn oath, never again to let him see thee, or he will kill thee, thou must change thy name and thy dress, and go to live in a foreign land until we can see what turn things will take. And one thing only I beg of thee, that in whatever place thou bidest, thou wilt learn letters, because for that purpose I have put in thy shoes a hundred pieces of gold.' And then she takes and strips him of his royal garments, and puts on him rustic clothes, gives him all that is necessary, and speeds him with her prayers.

Let us now leave the King and the Queen to their sorrow, and let us follow the poor Prince, who took to the hills without knowing whither he went. He

journeys one week, he journeys two, and in about a month he comes upon a herd who was tending a thousand pigs.

‘Good day, swineherd!’ said he to him.

‘Well met, and what art thou seeking here?’

‘What can I do?’ replied the Prince. ‘I am a poor boy, and I have come out to find work so that I may earn my own living and help my parents.’

‘Ah, is that it? Eh, what sayest thou? Will thy bones hold good to look after those swine?’

‘*Bravo!*’ replies the Prince. ‘They will hold good.’

‘Then stay with me, for I am only fifteen days from the end of my time; and come with me in the evening to my master, and I will tell him that I am going away—for I am weary of this trade, and you can take my place.’

When God brought the evening, the pair of them took the pigs to the fold, where they found the master. When he saw the youth, he asked the herd, ‘What is the matter that thou hast brought him here with thee?’

‘Did I not tell thee that when my time was up I should go? and thou saidst that I could not go unless I brought another in my stead? Well, then, I have brought him!’

‘Very well,’ he replied, ‘let the fifteen days pass, and I will pay thee and thou may’st go about thy business. Only during these fifteen days thou must take him with thee and teach him where and where to go with the pigs, lest perchance he take them to some strange place, and we lose them.’

But the youth soon found his way into the hearts of his master and mistress. For whenever he went to the house he did not sit with crossed hands, but took at once the broom and swept, lighted the fire, and amused the children until one cried ‘*Tourou, Tourou!*’ and the

other 'Niá! Niá!' and he did all the work of the house. In fifteen days he became a better herd than the first. And he brought good luck, too. For from the time that the other left, the pigs were bursting with fat, not one got lost, not one fell lame, but they were just like young lions; and the master loved him from his heart, for, from the time he had come into the house, everything had prospered. And so well did he love him that he told him he would make him his son-in-law. But the Prince remembered his mother's words and how she had told him to go on with his studies, and not to become a mere shepherd. So one evening when he returned home, he pretended to be very melancholy. His master, the apple of whose eye he was, observed his sadness and said, 'What ails thee that I see thee sad? If thou hast lost a pig, and art anxious, never mind! it matters not so that thou art well.'

'How shall I tell you, *Affendi*? It is not that, but I am melancholy because I must soon leave you. For I have received a letter saying that my mother is dying, and now I must go and receive her blessing.'

'Stay where thou art, my boy. Who knows if thou wilt find her living?'

'No, *Affendi*, you will give me leave to go and see my mother?'

'My boy, if thy longing is so great, thou art free to go; I will not detain thee.'

And with these wiles he deceived his master, who would not have otherwise allowed him to depart. So again he takes to the road, and tramps, and tramps, and after a time he comes to a town. As he was passing along a street he saw a shoemaker's shop, and stopped before the door. The master, seeing him, asked, 'What dost thou want, my boy?'

‘What do I want? I am a poor boy, and want to learn a trade in order to live, and assist my family,’ as he had said to the herd.

His reply was uttered in such a plaintive tone that the master had pity on him and said, ‘Eh, wouldst thou become a shoemaker?’

‘O that God may dispose thee to such an act of charity!’

‘Come in then, my boy, for thou art the lucky fellow.’

And when he was come in, he saw a man who was polishing a pair of shoes. He seized the brush, and in a moment he had turned them into looking-glasses, while all in the shop wondered at his cleverness. The master then sent him to his house with a basin of water, and when he was come there—not to repeat it all over again—he did as he had done with his first master. And everybody was pleased with him, and he was even more beloved than he had been at the shepherd’s house.

When two or three months had passed, and he saw how fond they were of him; he said one day to his master, ‘*Mástore*,^a I would ask you a favour!’

‘Ask two, my boy,’ was the reply, ‘what is thy wish?’

‘When, *Mástore*, I left home, I had learnt a little, but now I have nearly forgotten it all, and I shall remain half blind, for it is well said that “*they who are learned have four eyes.*” And you will say, “There is no need for thee to study, learn thy trade!” and you will be right, *mástore*. But my mother told me that, whatever trade I might learn, it would be necessary for me to have some schooling. And now I pray you, if possible,

^a Or *mástro*, the Italian *maestro*. Our Greek shoemaker at Bournabat was always designated ‘Mastor’ Yianni.’

to find me a teacher, that I may do lessons but two hours in the day, and in the others I will work at my trade.'

'Very good, my dear boy,' was the reply.

As good luck would have it, his master knew a clever schoolmaster who dealt at his shop. And the boy's good luck brought this man past the shop at the very moment they were talking.

So the master called, '*Dháskalë, dháskalë!* Come in! You will do me the favour to give lessons to this youth two hours a day, and I shall be much obliged to you.'

'If anyone else had asked me, *Mástro Ghiorgi*'—for this was the shoemaker's name—'I should have said "No"; but I cannot say that to *Mástro Ghiorgi*. Only let him come at noon to my house, and I will examine him, and then I will do my best with him for the two hours, and it shall be as if he studied all day.'

So at noon, as the schoolmaster had said, he goes to his house and asks him how much he must pay him for his lessons.

'*Bré*, my dear boy,' he replies, 'I see that thou art poor; what can I ask from thee?'

'But tell me though, for I can raise the money somehow and pay you.'

'What shall I say? My trouble may be worth some thirty or forty dollars. But I don't want to gain anything by thee—give me whatever thou conveniently canst.'

Then the boy took off his shoe, and took out of it the fifty sequins and gave them to the schoolmaster, who, when he saw them, smiled, for—'*What is given to Christ is received back again*'—and he said, 'Never mind, my boy, if thou pleasest me, I also will please thee.'

And the disguised Prince made the schoolmaster do

his best; and in a short time the Prince finished his studies, and became a lamp of learning. And afterwards he hired another teacher to whom he gave the other fifty sequins, to learn navigation; and at the same time he learned to make shoes well. At last the master wanted to make him a bridegroom—and, in short, he played him the same trick as he had played his former master. And again he takes to the hills and runs and runs, until he meets with a herd who was tending a thousand goats.

‘Good day, my goatherd!’

‘Welcome, my boy!’

And after they had exchanged a few words the goatherd goes away, and leaves him in charge of the goats. And the goats again, as formerly the pigs, prospered; none ever fell lame, or got lost out of his hand, and his master was delighted with him.

One day, as he was driving the goats home to the fold, one goat strayed away from the rest, and as he was very unwilling to lose her, he followed after. She crossed one hill ridge, and stopped, and then another, and stopped, and the youth ran after her to catch her. Well, what are you expecting?—she crossed seven ridges, and finally stopped content; and when the youth approached her, there appeared before him the Wild Man, who embraced him and kissed him and said to him,

‘My Prince, for my sake thou hast suffered this adversity, and art become a shepherd and a shoemaker! But I have been ever near thee, that evil might not befall thee; and now I will make thee the greatest king upon earth! And to-day I enticed away the goat, that I might show myself to thee, and put an end to thy misfortunes. So sit thee down and rest thyself.’

‘No,’ replied the Prince, ‘I cannot. I must first take back the goat to my master, and then, if thou desire it, I will return, but now I cannot.’

‘Go, then, and come back quickly!’

So he takes the goat, and goes back, and finds the rest all together, and leads them to his master, and tells him that he cannot remain, as he has received letters from his parents who bid him come, for they are in trouble. And so he arose and went away to meet the Wild Man. And when he was come again to the same ridge the Wild Man appeared before him, and took off his old clothes, and dressed him in royal cloth of gold, and showed him a cave filled with sequins, and said to him,

‘Seest thou all that?—for thee have I kept it.’

Then he took him to another place where was a marble slab with an inscription upon it. And when the Wild Man had read the inscription he removed the slab, and said to the Prince,

‘Now thou wilt descend three hundred steps, and when thou art at the bottom thou wilt see forty chambers, and in each one of them a Nereid.⁴⁴ When thou hast entered the first chamber, the first Nereid will appear before thee, and her first words will be to ask thee to marry her. Thou must reply, “With all my heart, that is what I am come for!” and she will be pleased, and will bestow on thee a gift; and so thou must deceive them all, and when thou hast gained the forty gifts, escape and come back to me.’

So the Prince descended the three hundred steps, and when he came to the first chamber as the Dhrako^a had said, the first Nereid immediately appeared, and asked him, ‘What seekest thou? Wilt thou marry me?’

^a The Wild Man is here alluded to by this name.

‘Certainly, my lady,’ he replied. ‘It is for that I have come.’

Then she said, ‘May’st thou shine like the sun!’

Then he goes to the next, and she says to him, ‘May’st thou be a philosopher!’ In a word, they endowed him with forty gifts. And he fled and returned to the Dhrako, who, when he saw him, said, ‘Well done! Now we are all right, you only lack a beautiful wife. In the nearest city is a beautiful Princess who sets a task, and the task is this: She has a ring which is hung on the roof of the tower, and whoso is able to leap up and seize the ring, may marry her; but if he fails she cuts off his head. And already many Princes and King’s sons have decorated the tower with their heads, and but one is wanting to finish a tower. So now let us go and fulfil this condition; and if perchance thou art afraid of the leap, do but jump upwards and I will give the ring into thine hand, and we will win the Princess. And give no heed to the people who, when they see such a youth, will say, “For God’s sake, leap not! Lose not so unjustly thy beautiful young life!” but do as I have told thee.’

Then he presented the Prince with a mare all golden from head to foot, and with trappings of diamonds—a wonder to behold; and she was so swift that she went like the wind. They mounted her, and, as soon as you could wink your eye, they found themselves outside that city, when the Wild Man disappeared, and the Prince was left alone. The people stared at them, and knew not which to admire more, the mare or the Prince. When the Princess saw such a handsome youth, she lost her senses; and all prayed God that the Prince might win, and marry the Princess; and on the other hand they pitied his youth, and begged him not to attempt the task.

The Prince, however, heeded them not, but thought of what the Wild Man had said to him. And he hastened to the tower, and all the crowd followed him, weeping and crying, 'The poor Prince!' When he arrived at the tower, and saw how high it was, his courage failed; but he was ashamed to show it, and said to himself, 'Come with thy prayers, my mother!' And he took a leap, and found the ring in his hand.

Then was their lamentation changed into laughter and joy! And the King said they should be married that very evening. But the Wild Man presently said to the Prince, 'Do not be married this evening, but betrothed only, for thy father has been dead six months, and another has come forward to claim the kingdom, and on the morrow thou must set out, for there is no time to be lost.'

So he told the King that he had such and such business on hand. Then he took the ring which he had got down, and gave his to the Princess, and when they had said farewell to each [other, he went away. Mounting his mare, he was soon in his native country, and he hastened to the palace and asked for his mother. The servants told him that since the death of the King of blessed memory, the Queen had covered herself with seven black veils, and would see no man.

'And so,' they said, 'we cannot tell you where she is.' (For how should they know, poor things, that he was the Prince?)

He begged them [to let him go in] because he had a secret to tell the Queen, which would do her good to learn. He begged so hard that they relented, and went to tell the Queen. And when the Prince saw his mother's chamber, he rushed in and cried, 'Queen! I am thy son!'

Without seeing him at all, she said, 'Go, and good luck go with you, my boy, you drive me mad every hour with my son!—"My boy is found, and to-morrow he will be seen on the road!"'

'Am I not, mother mine, the Prince, whose father of blessed memory sent the Monk to find the Wild Man; and one day I was playing with the golden apple, and it fell into the cage, and I took the key and opened it, and the Wild Man escaped?'

'[Those are] things that have happened, my boy, and thou hast heard, and repeatest them.'

'Am I not he whom thou didst embrace and didst save from my father, and didst send to a foreign land, because my father had made an oath to kill me?'

'[Those are] things that have happened, my boy; and thou hast learnt and repeatest them.'

'Am I not that Prince into whose shoes thou didst put a hundred sequins that I might finish my studies?'

When the Queen heard these words, she cast off her black coverings, and threw herself on his neck, saying, 'Thou art my son! O live, my Light! Thou hast come back safely! Thou art my Consolation!' and much besides.

When it was known in the town that the real Prince had come back, the people ran to meet him, and made great rejoicings and displays; and the Prince had no concern save the grief of his mother, who was still sorrowing for the King. After a few days they allowed him to go with his mother to take the air. And they went to fetch the Princess who, while the Prince delayed, stood wasting like a candle, for she thought he did not love her. But when she heard that the Prince had returned with his mother, she was like to burst with joy. And the King ran, and the Twelve ran, and

small and great ran to welcome the Prince. And when they had led them to the palace, they crowned them,^a and again there was staring and wondering!

When the wedding and the rejoicings came to an end, the Prince took his mother and the Princess, bade adieu to his father-in-law, and returned to his own kingdom. When they arrived, the Wild Man appeared, and told the Prince to give him fifty camels to bring away the treasure [from the cave]. So he takes the camels, and goes and lades them all with sequins, and brings them to the palace, and remains there himself. And the Prince at last begins to enjoy his life.

But, behold you, a time comes when the other kings learn that he has wealth and gear, and they envy him; and seven Kings and seven Princes come against him and soldiers without number, to fight against him, and to take from him his towns, and his treasures, and his wife.

When the Prince heard this, he, too, began to get ready. But what could he do against so many soldiers? And so his heart quaked with the fear of losing his kingdom. Then the Wild Man said to him, 'Thou hast me, and yet thou art afraid! And not only with regard to this matter, but whatever may happen, let it not even make thine ear sweat! For so long as the Wild Man lives, thou needest neither raise soldiers, nor do anything but amuse thy sweet one.'

So the Prince took courage, and troubled himself no more as to whether he was at war or not. And when his good Wild Man knew that the enemy had come quite close to the town, he arose and went and fell upon them, first on this hand and then on the other, till he had destroyed them all. Then he took the seven Kings

^a With the marriage crowns.

and the seven Princes, and bound them, and brought them before the Prince, and said, 'Here are thine enemies, do with them as thou wilt !'

Then they began to weep, and to beg the Prince not to kill them, and they would pay him tribute every year. Then the Prince had pity on them, and said, 'Be off, I give you your lives ! But truly ye shall, each one of you, pay me so much tribute every year.'

Then he released them, and they fell down and did homage to him as to their superior, and each one went about his business. And so the Prince became, as the Wild Man had promised, the greatest King in the world, and feared no one. And so he lived happily, and more than happily. And we more happily still !

THE LORD OF UNDEREARTH.⁴⁷

Milos.

(Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα, Α. Ι.)

ONCE upon a time there was a poor old man, and one day he set off to gather firewood. He went and gathered a small quantity, and brought it back with him to the village. On the road, feeling tired, he sat down at a certain spot, and heaving a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, he cried, '*Och oïmé* and *allí-mono*^a (O dear me, and alackaday)!' He had no sooner said the words than lo! there stood before him a Negro, who said,

'What dost thou want of me?'

The poor old man was frightened, and he answered, 'I want nothing, I did not call thee!'

Then the Negro asked him, 'Hast thou any daughters?'

'I have three,' replied the old man.

'To-morrow morning thou must bring me here the eldest.'

Early the next morning the old man took his eldest daughter to that spot. The Negro came up and took her and led her to a place where there were great palaces and gardens exceedingly beautiful. At noon, when it was time to eat, the Negro laid the table for her, and served to her a man's foot all rotten and alive with worms, and said to her, 'If thou wilt eat that foot thou shalt marry the Lord of the Underearth, otherwise I will take thee back to thy father.'

^a The first two syllables of the last word are pronounced *Alí*, which happened to be the Negro's name. See Vol. I., Annot. No. 23.

The bare sight of the foot made the poor girl sick ; and presently, when the Negro had gone away, she took it and threw it into the ashpit. By and by the Negro came back to clear the table, and he called out, ' Little foot of mine, little foot of mine, where art thou ?'

' In the ashpit, where my lady threw me !' it replied.

Then said the Negro, ' Come, my girl, I will take thee back to thy father, for thou art not for us.'

He takes and gives her back to her father, and says to him, ' Bring me the second !'

The next day the old man leads the second to him. The Negro takes her too down below, and spreads a table for her. But instead of food he gives her a worm-eaten human hand to eat. Not to make a long story of it, when she too had thought about it a little while, she took it and threw it into the ashpit. The Negro comes back again, clears the table, and calls to the hand, ' Little hand of mine, little hand of mine ! where art thou ?'

' In the ashpit, where my lady threw me !'

Then the Negro takes her, too, back to her father, and tells him to bring his third daughter. The next day the old man brought the third to him. The Negro takes her, seats her too at the table, and instead of food he gives her a stinking human stomach to eat, and says to her, ' If thou art capable of eating that, thou shalt have for thy husband the Lord of the Underearth, otherwise thou, too, shalt go where thy sisters have gone.'

The girl, who was cunning, answered him,

' At your orders, my Negro ; if you will only bring me two or three cloves, and a little cinnamon to season the stomach with, I will eat it.'

So the Negro brought her the stomach, and the cloves

and the cinnamon. She set to, and seasoned it and plastered it upon her own stomach, and tied it there with her girdle. When the Negro came to clear the table, he called,

‘My stomach, my stomach, where art thou?’

‘In^a the stomach of my lady,’ it replied.

Then the Negro was glad, and she was to him both light and eyesight. The poor girl, however, never saw her husband, because in the evening, when she had eaten, the Negro gave her coffee, and in the coffee there was sleep. And so she slept, and when the Lord of the Underearth came to sleep, she knew it not. And so the time passed. But one day her sisters, when they saw that the Negro did not bring her back, took into their heads to go and see what she was doing down below there. They told the old man, and he came to the place and called,

‘*Och oimé!* and *allímono!*’ and lo! there was the Negro again!

Then the old man says to him, ‘My children miss their sister; if it is possible, allow them to see her.’

The Negro replies, ‘Bring them here to-morrow.’

In the morning the old man brought them, and the Negro took them and led them to their sister. She received them with great joy, and when they were sat down and had talked of this and that, one of them said to the youngest,

‘My dear sister, you think the Negro is your husband, while all the time you have a most handsome young man; but you never see him because the Negro gives to you every evening [a draught of] sleep. To-night, however, when he gives you the coffee, throw it away secretly; and when he comes to sleep with you he has a

^a The Greek words *ἡ τῆν* signify equally *in the* or *on the*.

key in his navel—turn that key and thou wilt see the whole world!’

When the wicked sisters had said this, they went away.

In the evening, she threw away the coffee, and then pretended to be asleep. The Negro took her up, and laid her in her bed. In a little while she sees an exceedingly handsome young man come into the chamber and lie down on the bed. When he let her alone and went to sleep, she, like a wise and prudent woman, took and turned the key which was in his navel, and what did she see?—Constantinople, Smyrna, and all the world! There she saw, too, an old woman washing her yarn in a river, and the water was carrying some of it away unknown to the old woman.

Then the poor girl forgot where she was, and she cried, ‘Old woman, old woman! the river is carrying away thy yarn!’

When the youth heard in his sleep these cries, he awoke, and said to her, ‘*Skýla*, turn the key, for thou hast lost me!’

Then she was afraid, and turned the key. ‘But in the morning the Lord of the Underearth said to his Negro, ‘Take her and cut off two hairs from her head, and put them in a basin of water, and watch them day and night, and when thou seest them sink, tell me. Give her a piece of bread and send her away.’

As his master bade him, so did the Negro. The unlucky girl took her piece of bread and went away. She went on, and on, till she came upon a shepherd, and said to him,

‘Wilt thou, happy man, give me thy clothes, and take mine?’

‘With pleasure,’ replied the shepherd.

She put on the shepherd’s clothes, and left. When she had gone a long way, she came to a great city, and cried in the streets,

‘’Tis I who am the good servant! ’Tis I who am the good servant!’

The King of the city hearing him, and seeing that he was well built and clean, took him for his servant. He asked him what he was called, and he said, ‘Yiánni.’

But in time, and for Yiánni’s sins, the Queen fell in love with him. One day the King was going out hunting, and took Yiánni with him. When they had gone half way on their road, the King discovered that he had left his watch behind, and he said to him, ‘My good Yiánni, I have forgotten my watch. Run back and bring it to me, but go softly into the chamber in order not to waken your lady.’

So Yiánni turned back, and went softly into the chamber. But his lady was awake, and was still in bed. She threw herself upon him in order to satisfy her wicked desires. Yianni resisted her, and in the struggle she scratched him with her nails, and made the poor fellow’s face all in a mess with the blood. Finally he escaped from her, seized the watch of his lord, and fled. When he overtook him, and his master saw his face all over blood, he asked, ‘I say, Yiánni, what has happened to thee?’

Said he, ‘I passed, *Affendi*, through a place full of brambles, and from my hurry to overtake you, I got scratched.’

In the evening they returned again to the palace, but the Queen was in a wild-beast rage with Yiánni, and she said to the King,

‘To-day, my King, it is a wonder that you find me

living, for you sent that wretch to bring your watch, and he came to shame me who was still in bed ; and I, poor thing, like a weak woman, I fought against him with my nails, and made his face as you see it, and drove him forth.'

When the King heard these words, he determined to call together all the Princes of his country, and before them to hang Yiánni. The appointed day arrived, and all the people were gathered beneath the palace where they were going to hang him. Then the Negro called to the Lord of Underearth, 'My lord, come ! for the hairs are beginning to sink !'

Then the Lord of Underearth hastened and mounted his horse, and galloped with all four [legs], and from afar he made signs that they should wait. The Queen who was in the gallery of the palace and saw him, told them to wait a little, for there was coming one in great haste. They waited until he came up, but when he was come, he asked, 'Why are you hanging that man ?'

Then the Queen, without allowing anyone else to speak, said, 'My Prince, that wretched man wished to put me to shame.'

Then said the Lord of Underearth, 'And if this man is a woman, what shall we do to you, my lady ?'

'Then let them hang me,' replied the Queen.

The Lord of Underearth lost no time, but tore the clothes that covered Yiánni's chest, and immediately the bosom of a woman was seen.

'Now say, my lords, shall I tear down any farther ?'

'No, so far is enough,' said the King. Then they let the Lord of the Underearth take away Yiánni, and the wicked Queen they hanged.

I was not there, and neither were you, so you need not believe it !

THE TWO COBBLERS.⁴⁸

Syra.

(VON HAHN, *Νεοελληνικά Παραμύθια*, p. 227.

GOOD-EVENING!—and here begins my story!

Once upon a time there were two brothers who were shoemakers, and both were very poor. Finally, in order to earn a living, they made up their minds to travel in search of work. The wife of the one was wise and prudent, and she advised her husband to take any work that might come in his way, even if it were but for a halfpenny, or even a farthing, rather than sit idle. The other was a vain and silly woman, and she said to her husband, 'In whatsoever place thou may'st be, mind and never waste thy time working for one or two piastres; if thou gettest not five, don't work!'

So the two husbands set off on their travels. The one always asked for five piastres, and if he did not get it, he would not work, and so he did not prosper. The other also asked for five piastres, but when he did not get it, he took what he could get, and, by-and-by, with the blessing of God, he had new clothes and three hundred piastres^a—at that time three hundred piastres was a large sum!

One day the two brothers met. The do-nothing, when he saw his brother so well off, said, 'How art thou, brother, hast thou earned anything?'

'Little by little,' he replied, 'I have made three hundred piastres.'

'Well, I can only say that it was not my luck to find work.'

^a About £2 14s.

His brother gave him a little money, and they started to go to Syra. When they had gone some distance, says the do-nothing, 'I will ask thee a riddle.'

'Ask away.'

Says he, 'Which wins, truth or falsehood?'

'Truth, of course!'

'No,' says he, 'falsehood. If truth wins, I will give thee a hundred piastres; but if falsehood, thou must give me a hundred.'

The other does not know the riddle; but, not to quarrel with his brother, he consents. Presently there appears before them Satan in the form of a man. They ask him, 'Which wins, truth or falsehood?'

'Falsehood,' he replies.

Says the do-nothing, 'Give me my hundred piastres!'

What could he do? He takes them out and gives them to him. To make a long story short, with two other tricks of the same kind he eases him of the remaining two hundred; and, finally, he puts out his eyes, leaves him in a cave, and goes away. He goes to the town. His brother's wife asks him, 'But where is my husband?'

'Ouf!' he replies, 'he is a drunkard, an idle fellow. He would not take any work that came, but would have his five piastres.'

Says she, '*Bré!* But I advised him to take any work that came in his way.'

Let us leave this fellow in Syra, and return to his brother, who was lying blinded in the cave. There he remained, and wept, and wept. In the evening, towards midnight, he heard a great noise, and shouting, and cursing, and there came into the cave a troop of Nereids and sat them down—for this was their haunt—and began to relate their adventures.

The first said, 'Do you know what I have done to-day. I made the King of Constantinople a leper. And thou?'

'I made a mother throw her living child into a cauldron of boiling water. And thou?'

'I caused a man to take three hundred piastres from his brother, and put out his eyes. And thou?'

'I made one brother kill another.'

And so one told her doings, and another hers. Said the one who made the mother to throw her child into boiling water, 'I have done good work!'

Then the two who had made the King a leper, and made the man put out his brother's eyes said, 'Yes, indeed, thou hast done a good deed; thou hast sent a soul to heaven! And thou boasteth of it, forsooth! We will tell thee what we did to torment them.'

Said the one who had made a man kill his brother, 'Thou hast done well to torment them! If they only knew, they would come to the fountain outside here to bathe, and the leper would be whole, and the blind would see.'

And so they went on talking all night; and in the morning they arose and went away. The poor blind man, whom by God's mercy the Nereids had not discovered, got up in the morning, and after a little search he found the fountain, in which he bathed his eyes, and again saw the light. He then bethought him of the King of Constantinople, and finding a potsherd on the road, he filled it with water and set off for the city. He went to the palace and asked to see the King. The guards go and tell the King.

Says he, 'Let him come in!'

He goes in, and says to the King, 'My King, lie down!'

The King lay down, and he took and washed him, and the leprosy fell from him, and he was healed. The King embraced him, and kissed him, and said to him, 'I will give thee the half of my kingdom, and make thee my Vizier!'

'No thank you, my King, for I have a wife and children and want to go home to them.'

So as he would not, the King loaded twelve camels with gold coins and sent him home with them. When his wife saw him, she lost control of herself with joy. Said she, '*Bré!* they told me that thou hadst become a beggar and a do-nothing!'

Said he, 'Never mind, my brother was playing thee a joke.' But he told her nothing more.

Now his brother was spending his time in coffee-houses and taverns, and did no work whatever, but spent his three hundred piastres. And his brother gave him money two or three times. Then an idea came into his head. '*Bré!*' said he to himself, 'this fellow, as he gives me money, must have plenty!—but where did he get it?'

He went one day to his brother, and said to him, 'Thou knowest what I did to thee?—tell me where didst thou get back thy sight, and so much money?'

Well, he sits down and tells him.

Says he, 'Wilt not do me the favour to take me to that same place, and put out my eyes, and perhaps I also may find riches?'

So they go, and he puts out his eyes, but not as he had done, from malice. He leaves him in the same cave and goes away. During the night the Nereids come again, and begin to talk one to the other, and the other to another. One striking her forehead says, '*Bré!* Do you know that that blind man re-

covered his sight, and the King of Constantinople was cured? There must be someone who listens! Let us search!

So they search, and soon find our good man, and make mincemeat of him. And his brother remained with his wife, and they lived happily. And we more happily still!^a

^a The conclusion of this story recalls the tale of 'Alí Baba and the Forty Thieves.' A still closer parallel to that Oriental favourite exists in 'The Two Brothers and the Forty-nine Dhrakos.' As it has already been translated into English (GELDART, *Folklore of Modern Greece*), it is not given here. The original is to be found in the Νεοελληνικά 'Ανάλεκτα.

THE PUZZLED HERMIT.⁴⁹

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, B. 2.)

THERE was once an old man who lived as a hermit for forty years, and knew nothing whatever of what the world was doing. At last he took it into his head to go down to the city to see and to hear what was happening. So he sets out, your Honours, from his cell, and goes, and goes, and goes, and at last he stops at a well outside the city. He takes off his wallet, and eats, and drinks. Then lo! there comes up a man, and says to him,

‘On this spot nine hundred and ninety-nine [heads] have I already cut off, there is but one lacking to make a thousand, and that one shall be thine!’

The poor old Monk was so frightened, that he could neither cross himself nor go backwards nor forwards. The other drew his sword and was about to fall upon him, when he burst in the onset. Then the old Monk crossed himself; he dug a grave and buried him in it, and then went and hid himself in a hollow tree to see what would happen next. Thence he saw a rich man ride up to the well on horseback. He had abundance, and ate, and as he went to the well to drink there fell from him a purse, but he did not see it. He left it, mounted his horse, and went away.

Then he saw a beggar come up, and sit down by the well to rest. He saw the purse, picked it up, and went away. Afterwards came another beggar and sat down by the well, and was eating his food, when lo! there falls on him the man who had lost the purse.

‘*Moré* !^a what hast done with my purse of money which I dropped here ?’

‘By my Christ and my Virgin, I am a Christian, and have only just arrived here.’

‘Thou, *Moré*, hast taken it !’ and he cut his head off.

The Monk cudgelled his brains : ‘That the murderer should burst was well ; but that one should lose, and another find, and a third lose his head—I cannot understand why that should be !’

Then he beholds as it were a Man with Wings, who says to him, ‘Why hast thou left thy monastery and come here to see things that torment thee, and cause thee to forget the wisdom of God ? I am an Angel and God has sent me to interpret these things to thee. The murderer burst because he had committed so many crimes, and so that he should not be able to commit any more.’

‘Well,’ says the Hermit, ‘but why should one man lose, and another find, and a third have his head cut off ?’

‘Wait, let us take one at a time. He who lost the purse, had made the money by selling the field of a poor widow. He who found it was the widow’s brother, and the money will go back to its owners. He who had his head cut off was sent as a spy with orders to set a whole city on fire, and it was better that he alone should be lost. But now return to thy cell, and long no more for worldly things.’ And he flew up into heaven.

‘I praise Thee, O God, great art Thou, O Lord, and marvellous are Thy works !’ exclaimed the old man, and he returned to his cell, and left it no more.

^a ‘I say !’ ‘Fellow !’ ‘You there !’ etc., vocative of *μωρός*.

THE STINGY WOMAN.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ανάλεκτα*, B. 26.)

THERE was once a woman who would not have given a drop of water even to the Angels. If a beggar came to her door she would cry, 'Get away, we have nothing.' When she died she went straight to hell; and her daughter was afraid, and she sold all that they had, and gave the money to the poor; and then she set out with prayers and entreaties to seek her mother.

On the road she met a little Old Man like a Hermit—it was the Lord Christ.

'Give thee good day, and bless thee! Where art thou going?'

'I am going to seek my mother.'

Said he, 'Follow me; but whatever strange thing thou mayest see, speak no word.'

They walked on, and on. It grew dark. As night fell they found themselves near the dwelling of a poor widow.

'If thou art a Christian open to us, and let us pass the night here.'

'I have no accommodation for you, but I will do my best.'

She leads them upstairs, takes a panful of flour, which was all that she had in the kitchen, puts some of it into a dish, mixes it with oil, makes it into cakes, and says, 'Come and eat this makeshift, for bread I have none.'

When they had eaten, she spread for them what mattresses she had, and they slept. The next morning

they left, and travelled all day, and night overtook them near a wealthy house.

Said he, 'If ye be Christians, give us shelter for the night!'

'Hearest thou that?' Men and women came hurrying down, they awoke their children and made the travellers comfortable. In the morning Christ said, 'Come all of you out of the house.'

'But why?'

'Come out quickly, for the house will tumble down!'

'But don't you see that it is not at all out of repair?'

'Why will you delay?'

As soon as they were all out, down came the house in a heap. Christ went away from thence, left them on the five highways, and took with him the maiden.

The poor woman wondered much as they went along the road, but said not that he had made it crumble, for fear of the consequences. So all day long they journeyed and came at night to a house where they were well received.

'As we rest, so shall you,' they said.

Said Christ, 'Let all sleep.'

They go upstairs. It was a little house in which there was not room to turn round. A baby lay in a cradle in the corner. Sleep overtook them as soon as they had laid down. Before the dawn Christ arose, he took the soul of the child, aroused the girl, and they left. Again they journeyed all day, and night overtook them outside a wealthy house.

'Let us sleep to-night in your house, for we are weary!'

'Come in and welcome,' was the reply. They bring them upstairs, serve them with dainty food on golden

dishes and silver trays. Afterwards they spread for them soft beds to lie upon.

In the morning Christ arose, took the silver trays and the golden dishes, went to the window and threw them into the street. He awoke the girl and they left before their hosts were up, and took to the road, she still at a loss to understand these strange doings; but, as you know, she was under a promise not to ask questions. At night they again found themselves before a house and it was hailing.

‘*Amān!* for the love of God, let us come up and sleep, that we may not get wet!’

‘Go away, we have no guest-chamber.’

‘*Moré!* if you are Christians!’

‘You disturb our rest!’

‘Out of your store!’

‘There is a fowl-house below, go in there, and unburden yourselves.’

What could they do? They went in. One of the walls was ruined and ready to fall, and Christ was so kind as to support it all night standing erect, and did not close his eyes. In the morning he set to work, made the wall new and solid, and went away again with the girl along the high road. She, however, could contain herself no longer.

‘But, good Father!’ she cried, ‘what are all these wonders? Till now I have sewn up my mouth, though I have been sorely tried. Instead of showing me my mother, you took me to the widow’s dwelling, and she had but a panful of flour and one jar of oil. We ate of them, and we left, and thou helpedst her not at all who would have no food for the next day. And we went to another house, thou didst ruin it, and left them on the five highways. And we went to a meaner one where

they had an only child, and thou didst bear away his soul. And we went to a lordly house, and thou didst throw away the silver tray and the golden vessel. And to an inhospitable house we went where they would have left us to perish, and thou didst set up their wall.'

Christ laughed. 'Thou art but simple, and I will not call thee to account. The widow whom thou thinkest that I left without bread to eat for the next day, I blessed so that her pan should be always full of flour, and her jar of oil run like a fountain for ever. The house I threw down had a treasure hidden under it, and when they went to take out the furniture and the chests they found it. Again, the child whose soul I took away, had he lived, would have become a bad man, the scourge of his kinsfolk. The silver tray and the golden cup I threw away were gotten unjustly from a widow with a family; and they passed by and found them. The crazy wall again of the uncharitable people had within it a treasure, and in order that it might not fall and they find it, I built it up; it is better that their descendants find it. Come now, and I will show thee thy mother—but wilt thou know her when thou seest her?'

'Of course.'

'But take care that thou touch her not.'

They go on, and on, and he brings her to Paradise, where the sweet scents cause her to exclaim, '*Ikhitès!* I think I must have died and risen again!'

'Search about and see if she is here.'

The girl wanders first in one direction and then in another, sees many strange persons under the trees by the brooks, but seeks her mother in vain. She turns back, and says, 'I cannot find her.'

'But hast thou looked well?'

‘I have.’

Thence he takes her to Hell, where there were evil odours, and stenchs, and cauldrons with lurid fires under them, and they were boiling. The girl looks and sees her in one of the cauldrons, and, horrified, she ran to her and took hold of her. But as she touched her, her hand turned black from the flames, and remained crippled.

When Christ saw this, he said, ‘Did I not warn thee not to touch her? Follow me now.’

He took her to a place where there was a river which ran with the Water of Life,⁹ and said, ‘Put in thine hand.’

When she had put it in, it became whole, and then he said to her, ‘Seest thou what thy mother suffers, because she was wicked? No one can save her now. But be thou glad at heart, and go home to thy house, and pray God to keep thee ever as thou art now.’

Then he brought her down from the Upper World, near her dwelling, and left her—alone. And she passed her days in prayer and supplication, and her soul had health.

THE MISERLY SHEPHERD.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ανάλεκτα*, B. 9.)

THERE was once a shepherd who had a thousand head of cattle—sheep, goats, and oxen; and he sold in the town all his *megíthra*^a cheese, his curds, his milk, and his cream-cheeses, and amassed much wealth. But he never would allow himself to take home so much as one milk-cheese, or one cream-cheese on a feast-day, not even on Sexagesima Sunday, nor at Easter, so that his wife and children might eat; but gave them only plain boiled herbs, sow-thistles, succory, and such like. His wife would sometimes say to him,

‘But, really, husband, so many sheep as we have, and never to have meat on a feast-day! Others have no sheep, and buy meat; and we, who have, never taste it.’

‘My good wife, a cream-cheese sells for ten piastres, meat or no meat, and the money is ours.’

When Christmas-day dawned, the woman said to her husband, ‘At least you will bring us a milk-cheese!’

‘The smallest milk-cheese weighs thirty drachms, and is worth half a piastre. Is it not better to put it into the purse than to squander it?’ he replied. And what could the poor woman do when he would bring her nothing?

^a A round flat cheese, about an inch in thickness, made from sheep’s milk.

On the morning of another feast-day, she said, 'At least you will cut half a cheese and bring it?'

'But, wife, don't you understand that half a cheese is worth ten *paras*?'

The wife was patient. The shepherd in time found himself the owner of purses full of money. When he fell ill and was about to die, he gave orders that the money was to be buried with him, and left nothing for the poor, as a Christian should. All regretted that so much wealth should be wasted, but what could they do when he had willed it so? So they put it in the grave. The gravediggers regretted the purses too, and planned to go at night, open the grave, and take them out.

So at midnight they went, when everyone was asleep, and opened the grave, when what should they see but devils with horns who had hold of the purses, and kicked the dead man on the head. So terrified were the gravediggers that with one accord they abandoned their project, and each ran to his own house and died of fright.

THE LITTLE DOG'S WARNING.

THE shepherd's brother was just such another [miser]. His wife said to him: 'Do buy some clothes for our child so that we may take him to church!' But not he; and his wife, too, was all in rags. If you say they had no money it would be a sin; but it was the Devil's will he was doing.

One day, as he was going through the shambles—not to buy anything, God forbid! his road lay that way only—he saw a little dog which two sheep-dogs were worrying. Pitying it, he raised his stick, drove away the sheep-dogs, and saved the little dog, which followed

him out of gratitude. The miser goes home, and his wife asks him, 'What dog is that?'

'Well, I saved it from two sheep-dogs who were worrying it, and it has followed me.'

The dog fed on what herbs it could find, and frisked about for happiness; but after a day or two the man began to grudge the food it ate. Then there came two men from the King, and they asked him to take the dog as a present to him, and he would receive a *bakshish*.

'*Bravo*,' said he, when he heard of the *bakshish*. So he goes and says to his wife, '*Moré*, but we are lucky! The dog that we were tired of, because it required food, the King has sent and asked for.'

So he takes the dog and follows the men. On the road the dog calls softly to his master, and says to him, 'Take no *bakshish*; but if they wish to give you one, say that you only desire that which you deserve.'

So he followed the men, and they led him into a golden palace. It was the palace of the Devil, but how was he to know that? They brought him into the presence of the big Devil who was sitting on a golden seat set with diamonds, and he gave the little dog into his hands, and saluted him. Then he called the big *Diabola*, and she came out and sat on another seat; and he told the man to sit on another opposite them. And when he had thanked him many times, he said, 'What gift desirest thou of me?'

The man remembered the little dog's counsel, and replied, 'I want nothing.'

'That cannot be.'

'Then I desire only that which I deserve.'

What a rage the Devil was in when he found that he could not destroy him, as he asked for nothing! But

as he could do nothing, he said, 'Go thy ways—thou hast already what thou deservest !'

The man returned home. He bought clothes for his children and for his wife, and gave them good food, so that his children said to him, 'Now you are a good daddy.' He gave alms to the poor, and so he lived well. And he who might have been boiled in the pitch at last went to Paradise.

CHRIST'S EXORCISM.⁵⁰

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 6.)

WHILE Christ was on earth, he wandered about the world like a poor man, that he might see the hearts of every one, who was good and who was bad. There lived then a couple and the man was good, but the woman bad. Christ passed by this house and divined that the woman was not good, for he saw that she was shrewish. So he went in, and begged her to receive him, as he was a stranger, and poor. She grumbled a little, but afterwards what should happen, but that she put him in the stable.

'Stay there,' she said, 'till my husband comes home, for I have nowhere to lodge thee.'

So Christ remained there as she bade him. Just then a neighbour brought the housewife a plate of beans very nicely cooked. After a little while the husband came home, and the housewife told him that a poor man had come, and that she had put him in the stable.

'Bless you,' said her husband, 'was he a stranger man, and you did not bring him into the house?'

'*Bá!* how should I put such a man at my table!' cried she. 'See, these few beans which have been brought to us.'

What could her husband do? To escape her grumbings he let her alone, and she heated the oil to make the pilaf. Then she gave him the beans and a piece of bread. When he had well eaten, he asked, 'Where shall he sleep?'

Said the woman, 'There, on the bedstead. We will give him, too, a stone for pillow.'

'No, wife,' said the husband, 'that will not do!'

'It matters not, it matters not,' said Christ, and so he lay down on the bare bedstead. During the night, however, the woman was seized with a colic.—(It must be understood that Christ caused this miracle.)—The guest heard many people coming and going to her assistance, and asked, 'What is the matter? I hear a disturbance, a coming and going—what is it?'

'*Ná*, my wife is not well,' said the good man, 'and cried out from pain. I don't know what to do, she is going to give up the ghost.'

'Let me go and see. I know an exorcism and have cured many,' said the guest.

'Come, then, good man, you too, and see if you can cure her; ever so many neighbours have tried, but have failed.'

Then Christ went, and made the exorcism; he cured the woman, and then vanished. All understood that it was Christ. From that time the woman became less shrewish.



CLASS II.
SOCIAL FOLK-STORIES :

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF VILLAGE LIFE ;
ANTENUPTIAL, FAMILY AND COMMUNAL.

SECTION (I.)
STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF ANTENUPTIAL
LIFE.

CROWS' LANGUAGE.

Constantinople.

(Νεοελληνικὰ Ανάλεκτα, Α. 5.)

ONCE upon a time there was a Prince who was anxious to marry, but he wanted to find a maiden who knew how to speak the Crows' language. Every day there came offers [of their daughters] from great Kings, but he would none of them, for they did not know the Crows' language as he required. Being melancholy and in despair, he took his gun, and went out to shoot to rid himself of his heartache. From morning till evening he roamed, and thought not of his shooting, but how he was to find a woman to his taste, At last, towards supper time, as he was going up a hillside, he saw

before him an old man and a maiden who seemed to be his daughter, and they were going up the same hill. They go on in front and he follows softly behind them. He hears the girl say to the old man,

‘Father, put your feet on your shoulders, we shall then walk faster.’

‘What sayst thou, my child? How can I put my feet on my shoulders?’

‘Why, I don’t mean your feet, father, I mean—take off your shoes and carry them on your shoulder, your feet will then be free and you will walk faster.’

The Prince, following behind, heard the girl’s words, and they rejoiced somewhat his sad heart. After a little while, the girl said to the old man,

‘Father, help me, and I will help thee, so that we may walk the faster, for it is night already.’

‘Why, my girl, how can I help thee, who am an old man?’

‘I don’t mean that, my father, I mean—talk to me and I will talk to thee to pass the time.’

When the Prince heard this, he again rejoiced greatly, and made up his mind that, as it was already dark, he would go to the cottage to which they were going. In a little while he sees a cottage on the mountain towards which the old man went with his daughter. He let them go in, and afterwards went in himself suddenly and silently.

‘Good evening to your worships,’ said he to them.

The girl replied, ‘We had, but we have lost, and again we shall get.’ (The Prince thought she meant they had no dog to bark, but the maiden meant that they had had a dog and had lost it, but would get another.) ‘Welcome, and sit down, *Affendi*.’

‘I will remain and pass the night here, with your

permission, for darkness has overtaken me while shooting.'

'Stay and welcome.'

At the far end of the cottage sat an old woman, the mother, weaving cloth, and round about her were her little children, naked and barefooted.

'O,' said the Prince, 'see the little unglazed pitchers!'

The girl at once replied, 'Here is clay to glaze them with' (that is to say, the Prince meant that the naked and barefooted children resembled unglazed jars, and the girl meant that the mother was weaving cloth for the naked children).

As there was not much food, the old man told them to kill a cock, and when it was cooked, they sat down to table. The girl arose and cut up the cock, and she gave to her father the head, to her mother the frame, to the Prince the wings, and to the children the flesh. When the old man saw his daughter's division of it, he turned and looked at his wife, for he was ashamed to speak before the guest. Afterwards, when they were going to rest, the old man said to his daughter,

'Why, my child! How badly you divided the cock! The guest will go to bed hungry!'

'*Ach!* my father, hast thou not understood that either? Wait a moment, and I will give you to understand: The head of the cock I gave to thee, as thou art the head of the house; to our mother I gave the frame, for is she not the frame of the house; the wings to our guest, for to-morrow he will take wing and depart; the flesh to us children, for in truth we are the flesh of the house. Do you understand now, my good father?'

Now the chamber in which the maiden talked with her father adjoined that in which their guest was sleep-

ing—the Prince, as we may say. The Prince heard all the story, and was filled with joy, and said to himself that this was just the woman he was in search of, for she knew how to speak Crows' language.

When morning came, he took leave of them, and rose and went away. When he arrived at his palace, he called his servant, and gave him thirty-one loaves, a whole cheese, a cock stuffed and roasted, and a skin of wine, put them all in a sack, and directed him to the mountain and the cottage where the Prince himself had lodged, [told him] to take them there and give them to a maiden about eighteen years old.

The servant took the sack, and arose and set off to do his master's bidding. But with your pardon, my ladies, I forgot to tell you this: Before the servant left, the Prince told him to repeat these words to the girl—'Many many greetings from my master, who told me to say to you "The month has thirty-one [days], the moon is full, the crower of the dawn is roasted and stuffed, and the buck's skin is as tight as a fiddle-string."'

The servant set out for the cottage. On his road he met some friends of his.

'Good day, Micháeli, where art going so heavily laden, and what is thy burden?'

'I am going to a cottage on the mountain to which my master has sent me.'

'And what hast got inside there?—the smell of it tickles our nostrils.'

'This is what I've got—bread, cheese, wine, and roast cock, which my master has given me to take to a poor woman.'

'I say! Sit down, my good fellow, and let us eat a bit—how should thy master know? Let us sit down.'

So they sat down on the green mountain-side and began to eat. The more they ate the greater became their appetites, until the rascals had finally cleared off thirteen loaves, half a cheese, the whole of the fowl, and nearly half the wine. When they had well eaten and drunk, the servant took up the remainder, and went on his way to the cottage. When he arrived he found the girl, gave them to her, and told her the words which his master had ordered him to say. When she had taken them, the girl said to him,

‘Say to thy master, “Many many greetings and thanks for all he has sent us; but the month has but eighteen [days], the moon is at the half, the crower of the dawn has not appeared, and the buck’s hide is as loose as loose can be. But, to please the partridge, he must not thrash the pig.’ (She meant that the loaves were but eighteen, the cheese was half gone, the roast cock not there at all, the wine nearly half gone, but, to please the girl, he must not beat the servant, who had failed to bring them entire.)

The servant arose, and set off, and went to the palace. He told the Prince all that the girl had said to him, except the last, which he forgot to say. Then the Prince understood it all, and ordered another servant to lay him down and give him the stick. When the servant had eaten much stick, and his skin began to be sore, he called out, ‘Stop, my lord Prince, stop! and I will tell you something else which the maiden said to me, and I forgot to tell you.’

‘Say quickly, fellow, what thou hast to say!’

‘She said, my lord, that maiden, “but, to please the partridge, don’t beat the pig!”’

‘Ah, idiot!’ said the Prince to him, ‘why didst thou

not say that at first? Then thou wouldst not have eaten stick! Let be, then!

A few days afterwards the Prince took that maiden for his wife, and they had feastings and rejoicings.

I was not there, nor you either, so you needn't believe it.

THE ROVING PRINCE.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελ. Αναλ.*, B. 15.)

THERE was once a Prince who was an only son, and do what they would, his parents could not keep him quiet.^a Whenever the fancy took him he would go out in the evening on horseback raking about, and very often, too, he would want to go quite alone. His parents, lest they should lose his love, finally let him have his own way. One day he rode and rode for many hours far away, and came to a river, where he found a woman and her daughter washing. The Prince said pleasantly, 'Good day, what are you doing?' and they became acquainted.

The next day he went again to the same spot with his horse. When they learnt that he was a King's son, they received him with great ceremony, and said, 'Come into our poor house!' They gave him dried figs, and raisins, and other things, and the youth was pleased, and took out and gave them *liras*, and said, 'I know that you are in need, take them.'

The next day he went again to their house. They were expecting him, and they entertained him well, and showed him both the open and the hidden things. So he got in the habit of going there every evening, and he brought them presents, at one time a dress for the maiden, at another one for the mother, and at another again he gave them gold coins, and again at another as many dresses as he could get (for he was a King's son).

^a Literally 'did not know where to seat him.'

When his parents found out that he visited a washerwoman, they said, 'My son, we will marry thee.'

'Why, father?'

'Because I desire it, my son, the time has come, and I have found thee a bride.'

The Prince submitted and said nothing. They began to make preparations and invited all the city and all the villages—'Whoever wishes to come to the wedding, to the Prince's wedding, may come and welcome!' Consequently, your Honours, the washerwoman and her daughter were invited among the rest. They put on some of the fine clothes which the Prince had given them, and went to the Court. Then they placed in the midst the Prince and his bride ready for the [marriage] blessing. But as the priest was going to crown them with the wedding wreaths, the bride's wreath turned into a snake and wound itself round her head. Then the Prince cried, 'Bring the other who has been pushed aside!' (it was the washerwoman's daughter). And they gave her the marriage blessing, and left the other to her worthlessness.^a And then they held,

'Wedding feasts and banquets gay,
And rejoicings many a day.'

The moral of this story is that everyone has his luck. The luck of the washerwoman's daughter was to marry a King's son. Will they, or nill they, she had to marry him.^b

^a Μπώικα, from the Turkish *bosh*, 'empty,' which since the Crimean War has been adopted into English.

^b See vol. i., Annotations, No. 13.

THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 533.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours !

There was once a King, and he had a very beautiful daughter. All the Princes sent matchmakers to her, but she would none of them. At last her father said she must marry, as she had neither mother nor anyone else. Still she was unwilling, for she was very fond of her father. A summons came to the King to go on a campaign. On leaving, he bade his daughter stay quietly in the palace if she would have his blessing. The Princess had with her her nurse when her father left her and went on a campaign.

The Princess, when her father had gone, sat at the window embroidering. At some distance from her father's palace was the palace of another King. In this palace was a Prince, and when he had finished his duties, he took his spy-glass, and looked at all the country round about. There his glass fell on the window of the Princess. When he had once seen her, he said,

‘Who can she be who is so beautiful?’

He asked, and learnt that she belonged to the other King, and that her father was at the wars. Then he went under her window, and walked up and down to get a closer view of her. Several days passed, but she did not lean out of the window, and so he could not see her, and he was devoured with longing and could not rest. One day, as the Princess was cutting her thread,

her scissors fell into the street. She leaned out to look, and saw a handsome Prince who was holding them in his hand. Then she said to her nurse,

‘Go and fetch my scissors which have fallen into the street.’

He told her [the nurse] that he would take them up himself, for he was a Prince. But the Princess’s nurse said that no man might go in, because the King was absent on a journey; and so he went away sorrowful, for on a closer view she was more beautiful than from a distance. On another day the Princess was twisting silk, and she hung her spindle out of the window to make a long thread. He runs up from afar, cuts the thread, and the spindle falls down. The Princess again leans out and sees the same Prince.

‘*Ouf!*’ said she to her nurse, ‘he is for ever under the window!’

What was she to do? She sent her nurse, and he gave it to her. Afterwards she did not come out to the window. He walked, and walked, up and down, but she did not come out.

What was he to do? He lost his wits [because] he could not see her. He had a friend. ‘I love the Princess,’ he said to him, ‘and don’t know what to do.’

Said he, ‘Build a bath, and send round a crier [to invite] everybody to go during three days to the new bath and bathe, and afterwards your mother must invite all the princesses and viziers’ daughters to bathe, and tell the bathwoman^a she must find means to detain her later than the others, and wash her later, and so she will remain longer in the inner chamber.’^b

^a Τελάλισσα, literally the female crier or messenger who carried the invitations, and afterwards acted in the capacity of bathwoman.

^b Χαλβέτι, from the Turkish *khalvet*, ‘retirement.’

The Prince was pleased with this plan. He set masons to work, and built a splendid bath. One told another, and she told yet another, and it came to the ears of the nurse that the Prince was building the bath for the sake of her mistress, so that he might see her.

The Princess had a dog, very small, but very wide-awake. She said to it one day,

‘Go to the bath which the Prince is building, and when he goes away from the bath, come and tell me what coloured clothes the Prince wears.’

The dog went, and came back and told her that the Prince wore green and gold velvet, and was riding on a white horse. The Princess, without losing time, took clothes of green and gold velvet and put them on, mounted a white horse, went to the bath, and said,

‘I forgot to tell you something.’ She took the architect aside and said to him, ‘Here, in this inner chamber, you must raise this slab, and make a passage from hence to lead to the palace of the other King. But the matter must remain a secret, you must work secretly at night, and if anyone learns that this passage has been made, off go your heads! No one is to know it. Not even to me are you to tell the same—when the passage is finished or anything else; for I shall see when it is finished, and shall thank you without your mentioning it at all.’ She takes out and gives him a bag of sequins, and says to him, ‘That is to pay for the passage.’ And when she had again told him to work in secret, she rose and went away.

She returned to the palace, undressed, put on her women’s clothes, and sat down to her work. Some time passed, and she learnt that the bath was finished, and that people could go and bathe. Says she to the little dog,

‘Go to the bath, and see what clothes the Prince is wearing, and when he leaves, come and tell me.’

The little dog went, watched when the Prince left, and came and said to her, ‘Red and gold velvet, and he rides a [black] horse.’

Without losing time, she put on red and gold velvet clothes, mounted a black horse, and rode to the bath.

She goes in to the bath, sees the architect and beckons to him; he comes up and she asks, ‘Is it finished?’

Says he, ‘Not even the Princess knows of it!’

She gave him a handful of sequins, and says to him, ‘Be silent, and thou shalt not repent it. Say nothing, and forget that thou hast made the passage!’ and she whipped her horse and went off. She returned to the palace, changed, and sat down. When it was dark, she took a lamp, and went down below where she saw a square slab. She raised it, and went straight to the inner chamber of the bath. She saw that it was all right, returned home, and went to sleep. When three days had passed she received an invitation from the Prince’s mother begging her to go and bathe in the bath at the same time as the other noble maidens. So she had to go. She arose and went, and took her nurse, and she went too. She went in; there were other maidens there; they talked and sang, and laughed. Then she noticed that the bathwoman washed all the others and plaited their hair, and said to her, ‘Now, my Princess, now, my lady, have a little patience.’ Then she set to, and washed her, and put lots of soapsuds in her eyes, and washed her. Afterwards she threw water on her eyes, and she looked and saw that all were gone, not one was there. The Prince only she sees coming into the bath, and says to him,

‘Ah, my Prince, wait till I am washed and dressed, and then I am thine!’ And she darted into the inner chamber and locked the door. She lifts up the slab, and in the passage were two pigeons which she had tied there. She puts them in the basin where the water was, so that they might beat their wings, and that the Prince might think that she had not fled. And so she entered the passage, let down the slab softly, softly, and went home to sleep.

Let us now leave her to sleep, and return to the Prince, who was outside the inner chamber, and heard the pigeons *splishsplash, splishsplash, splishsplash*, and thought it was the Princess washing herself in there. At last he lost patience to wait any longer. He called to her,

‘Come, beautiful Princess, for I am maddened for your sake!’ But she—where [was she]? And many other foolish things he said to her, but she was gone. As he heard no reply from within, only the *splash, splash, splash* of the water, he said,

‘Let us see what she is doing in there.’

He opens the door—what does he see? Two pigeons in the water, and nobody else!

‘*Bré!* what the devil?—what was she? Was she an Outside One,²⁵ and has she vanished? What thing was it?’

He went away very sorrowful and returned home; and all night he could not sleep, and he thought to himself that she had been metamorphosed into a pigeon. He decided to spread a table in the open air, and invite all the maidens, the Princesses, and to invite her with them. The table was laid, he invited all the maidens, and invited her too. When they had eaten, they sang; then they rose one by one, and went away. She, too,

asked for her horse [in order] to leave, and it was 'Now,' and 'Directly,' and still they delayed to bring it. There remained only the Prince and herself.

'Now, my Prince, I can go nowhere, I am yours,' she said to him. 'Where can I go without a horse?'

'I fear,' said he, 'that you will flee again.'

'Then tie me by the hand with a string, so that I may not escape.'

He ties her by the hand. Our good Princess goes down^a and unties her hand, and ties it [the string] to the tail of the Prince's horse, and goes to the stable and takes her own horse, and *Hi!* straight she goes off home!

The Prince waits and waits—where [is she]? [He sees] nothing; he pulls the horse's tail, and so hard did he pull that it came off; and he pulled and pulled the string till the tail fell *plap!* on the floor. Then he became very angry, so angry, that if he had had the Princess [there] he would have killed her. Said he,

'*Bré*, this is no human being! [She is] either a Nereid or some other Outside One!'

Then said to him all those who were there, his friends, 'My Prince, why not get married, and leave her who does you such despite?'

So he resolved to marry. His mother sent match-makers to a Princess; they were betrothed; and they made ready for the wedding. The Princess heard of it, and sent her little dog to find out which tailor was to make the dresses for his bride. Then she said to the dog, when he told her which tailor it was,

'Go and see what clothes the King^b is wearing to-day.'

^a The table was probably spread in one of the wide verandahs of the first floor so common in the East.

^b The Prince is occasionally referred to as the 'King.'

The dog went, and when he came back he said, 'He wears white [and] gold velvet, and rides a white horse. I saw him,' said the little dog, 'just now leave the tailor's.'

The Princess, without loss of time, put on white [and] gold velvet, and mounted a white horse, and went to the tailor's. Said she, 'Listen to me. I came before and told you about the clothes for my wedding, but I have changed my mind—cut them into bits, and make them into coats for my greyhounds and into tobacco-bags, and say nothing to anyone, or—off goes your head! Say only, "They are ready" without being asked what.' She gives him a handful of sequins, and goes away.

The tailor, according to the [supposed] King's orders, cut them up into tobacco-bags and coats for the greyhounds, and said, 'What a pity, such stuff! They may well say, "*At the King's orders, dogs are tied up.*"'^a

Then he [the King] sends his servant to ask if the things are ready.

'Certainly,' says he, 'and I was just about to bring them to the palace.'

First of all he took out a tobacco-bag.

'O, you made a tobacco-bag, too?' said the King. 'Well done!'

'Not one only; as you commanded me, so I did.'

'*Äi*, let us see the others!'

He takes out first a greyhound's coat.

Said he [the King], 'What is this that thou hast sat down and made?—for the greyhound only?'

'But no, my long-lived King, I made for the bloodhound too.'

'*Bré*, what sayest thou? Say, art thou well?—or art thou gone mad?'

^a A Greek proverb.

‘But what dost thou say, my King? Didst thou not come and command me to make coats for the greyhounds, and for the bloodhounds?’

‘When did I come?’

‘*Ná!* The same day on which you left you came back again in your white clothes and on your white horse, and ordered me to make them for the hounds, and not to make them for the Queen.’

‘Well,’ said the King, ‘see that thou listen to no one, whatever they may say to thee, but finish them [the clothes]; even if I myself should come, give no heed to me again.’

The tailor went away. Then the King reflected and said,

‘*Bré!* that *skýla!* she went and gave the orders! But I will get married and she may burst!’

So when he had ordered the clothes for his bride, the Queen set them to wash corn; they filled sacks and charged the millers not to grind because the royal [corn] was going, for the wedding of the Prince was to be held. So the millers stopped and waited for the King’s corn, to grind it.

Says she to her dog, ‘Go and see what clothes the Prince wears.’

‘Purple^a [and] gold velvet, and he rides on a red horse.’

She loses no time, but dons purple velvet, [leaps] on the horse, and off at a gallop.

‘Hi!’ she calls to those who were carrying the corn, ‘Hi!’

They who were carrying the corn say, ‘Stop, I say—the King!’

‘Empty all of them into the sea, for we have found

^a *Μελιτζανιά*, the colour of the *μελιτζάνα*, aubergine.

out that the corn is poisoned ; and come back and fill them with sound grain to grind !'

They obeyed, poor fellows, and, one by one [they emptied the sacks] into the sea.

' Wash the sacks, too, in the sea, and return quickly !' and she whipped her horse and came home. Said she to herself,

' Now I am in for it ! The King will be furious, and he will come and kill me, and small blame to him. But again, what could I do who love him, and don't want him to marry another, and my father away from home. Let me see now what I can do.'

She takes a skin and fills it with *petimézi*,^a places it upright against a big cupboard, and dresses it as if it were herself. She squeezes it and makes it a neck, and round the neck hangs pearls, and puts on it her best dresses ; on its head she placed a fez covered with pearls, threw a veil over it, and covered its face with a kerchief which fell low down. In the middle of the cupboard was a knot which she took out, and passed a string through the hole. The Princess locked the chamber in which she herself was, and left open the door of the room in which the skin was.^b

When the Prince saw them coming back, he asked, ' Where is the flour ?'

' But we threw it away, my King, as you ordered us, because it was poisoned, and we washed the sacks and have come back to take the sound corn.'

' *Bré !* I told you that the corn was poisoned ?'

' Yes, my King, you called to us and told us that it

^a A syrup made from grape-juice, and much used instead of sugar for the commoner kinds of preserve.

^b One of the large wall cupboards, used for storing bedding in the daytime, and communicating with two rooms, is evidently indicated.

was poisoned, and that we must come back and take more.'

'*Aî!* Well!' He sent them away. 'But this is not to be borne with! I will go and kill her!' And he rushed off, so angry was he, and went to the palace. He mounted the staircase on all fours,^a and rushed in and went straight to the room where the skin stood.

'Stop, stop!' he cried. 'You needn't try to hide in the cupboard! I have come to kill you, you shall not escape me again!'

She pulls the string from within, and the skin makes a bow.

'Was it not thou whom I locked in the inner chamber, and thought was bathing, and thou didst leave two pigeons in the basin, and I knew not how the devil thou didst arise and flee?'

She pulls the string, and the skin bows its head, as if to say—'Yes!'

'Was it not thou who told me that thou wert mine when I spread a table, and didst arise and flee, and tied the tail of my horse, and I pulled, and pulled, from within, and it came out?'

Again she pulls the string from within, and again the skin bowed.

'Was it not thou who went to the tailor's and told them to rip up the clothes of my bride and make them into tobacco-bags and coats for the hounds?'

'Yes!' again [said] the skin.

'Was it not thou who went and told my people to throw away into the sea the corn, and they came back to me with empty sacks, swinging their legs on the horses and asking me for corn to grind?'

She pulls the string—'Yes!'

^a *στὰ τέσσερα*, a popular expression to indicate speed.

‘Now I have a right to kill thee.’

‘Yes!’

He makes a stroke with his sword and cuts the skin right across.

‘*Ach!* the *skýla!* Her blood is black!’

Then she opens the door and says, ‘Stay! Thou hast just made thy complaint, and now I will make mine.’

He hears her words, and in his fright lets his sword fall.

‘*Bā!* she is still alive!’ says he.

‘Was I so silly as to let thee marry, while I love thee so much?—and let thee take another? Wait a little while till my father comes back, and thou shalt wed me. For I shall be a queen, and come with great pomp to thy house.’

So they embraced, and exchanged rings. And he went and told his mother to send the presents back to his betrothed, because he was going to take for his wife the Princess he loved. After a short time her father returned from his journey, and they held the wedding with many rejoicings and feastings. And they lived happy. And we happier!^a

^a As the only magical element in this story is the clever dog, which has, doubtless, been substituted for a servant, this Section has been thought the most suitable place for it.



SECTION (II.)

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF FAMILY LIFE.

- I. MARITAL LIFE. II. NURSERY STORIES.
III. FILIAL LIFE.
-

SUBSECTION I. STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF MARITAL LIFE.

THE SILENT BRIDE.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελ. Αναλ.*, B. 12.)

A GIRL was once married against her will by her kindred to a good and worthy young man, and on that account she held her peace, and would sit mute at the window, and neither sleep with him nor anything else.^a The youth was near falling into a consumption. What does he devise? He carves a piece of marble as it were [a piece of] cheese, and gives it to her, so that she may be angry and say, 'What is this that you give me?'

She put it to her mouth, and when she found that it was marble, she spit it out again without uttering a

^a A Turkish husband is not entitled to exercise any authority over his wife until she pleases to speak to him; relics of similar customs are also found among the Christians of Turkey.

syllable. What can he do to make her kind? A few days afterwards, he takes an unclean vessel and fills it with dung, and says to her, 'Come and eat!' so that she might at least be angry and say, 'Are you not ashamed?' But she did not.

A few days later, he hid himself behind the door to startle her, so that, being frightened, she might call 'Mother!' He lies in wait, and as she passes the door he calls '*Ba!*' Her blood ran cold, but not a sound escaped her.

As a last resource he said, 'I will pretend to be dead, and she will weep for me and sing dirges, and so her tongue will finally be loosed.' So he said, and so he did. He stretched himself on a bed, and closed his eyes; his relatives came, and also the neighbours who had been informed [of his death]; they crossed his hands and bound them, and sat round in a circle;^a and lamented him in dirges. Then they said to his wife,

'Well, perchance you will weep for your husband whom you have thus untimely lost before the end of forty days?'

So she began to chant falteringly, 'My husband, my good husband, what should remind me of thee?—the marble cheese; the vessel and its contents; and, from behind the door, "*Ba!*"'

Then he gets up and embraces her, 'My Eyes! Thou hadst a mouth, but no voice!'

And then they kept the wedding with

Songs and feast and laughter gay,
And rejoicings many a day.

^a It is usual for the women to sit on the floor of the death chamber while chanting the customary dirges.

THE FOOLISH WIFE.

Naxos.

(Νεοελληνικὰ 'Ανάλεκτα, Β. 8.)

ONCE upon a time, and a long time ago it was, there was a man, and he thus charged his bride :

‘ Now listen to me who am going to marry thee, and don’t eat much !’

‘ Very good,’ said she.

When they were married, and she had cooked his dinner for him at noon, he said to her, ‘ Come, sit down, and let us eat.’

‘ I am not hungry.’

Two hours afterwards, when she saw that her husband had gone out, she sat down and ate till you might have walked on her ! In the evening her husband comes home, she sets the table for him, and again he says, ‘ Come and eat at least at even, after fasting since God’s dawn !’

‘ I will not eat ; I am not hungry.’

Not to make a long story of it, she did thus every day. She refused to eat with her husband, and when he had gone out, she stuffed herself with victuals. After a time, however, he began to guess how matters were, and he took her out with him one day to the fields.

When it was near noon, he threw himself on the ground and said, ‘ Come and take pot luck, we’ll picnic here.’

‘ I am not hungry ; I will not eat.’

When two or three hours of the afternoon had passed,

and she saw that her husband had no intention of taking her home, gnawed with hunger, she cried, making believe,

‘Neighbour, neighbour, I’ll come at once, so that you may give me the wool!’ (her idea was to go to the village to eat).

Says her husband, ‘Wait, there will be plenty of time to do that in the evening.’

Soon she began again, ‘Well, what do you want, neighbour, the washtub? Now I will come and give it to you.’

Said the husband, ‘Nonsense! Where is the neighbour?—I don’t see any neighbour. Stay here, and at even we’ll go together to the town.’

When at last they were on their way home, the woman couldn’t see for hunger, and she took up some black beetles crawling on the road, and ate them, saying, ‘O my little olives, my little *groolives*,⁵¹ you had no feet, and yet you got feet to come and meet me that I might crunch you!’

And from that time forward she sat down to table with her husband, and was guilty of no more such absurdities.

And tales like these but fables are,
The stomach’s but an empty jar.

THE IDLE WIFE.

Naxos.

(Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα, B. 9.)

THERE was another idle woman, who would neither cook, nor sweep, nor do anything else. She would put a sheep on the table, and when her husband came in with meat which he had bought, she would put her elbows on the table and say, 'Do you hear, Sheep, cook it!' And when her husband came home at noon, and found fault with her because she was too lazy to get the dinner ready, she would scold the Sheep, saying, 'Why, Sheep, dost thou not cook?' and give it a few slaps.

'*Bré !* my wife, my Eyes! the Sheep cannot cook, thou must cook!' At last, on the third day, he said, 'Well, enough of the Sheep, put it down, and I will beat it.' He throws it on her back, saying, 'There, Sheep, I give thee this, and this, why wilt thou not cook, Sheep?' And he struck so that the Sheep had less than she who was under it, and when she had got many a wale, she cried, 'Enough, husband, enough! I will cook the food, and not leave it to the Sheep!'

And this is the origin of the saying—*the Stick came out of Paradise.*

SUBSECTION II.—NURSERY STORIES.

THE TRICKS OF MISTRESS FOX.

Smyrna.

(LENORMANT, *An. Mus. Guimet*, X., 78.)

THERE was once a Priest and he was returning from saying Mass in the various churches of which he had charge. He had received offerings of all kinds, loaves, fowls, turkeys, and even fish. Well, he was on his way home, mounted on a donkey, and singing verses to pass the time. A Fox who happened to be about, seeing the poultry suspended from the pack-saddle, made up her mind to steal them. She went and stretched herself in the middle of the road as if she were dead.

When the priest saw her, 'Hallo!' he said to himself, 'if I take her home and skin her, her fur will make a nice jacket for my wife.' So he picked her up and put her in one of the saddle-bags.

He had hardly set off again when the Fox began to drop quietly on the road, one by one, the loaves which were in the saddle-bag. She next threw down the poultry, and presently the cunning animal leaped lightly down without the Priest's knowing anything at all about it. When the good man got home, it was quite dark, and he called to his wife,

'Come quick, and help me to unload the provisions. I have brought a splendid foxskin to make you a jacket of!'

The *papadhiá* was delighted to hear this, and she

dived first into one saddle-bag, and then into another, here and there, but could find nothing. The poor *papa* lighted a candle, and looked in his turn, and then he understood that the wicked Fox had cheated him. He was quite crestfallen, but what could he do?

The Fox in the meantime had set to, and carried loaves and poultry home to her earth. She was just carrying her last load when a Wolf caught sight of her. She ran her fleetest, but in vain, for the Wolf overtook her and seized her by the leg.

‘Go on! pull up the root,’ cried the cunning gossip.

Believing that he had got hold of a root, the Wolf immediately let go, and the Fox made off crying, ‘O my poor little foot, my poor little foot! what a lucky escape thou hast had!’ And she ran and hid herself in the far end of her earth.

The Wolf tried to get at her, but he was so fat that he could not enter. So he thought he would excite the Fox’s pity by saying, ‘Dear Fox, have pity on a poor old Wolf who has nothing to put between his teeth! Out of your charity give me one of your hens!’

‘Not I,’ replied the Fox, ‘I have been at too much trouble to get them. Work as I do, and you will earn some too.’

‘And what work hast thou done?’

‘What have I done, dear Mister Nikóla? I have been to church and helped the parson sing *Kyrie Eleison*, and in return he has given me these loaves and birds. Go thou, and sing the *Kyrie Eleison*, and thou wilt surely receive good pay for thy trouble.’

‘Is that all true, Mistress Fox?’

‘Why, my dear Mister Nikóla, do you think I would tell thee lies? It is the simple truth!’

The poor Wolf ran straight to the church and began

to sing. But they threw stones at him and chased him with sticks. Quite crestfallen, Mister Nikóla came back to the deceitful Fox, reproached her bitterly with having misled him, and told her that he had no sooner entered the church than there had been a hue and cry after him.

The Fox pretended to be greatly surprised at this, and she said to the Wolf,

‘Let me hear how thou didst sing.’

‘*Kývgoude daïson ! Kývgoude daïson !*’ howled the Wolf.

‘*Aï*, my dear Mr. Nikóla,’ cried the Fox, ‘thy tongue is much too thick. That is why they drove thee away. They like a clear and delicate voice.’

‘Well, what must I do to make mine so?’ asked the Wolf.

‘Go and stretch out thy tongue over an anthill; a host of ants will come out and make it more slender.’

The idiot of a Wolf followed the advice of his sly gossip, and the ants riddled his tongue till it was like a sieve. He then went to the church and sang in a hoarse voice his *Kyrie Eleison*; and again they drove him away with sticks.

He went once more to complain to Mistress Fox of this treatment. The Fox, anxious to get rid of him at any price, said,

‘Thy tongue is still too thick, dear Mr. Nikóla. The people at the church didn’t like thy voice, and that is why they drove thee away. But listen to the wise counsel of a friend. If thou really wouldst have a tongue slender enough for that, go into the village and look for a blacksmith. Place thy tongue on the anvil at the moment when he is going to strike the iron, and he will flatten it with his hammer.’

Again the Wolf took the Fox's advice, and without stopping to reflect—like the big silly he was—he went to the blacksmith's. When the blacksmith turned round to see who had entered his shop, he saw a great Wolf with his tongue stretched on the anvil. He immediately seized his biggest hammer, brought it down *crash!* on the poor beast's head, and stretched him dead on the ground.

THE BALDHEADED YOUTH.⁵²

Messenia.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 273.)

THERE was once an old man and an old woman, and they had a baldheaded son. When he grew up they married him. So there he sat, a bridegroom, as prim as you please.^a

When they had eaten up all the wedding loaves, they kneaded a cake and sent it to the bakehouse. The old man bade the bald youth go fetch the cake home. Said he,

‘A bald boy am I, and affected and shy,
With my nose to the ground,
Which I sweep all around!’

Said the old man, ‘Go thou, bride, and bring the cake!’

‘A brideling am I, and affected and shy,
With my nose to the ground,
Which I sweep all around!’

replied the bride.

‘Go thou, old woman!’

‘An old woman I, and affected and shy,
With my nose to the ground,
Which I sweep all around!’

replied the old woman.

After a little while the bald youth went. He brought the cake, and set it down to cool.

^a The affectedly constrained manners which custom imposes on Greek brides and bridegrooms are here caricatured. ‘As affected as a bride’ is a proverbial saying.

A Fox, passing by, saw the cake, seized it, and fled. She ate the crumb, and left only the crust. She found also a skin of wine, and drank it all. She then filled the cake-crust with mud, and the skin with water,^a and went on and on, till she came upon a Shepherd with his sheep. The Fox called to him,

‘Shepherd, Shepherd! call up your dogs and your hounds so that they may not worry me! For I have brought you a new cake and a skin of wine in exchange for your fattest Lamb!’

Said he, ‘Hang them up on the hook.’

The Fox goes and chooses the best Lamb, takes it, and makes off. The Shepherd goes to eat the cake, and finds it full of dirt, and the skin full of water.

‘Ah! how she has done me!’

He calls his dogs and his hounds, but how is he to catch her now that she has got such a start?

The Fox goes to her earth, leaves there the Lamb, and says to it,

‘I am going to fetch you some nicey, nicey, coldy water, and freshy, freshy grassy’ (for the Fox was a fibber). And she forbade it to open the door to anyone, and went away.

Presently a Wolf, scenting the Lamb, went and knocked at the door, and said in a very gruff voice,

‘Open, for your mother has come, and she has brought you nicey, nicey, coldy water, and freshy, freshy grassy.’

The Lamb heard the Wolf’s gruff voice, and knowing it was not the Fox, it replied, ‘You are not my mother, but the Wolf who would eat me. I shall not open.’

The Wolf goes to the Gipsy, and gets him to cleave his tongue, and then comes back again to the Lamb.

^a A coarse detail is here omitted.

‘Open, for your mother has come!’

‘Put your little foot through the little hole that I may see.’

The Wolf tries, but his foot is too large.

‘You are not my little mother, but the Wolf who would eat me!’

He sets off again to the Gipsy, and gets him to split his foot. When he came back he put it through the hole, and the Lamb opened to him. When the Wolf was in, he said,

‘Come now, and let us dance, and whoever wearies first, the other shall eat him.’

What could the Lamb do? She set to, and they danced, and danced, till she was tired. The Wolf ate one of her little feet. They danced again, and the Lamb grew tired, and the Wolf ate another; and so on until he had eaten all four. Then he sat down and ate her up, put the bones in the skin, stuffed it with straw, set it up on the settle, and went off.

Presently the Fox comes home. She knocks and shouts, but who was there to open? Finally she resolves to get in through the roof. She looks about, and when she sees her Lamb eaten, she comes out and goes to seek the Wolf in order to pay him out. She meets him on the road.

‘Hallo! Dame Maria!’

‘Glad to see you, gossip Nikóla. Let us go, gossip, to the Parson’s cellar where there is no end of dried meat, and we may eat till we are satisfied.’

‘Hearest thou that?’^a replied the Wolf.

So they went to the Parson’s cellar, crept in at a little hole, and were soon busy with the parson’s dried meat and his fine flour. The Wolf fell upon the meat, and

^a ‘*Ἀκούς ἐκεῖ*’; meaning, ‘I should think so!’ or ‘rather!’

ate, and ate till he was so stuffed that he couldn't move. The Fox ate a little flour, put some in her sack, and then began to dance about, singing,

‘In the Parson’s well-stocked cellar,
Is the place where I would find me,
See the Wolf the meat devour,
And the Fox enjoy the flour!’

The *Papá*, hearing the noise and the singing, awoke the *Papadhiá*. They each seize a club and hasten to the cellar. As soon as the Fox saw them, she gave a spring, crept through the hole, and made off. The Wolf was about to follow her, but how could he get through when he was so stuffed? They began upon him, first one, and then the other, till they had made salt meat of him, and at last he got out at the door, but in a sorry state.

When the Fox had got out, she went and bathed in a pool, and then rubbed herself in some red earth so that she might appear bloody. She then went to her hole, heated water in a cauldron till it was boiling hot, and then put the cauldron outside the door, spread over it a covering to make it look like a sofa, and then went to seek the Wolf.

‘Why, gossip! what a mishap we had!’

‘What happened to *thee*? They made *me* into salted meat!’

‘Me?—seest thou not the state I am in? But let us go outside and sit on the sofa.’

They went out, and the Fox with much politeness said, ‘There, pray get up on the sofa.’ The Wolf went to seat himself, and fell into the boiling water, and was scalded to death. The Fox looked in [and said],

‘Art thou comfortable now? It was thou who ate my Lamb!’

[Another version terminates as follows. As the Fox is going to seek the Wolf, she sees coming along the road a cart laden with fish. She lies down and pretends to be dead. The driver sees her.]

'*Bré*,' says he, 'I'll make a fine fur jacket out of her skin!' and he throws the Fox on the cart. She ate, and ate of the fish, and filled her little sack, and after a while took a spring—and catch her if you can! She went home to her earth and hung the fish up over the door. Going out, she meets the Wolf.

'Hallo, Dame Maria, how art thou? I hope thou art well?' [said the Wolf].

'Pretty well, gossip Nikóla, wilt thou come to my house?' says she. 'But mind thou look not up when thou art inside, or needles will fall into thine eyes!'

So they go to her earth, but the Wolf was not able to refrain, and raising his eyes, what did he see?

'Why, gossip,' said he, 'where didst thou get those fish?'

'I went to the sea and caught them.'

'How didst thou catch them?—Could I catch some too?'

'Why not,' said she. 'Come, and I'll show thee how.'

She leads our good Wolf down to the seashore, hangs a jar round his neck—to put the fish in, perhaps—and pushes him into the water. The Wolf shouts,

'Dame Maria! where are the fish?'

'Further out, go where it is deeper,' replied the Fox.

The Wolf went further, and was drowning, and the Fox called out to him, 'It was thou who ate my Lamb, and now I have paid thee out!'

[In some versions the story ends here. Another version continues:]

The Fox left the Wolf in the sea, and went away. There passed by a Raven, the Wolf shouted to him, 'Come, Raven, and save me!' But the Raven went on his way. There passed by a Donkey. 'Come, Donkey, and save me!' The Donkey went near, gave a kick to the jar and broke it into a thousand pieces. Then the Wolf came out and ate the Donkey!

BIG MATSÍKO.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 681.)

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had three daughters. Word came to him to go to the wars, and he was very anxious about leaving his daughters alone.

Said his daughters to him, 'What is the matter, father, that you are so sad?'

'What is the matter, my children?—word has come to me to go to the wars.'

'Go, father, with an easy mind. There lives close by here an old woman, who is great at jokes, and sometimes she tells us stories and amuses us. We will invite her to come and stay with us till you come back from the wars, and the time will not seem long.'

The King sent and called the old woman. He said to her, 'Mother, wilt thou stay here with my children till I come back from the wars?'

'*Bá!* what do I hear, my long-lived King?—will I stay?—of course I will stay! Go, my King, and have no anxiety about your daughters. I will amuse them, and take them to walk in the garden, only go, my King, with your mind at ease!'

The King went and made ready, and set off to the wars. The old woman came and stayed with the girls. She stayed two or three days, and then she got bored.^a One day she arose, and went down to the garden, and walked about here and there, and was a long time before she went upstairs again to the Princesses. They waited

^a Σκελετίζω from the Turkish *siglet vermek*, 'to be bored.'

dinner for her, and waited long. Where could she be? Presently she came.

'*Ach!* mother,' said they to her, 'why are you so late, and we dying of hunger?'

'*Ai!* what shall I say, my children?—I can't always stay here; I am bored; but if I don't come at the proper time, do you eat, and keep some for me.'

So every day, whenever she wanted to go out walking, she came back when she liked, and the Princesses made no remark. One day, when she had gone into the garden, she walked down to the very end, and there she stepped on a stone which moved under her.

'*Vi!*' cried she, 'what can there be here that the stone moves?'

She raised the stone, and saw a staircase. She went down a few steps, and saw that there were many more. But it was already late in the day.

'I'll go back now,' said she, 'and get up very, very early in the morning, and go down here and see what there is.'

She goes up into the palace, finds the Princesses, tells them stories, and passes the time charmingly for them. They went to sleep early; and she got up very, very early, went down into the garden and found the stairs, went down, down several steps and came to a great courtyard; she walked a few paces along the courtyard and then saw at a distance a palace.

'*Bá!*' said she, 'what palace is that?—I'll go nearer and see.'

She went nearer, and saw that the palace was very splendid, but no human being was to be seen. She went up, and called out,

'*Ai!* masters! is there no one here?' Then she peeps about, and sees in a corner an old man cooking.

'*Bá!* Good day, gaffer!' she says to him.

'Welcome!' replied the old man. 'How didst thou get here?'

'*Äi!* my Fate brought me, what does it matter? What's thy name, my gaffer?'

'Big Matsíko,' said he.

'*Vi!* Big Matsíko, mayst thou live long! What a fine name, poor fellow! But what art doing here?'

'Dost not see?—cooking!'

'But who is to eat?'

'*Äi!* who is to eat?—my masters!'

'But who are thy masters?'

'Three Princes, very handsome ones.'

'And where are the Princes now?'

'They are out hunting.'

'But, my Big Matsíko, let us have something to eat, for poor I am hungry.'

He served some food, and the two sat down to eat, and they drank a little wine besides. Then she said to him,

'Hastn't thou a little honey to give me?'

'Well, I have, but it is down at the bottom of the jar, for it is about finished.'

'*Äi!* let us go now, and thou can give me a little to eat!'

He went and took a spoon and a plate. He went in front, and she followed behind to see where he would go. He came to the place where the honey was, and as he was scraping up the honey, she gave him a push, and he fell head foremost into the jar.^a She ran off as fast as she could, and went up to the Princesses. They asked her why she was so late.

'*Äi!* what can I do, my children? I met some of my

^a Such immense jars are still used in the East for storing olive-oil, etc.

gossips, and they kept me talking, and we had something to eat. But now take your frames and embroidery, and I will take my spindle and tell you stories.'

Let us now leave these, and let us go to the unlucky old man. The Princes came home, and called,

'Big Matsíko. Big Matsíko!'

But where was Big Matsíko? They searched here, and searched there, and after a time they came to the place where the honey jar was, and saw him stuck in it. They pulled him and got him out.

'*Bré*, Big Matsíko! how didst thou fall into the jar?'

'*Ná!* how did I fall? I went to get some honey to make you a sweet dish, and my foot slipped and I fell into the jar.'

'Come then, go wash thyself, and serve the dinner.'

He went and got ready the dinner for them, and they lay down and slept. In the morning they arose and went a-hunting. When a little time had passed, back comes the old woman again.

'Good day to thee, my Big Matsíko!'

'Mayst thou perish, Witchhag!'

'*Ví!* my Big Matsíko! as if I did it on purpose! When I saw thee slip, could I pull thee out? I—an old woman?'

'*Áí!* but don't do such a thing to me again!'

'Certainly not, my Big Matsíko. What did thy masters say?'

'*Ná!* they scolded me—what should they say?'

'Come now, let us have something to eat, and let us drink a little wine, and then I will go.'

When they had eaten well, and drunk some wine, she said to him,

'Tell me true, Big Matsíko, where dost thou see thy masters from when they are coming back?'

‘*Ná!* Let us go upstairs and walk about the palace, and I will show thee whence I see my masters when they are coming.’

She went upstairs, and what did she see?—three chambers in a row, splendidly furnished, with their beds, the Princes’ beds, with silken sheets and golden coverlets.

‘*Aĩ!* now I have seen so many wonderful things, take me and show me whence thou seest thy masters when they are returning home.’

‘*Ná!* dost see that little window high up there? I put a ladder there and see them coming.’

‘O do get up now, and see if they are coming, lest they happen to find me here!’

He placed the ladder, and climbed up to the window. But when he had taken hold of the window-sill to look out, she knocked down the ladder, went downstairs, threw a handful of salt into every dish, and arose and fled.

The Princes came home and called,

‘Big Matsíko! Big Matsíko! Where art thou?’

‘He-e-e-re!’ he replied from where he hung on the window.

‘Where can he be calling from?’ They look here, and look there, and presently they see him hanging from the window.

‘*Bré!* how didst thou get up there?’ they ask him.

‘Why, I got up to see if you were coming, and the ladder fell down, and I remained hanging up here.’

‘Ah?—well, serve the dinner,’ they said, as they placed the ladder for him to come down.

He served the dinner. But the dishes were so horribly salt, that they were uneatable.

‘What has happened to that Big Matsíko?’ said the

Princes, 'now he tumbles here, and now there; we must look out for someone else, he is useless, he is in his dotage.'

They dined as well as they could, and lay down and slept.

Said the old woman to the Princesses, 'My Princesses, will you give me a bundle-wrap,^a a shirt, a girdle, and a gold brodered scarf, as my niece is going to be married, that the bride may wear them, and afterwards I will bring them back.'

'*Bá*, never mind that, mother, take them as a present from us to your niece.'

They gave her all she asked for; she took besides a razor, a jar of cosmetic, a jar of rouge, and a little glass of sleeping draught, and arose and went to the steps. She left the bundle on the steps and went down and came to Big Matsíko.

'Good day, my Big Matsíko! How art thou?'

'Mayst thou perish, old Witchhag!'

'*Oú! Oú!* my Big Matsíko! Dost not know?—When I heard the ladder fall, I thought it was thy masters firing their guns, and coming home, and I scratched my head and made for my own vineyard; and now I hardly liked to come, I was so ashamed, but I said, "I'll go and beg his pardon!"'

'Well, come, but don't do such crazy things again!'

'*Aí!* now, my Big Matsíko, let us eat, and drink a little wine, and then I will go, for I am quite faint.'

She got over him, and he served some food. While he was serving the food, she found means to pour the sleeping draught into Big Matsíko's wine. As soon as he had drunk his wine, he grew stiff, and fell stretched on the floor. She lifted him gently in her arms, and

^a The Turkish *boghtcha*, the primitive portmanteau.

laid him in the bed of the youngest Prince. This done, she went and fetched the bundle which she had left [on the stairs], shaved off his moustaches, whitened his face, rouged his cheeks, dyed his eyebrows, decked him out in the gold embroidered clothes she had brought, covered him with the embroidered kerchief, and went away.

The Princes came in the evening, and called, 'Big Matsíko! Big Matsíko!' But no Big Matsíko was to be seen.

'*Bré!* what the devil can have become of Big Matsíko?—he can't have fallen into the well, surely?' They searched here and they searched there, till they wearied; and then they supped and went to bed. They began, according to a custom they had, the second to undress the eldest, the youngest to undress the second, while the third was undressed by Big Matsíko. But since Big Matsíko was not to be found, he resolved to undress himself and go to sleep. He took the candle to go to his chamber, but as soon as the light fell on the bed, something sparkled.

'*Bré!* what can this be?—perhaps a Nereid who has come to sleep in my bed?' He went out again, for he was frightened. He went to his brothers, and said, 'There is something in my chamber, and I am afraid to go in.'

'*Bá!* what is it?' asked his brothers.

'*Ná!* it must be some Nereid.'

His brothers got up and went in. They lifted the sheet, and what did they see?—Big Matsíko! At first they were angry, but soon they began to split their sides with laughing, and they said, 'We must find out what this mystery is. Now we find him in the honey-jar, now hanging on the wall, and now in this state—something is going on.'

They took hold of him, the one by his arms, and the other by his legs, and put him in his own room. The Princes threw him down there somewhere, and went to sleep. In the morning Big Matsíko got up, stared at the golden clothes he was wearing, and was going to stroke his moustaches, but — where were his moustaches?

‘Ah!’ said he. ‘Did my masters see me in this state? If that horrid old woman comes again, *I’ll kill her!*’

The Princes awoke in the morning, and called to Big Matsíko, ‘Come here and tell us what is all this which has been going on so long?’

‘What shall I tell you?—There is an old woman who comes, and with her wheedlings she, one way or another, does what she has done to me. But now, if she comes again, I have a great mind to beat her and drive her away.’

‘No!’ said the Princes, ‘don’t beat her, or drive her away. At what hour does she come?’

‘*Ná!* in about an hour she may come.’

‘Then we won’t go out hunting to-day. We will stay at home and see where she comes from, and why she plays thee these tricks.’

So the Princes remained at home, and hid themselves. The old woman came down, and came in.

‘Good day, Big Matsíko!’

‘Good day, indeed! and very good day! Thou hast made me a laughing stock, and I haven’t the face to look at my masters!’

‘There thou art again! Face or no face, I only did it to make those poor Princes laugh. All day long they are all alone without a woman in the house, to say a sweet word to them. That is why I did it—to make

them laugh, and not because I had any grudge against thee, only so as to make thy masters laugh.'

When she had said this, *pop!* out came the three Princes and surrounded her.

'Come now, dame, and we will judge thee,' said the eldest. When she saw him, she trembled. 'Whence comest thou, and why art thou always pulling Big Matsiko's nose?'

'I will tell you, my long-lived King, plainly and frankly, for I don't know fine phrases. Such and such a King who has gone to the wars, left me to take care of his daughters, for they are three Princesses the sight of whom would make you lose your wits. They read, and embroider, and I walk about here and there, for I get bored. One day, when I was walking in their garden, I went very near the end and saw a stone which rocked——' And she told them all the story.

'Canst thou trick the Princesses and bring them here, that we may see them?'

'*Bá!* I will bring them, only you must hide yourselves, and see them without their seeing you.'

'Very well, we will hide, but we shall expect thee to come back with the Princesses, that we may see them.'

Then the old woman went up to the palace, and one way or another she got over them—'My Princesses! get up and let us go and walk a little, it is so fine'—and she persuaded them, and they went down to the garden. As they were walking there, she contrived to tread on the stone which moved.

'*Bá!* this stone moves! What can it be? Let us go and see what is going on below!'

'*Po! po! po!* we are afraid to go!' said the Princesses, 'do you go!'

'*Ai!* let us all go; I will go with you; what is there

to fear, if I am with you?" and at last she quite persuaded them, and they all went down, and walked in the great courtyard, and went up to the palace.

'*Po ! po ! po !*' cried the Princesses, 'let us go back, we are afraid !'

'*Kalé*, no ! let us go in, there is nobody there !'

The Princes saw them from a distance, and were amazed at their beauty. When they had gone upstairs and were walking about, *pop !* the Princes appeared. Then they were frightened. But the Princes said to them,

'Don't be afraid, for we are Princes, and know how to behave to Princesses.'

Then said the old woman, 'Listen to me, and let me tell you. The eldest [Prince] must marry the eldest [Princess], the second the middle one, the youngest the little one, and I will marry my Big Matsíko ! Not at once, however, but when the King comes back from the wars.'

The King came back from the wars ; and the Princes went and asked him for the Princesses. Then music and drums and great rejoicings, and the three Princesses kept four weddings. And they lived happy and contented. And we happier !

THE TRIPE.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικά 'Ανάλεκτα*, B. 17.)

ONCE upon a time, and a long time ago, there was an old man and an old woman. Said the old woman to the old man,

‘It is now many months that we have eaten nothing but bread and olives. Go, my dear, this evening and buy a little tripe that I may cook it to-morrow, which is Sunday, and we will feast like lords, and forget our poverty.’

So the old man goes to the shambles to buy it for her. She puts it in a dish, and goes down to the sea to clean it. While she was washing it, there swooped down an eagle, took it out of the dish, and flew away, without her seeing who had taken it. The poor old woman looked on this side and on that, sought the tripe here, and sought it there, but couldn’t find it. At last she sees the Eagle carrying it off to the mountain to eat it. So frightened was she lest her husband should beat her, that she bit her nails to get it back. But she had to be careful how she set about it. She goes to the Eagle.

‘Eagle mine, Eagle mine, give me back my tripe, so that my old man may not beat me!’

‘Didst thou ever give me a chicken to eat?’ said he.

The old woman goes away to the Hen.

‘Henny mine, Henny mine, give me a chicken to take to the Eagle, and the Eagle will give back my tripe, so that my old man may not beat me!’

‘Didst thou ever throw corn to me?’ said she.

So she goes away to the Miller.

‘Miller, Miller, give me a little grain. The grain is for the Hen, that the Hen may give a chicken for the Eagle, and the Eagle give me back my tripe so that my old man may not beat me!’

‘And didst thou ever bring me a broom to sweep out my mill with?’

So she went to the Broom-tree.

‘Broom-tree mine! Broom-tree mine! Give me a branch or two to make a broom. The broom is for the mill, that the Miller may give me grain; the grain is for the Hen, that she may give me a chicken; the chicken is for the Eagle, that he may give me back my tripe so that my old man may not beat me!’

‘Didst thou ever water me?’

She goes away, and climbs a high mountain, and says, ‘O Skies! O my dear Skies! throw me down a little water for the Broom-tree that she may give me a branch or two. The branches are for the Miller, that he may give me grain; the grain is for the Hen, that she may give me a chicken; the chicken is for the Eagle that he may give me back my tripe, so that my old man may not beat me!’

‘Didst thou ever burn incense to propitiate me?’ asked the Skies.

So she went to the Incense-seller.

‘Incense-seller! Incense-seller mine! Give me a little incense for Heaven, that it may give me water for the Broom-tree and the Broom-tree may give me a branch or two. The branches are for the mill, that the Miller may give me grain; the grain is for the Hen, that she may give me a chicken; the chicken is for the Eagle that he may give me back my tripe, so that my old man may not beat poor me!’

‘And didst thou ever bring me a Maiden to kiss?’

She goes away to the Maiden.

‘Maiden mine! Maiden mine! give me a kiss for the Incense-seller, that he may give me some incense. The incense is for Heaven,’ etc.

‘And didst thou ever bring me a pair of slippers to wear?’ said she.

So the old woman goes away to the Shoemaker.

‘O Cobbler mine! Cobbler mine! give me a pair of slippers to take to the Maiden, that the Maiden may give me a kiss. The kiss is for the Incense-seller,’ etc., etc.

‘Am I to give them to thee without payment?’

So she goes to the Coiner.

‘O Coiner mine, Coiner mine! give me two or three *paras*^a for the Shoemaker, that he may give me the shoes for the Maiden,’ etc., etc.

‘And didst thou ever bring me a whetstone to sharpen my tools, that I should make *paras* for thee?’

Then the old woman gave it up, and went home to her old man, and he laid the stick on her.

^a The fortieth part of a piastre, the smallest Turkish coin, worth about a quarter of a farthing.

THE TWELVE MONTHS.

Milos.

(*Νεοελ. 'Ανάλ., A. 2.*)

HERE begins the story, good-evening to you !

Once upon a time there was a poor old woman, and she set out to gather sticks, so as to have a store for the winter, poor creature. As she went looking for sticks she came out on some untilled land, and on the edge of the untilled land at the foot of a mountain she saw a house. While she picked up wood, a shower came on, so the poor old woman, not to get wet, ran into that house. No sooner was she inside, than she saw Twelve most beautiful Youths.

‘Good day, *pallikars*,’ said she to them.

‘Welcome, old woman,’ say they, ‘how dost thou happen to be here in such bad weather?’

‘Alas, my sons, I am a poor woman, and I came to gather two or three sticks for the winter which is coming; for, my sons, mine is a poor tumble-down cottage, and the wind comes in, and the rain, and the cold.’

Then says one of them to her, ‘Wilt not tell us, dame, which of all the months is the worst?’

‘Ah, my son, none of the months is bad. Each has its fair and its foul [side].’

All the months are good [believe];

All my blessing shall receive.’

‘But that cannot be, dame. Tell us now if January is as good as May, for instance?’

‘My sons,’ says the old woman, ‘if January did not rain and make bad weather, May would not have his flowers. Why shall I say?—

All the months are good [believe];
All my blessing shall receive.’

Then they say to her, ‘Hast thou not a double sack,^a my old woman?’ The old woman gave them the sack which she had brought to put wild herbs in, and they filled it for her with gold coins up to the mouth. The old woman takes it and goes back to her village. When her sister saw that she no longer lived in poverty, but spent gold pieces, she said to her,

‘I say, sister, wilt not tell me where thou found all those sequins?’

She sat down and told her all the story. The next day, she gets up, looks for the biggest sack, and takes it as if she were going to gather wild herbs. She goes—not to make a long story of it—and finds the same house and the Twelve Youths within. She enters, salutes them, and sits down. Say they, ‘What has brought thee here, dame?’

‘I came,’ said she, ‘to gather two sticks, for now comes the bad and cold month of January, which I would that never came, for it makes me shrink into my shell.’

‘But which month pleases thee, dame?’ they ask then.

‘None, they are all bad and cold to me! Which can I call good?—hirplin February?^b—or fickle March—March the stake-burner?^c—All the rest are fire and flame!’

^a A kind of saddle-bag carried over the shoulder.

^b *Kourso*, lame of one leg. So called because shorter than the other months.

^c The store of winter fuel being exhausted by February, a cold March obliges the peasants to burn their fences.

Then said they, 'Hast thou a sack?'

She joyfully replied, 'I have.'

'Give it to us.' They took it and filled it to the mouth with every kind of reptile—vipers, frogs, and lizards, and all that the black earth possesses. They give it to her and say,

'When thou comest to thy house, shut the doors and windows, and then open the sack.'

The old woman takes it with great joy, goes to her house, shuts herself in, and opens the sack. Immediately all the snakes spring out, and tear in pieces the unhappy woman for being an impertinent chatterbox.

I was not there, and neither were you, so you need not believe it!

THE CATS.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 335.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good evening to your Honours!

There was once upon a time a poor old beggar-woman, and all day long she wandered about asking for alms, and at night she went home to her little hut, and rested. But one day it happened that no one gave her anything, it was all—‘May God relieve thee!’^a It grew dark, the poor creature returned home, went in, it was all dark; hungry and weary, what was she to do? She tossed and turned, she could neither lie still nor sleep, and her stomach played the drum. So she took her stick, and determined to go out again. She tramped, and tramped, and knew not where she went; all the doors were shut, and there was darkness everywhere. At a distance she saw a light, a long way off. Said she,

‘What can there be there, perchance it is some wedding. I’ll go and see!’

She goes up and sees a great door; she knocks and knocks, but nobody opens, and not a soul speaks. She begins to knock louder still. Then the door opens, and she sees appear before her a black Tom-cat. He said to her,

‘*Mar-mour, mar-mar?*’

‘Give me an alms, my gentleman!’

Another Tom-cat rushes up, and says to the porter, the black cat,

^a ‘Ο θεός να σ’ ἐλεήσει! The common formula when refusing alms to a beggar.

‘*Maou ! maou !*’

The old woman hurries up, ‘Give me an alms, my gentlemen !’

Said the Tom-cat who was on the stairs, ‘*Mar-mar-mar-mar !*’ She made as if she would go upstairs, and as no one spoke to her, she went up. She came into a great room, and there were opposite two sofas all embroidered with gold, and on each sofa sat a great Tabby-cat ; the one on the one sofa was white, and the one on the other was brindled. One, the white one, had a beautiful *tchibouk* of jasmine, and was smoking ; and the other, the brindled one, had a *narghileh* set with diamonds and coral, and she was smoking. When the old woman came in she made a reverence and said, ‘Give me an alms, my ladies, for I am dying of hunger.’

Said one of the Cats to the other, ‘*Mar-mar ? Mar-mour ?*’

Then, ‘*Mar-mar-mar,*’ said the other.

Then said the Cat which was on the stairs,

‘Go and bring a sack from thy house.’

The poor creature went ; she had no sack at her house, and she went to a poor neighbour and begged hers.

‘What dost want it for ?’ she asked.

‘They are going to give me a little flour, and I want a sack to put it in.’

She took the sack, went back, and they put some sequins in it and gave it back to her. She put it on her shoulder, thanked them, and left. She went home, emptied out the sequins into an old chest which she had, took back the sack to her neighbour, and went away. Then the old woman puts her hand into the sack to see what it had had in it, and finds in the run

of the sack a sequin. She takes the sequin and goes to the old woman, and says to her,

‘Where didst thou find the sequins?’

‘What sequins?’ she replied.

‘*Ná!* those thou put’st in the sack.’

‘*Kalé!* I didn’t put any sequins in, my Christian,’ said she.

‘Either thou’lt tell me where thou found’st them, or I will go and say at the Court that thou art a thief.’

Then the old woman was afraid, and said to her, ‘There, in that house,’ which she pointed out, ‘I went, and they gave them to me.’

Then she lost no time, folded up her sack, and—one, two, three,—she was at the palace. She knocks and knocks at the door; the black Tom-cat opens.

‘*Ví!* May’st thou burn! *Ná!*^a How he startled me, opening the door like a human!’

Then up comes the other Tom-cat who was on the stairs—‘*Mar? Mar? Mar? Mar?*’

‘*Ví!* and be hanged to you!’ Then she came in and mounted the stairs and entered the room where the great Tabby Cats were, and when she saw them smoking *tchibouks* [she cried], ‘*Ví!* Here’s a go! Why—they’re smoking *narghilehs*, *tchibouks!* But who will catch mice in here?’

Said the big Cats, ‘*Máou! máou! máou?*’

Said she, ‘Now I will go and learn cat-language, and come and talk to you!’ and she split her sides with laughing.

Then the other Cat who was on the staircase turned and said to her, ‘What dost thou want?’

‘*Ná!* I want you to fill my sack full of *liras*, as you filled the other old woman’s, or else I will go and

^a The gesture of the *phaskelon* accompanies this exclamation. See p. 154.

accuse her at the Court with being a thief, and have her put in prison.'

Then said the big Cats to the Cat on the stairs, 'Máou, máou, mamáou!'

The old woman did nothing but laugh and split her sides, and say, 'Ah, my son, let them look out when such a cat as thou goes for them!'

Said the Cat on the stairs to her, 'Give me thy sack, and I will go and fill it with sequins.'

He took it, and went down to the cellar, and put in what his mistresses had bidden him, tied it up tightly, and gave it to her, saying,

'Here, dame, are sequins, but it will not do for the stars to see them; thou must go alone into thy house, shut the door well, undress thyself, and then open the bag with the sequins.'

She took them, said 'Good-night,' burst out laughing, and went off. She went into her house, fastened her door and window, undressed herself as he bade her, and then untied her sack. As soon as she had untied it, there rushed out snakes, creeping things, and beetles; and the snakes wound themselves round her neck and throttled her, and devoured her, and there remained only her skeleton.

The other poor woman could not sleep all night for fear that this one might accuse her. So she waited for her neighbour to open her door and her window; but neither door nor window was opened. Then she went softly, softly, and opened the door, and saw her stretched dead on the floor. Then she pulled to the door softly again, and shut it, and arose and fled to her own little house. And she took her sequins, and all her clothes, and left that house and went to another place, and built another little house, and spent a golden old age. But neither you nor I was there, so you needn't believe it!

THE STORY OF THE BAD COMPANIONS.

(SAKELLÁRIOS, II., p. 357.)

ONCE upon a time the Cock determined to go to the Holy Sepulchre and become a Pilgrim, and he said to the Hen,

‘ Shall we go and become *Hadjis* ?’

‘ Let us go,’ said the Hen, ‘ Cock the prior, Hen the prioress, let us set off and go.’

They went a little way, and met a Partridge.

‘ Good day, Partridge !’

‘ Glad to see you, Cock and Hen, and where may you be going for your good ?’

‘ We are going to become Pilgrims ; wilt thou come too ?’

‘ I’ll come ! Cock the prior, Hen the prioress, and the singing Partridge, let us set off and go.’

They went a little further and met a goose.

‘ Good day, Goose !’

‘ Good day to you, and where are you going ?’

‘ We are going to become Pilgrims ; wilt thou come with us ?’

‘ I will. Cock the prior, Hen the prioress, the singing Partridge, and the fluffy Goose—let us set off and go.’

They went a little further and met a Fox.

‘ Good day, Fox !’

‘ Good day to you, and where are you going for your good ?’

‘ We are going to become Pilgrims ; wilt thou come with us ?’

‘ Indeed I will. Cock the prior, Hen the prioress,

the singing Partridge, the fluffy Goose, and the cunning Fox—let us set off and go.'

As they went, night came on, and the Fox ate the Goose.

'Where is the Goose? Where is she?' they asked.

'She has flown away,' replied the Fox. 'Come, let us set off and go.'

The next night he ate the Partridge.

'Where is the Partridge? Where is she?' again they asked.

'She has flown away,' again replied the Fox. 'Come along and let us be off.'

The next night he ate the Hen.

'Where is the Hen? Where is she?' asked the Cock.

'She has flown away,' again replied the Fox.

'But does a Hen fly?'

'She does,' said the Fox to him, 'and now thou wilt see that thou wilt fly too!' And he fell upon him and ate the Cock too.

The moral of this story is that one should be careful in choosing one's companions.

SUBSECTION III.—STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF
FILIAL LIFE.

THE RIDDLES, OR, THE DEVOTED
DAUGHTER.

Peloponnesos.

(Νεοελληνικά Ανάλεκτα, A. 8.)

ONCE upon a time and a long time ago, there was a King. This King had an elder brother who was married, and this King's brother had a daughter, beautiful as an angel, and both clever and witty. One day the Devil put it into the head of the King that this elder brother of his sought to kill him, and take away his kingdom from him. As soon as this idea had taken possession of him, he ordered his soldiers at once to seize his unfortunate brother, and cast him into a dark tower; and there keep him without food till he should die of hunger.

As he bade them, so they did. They took him, and threw him into a dark prison in which he could not see even his finger.

The daughter of the King's brother, seeing that her father was put without cause and unjustly into prison, at once suspected that the King designed some evil against him; and she gave here, and she gave there^a till she learnt that the King had made up his mind to let her father die of hunger in the prison. At once she hastens to the King, and says to him,

^a *I.e.*, bribed.

‘My lord King, I will ask thee to do me but one favour—let me go twice a day to see my father in the prison where they have placed him.’

The King, (thinking that) no harm could result, granted her leave, but gave at the same time orders to his soldiers to search her well whenever she came into the prison, lest perchance she might bring bread or other food to her father; and he told them to make a hole in the prison wall through which the father and daughter might talk.

The maiden, seeing that she had succeeded in saving her father from death, went at once to the bath and bathed. This brought out her milk,⁵³ and she went to her father in the prison. She put her breast through the hole, and told him to suck. Thus she did every day and her father had need of no other food.

When the King saw that so much time had passed, and his brother had not died of hunger, he suspected that his niece must do something magical to nourish him. So he gives orders to his *gens d’armes*^a not to let the maiden come to see her father at all, in spite of all she might say to them.

When the girl heard that the King had forbidden her to see her father, she was ready—what shall I say?—to burst with grief, for she saw that all her efforts were useless; her father to-day or to-morrow would die of hunger.

As she was walking sorrowfully along the road, not knowing what to do, she came a little way out of the town, and there she saw a farrier busy cutting open a dead mare.

‘Health to you!’ says she, ‘what are you doing there, gossip?’

^a Ντσαντάμπυδες.

‘Eh, my lady,’ says he to her, ‘I am a poor man, and yesterday my mare, which was near foaling, died. I am taking the foal out, and then I shall skin the mare, and so gain a little money to buy another.’

‘But,’ says she, ‘can the foal live?’

‘*Bá,*’ says he, ‘do you see that pony down there running about like a fawn? I took him out in the same way now four years ago, from his mother’s womb.’

The maiden, like a wide-awake girl as she was, when she heard this was ready to jump for joy, for a plan occurred to her for saving her father. So she takes and gives a hundred sequins to the farrier and buys the pony which had been taken out of its mother, and its mother’s hide, and takes them as a present to the King, the pony for him to ride on, and the skin for him to sleep on,⁵⁴ asking the favour to be allowed to go again and see her father. The King, when he saw the pretty pony, gave her leave. One day when the King was out for a ride mounted on that little horse, lo! the maiden appears before him, takes the pony by the bridle and stops it, and says to the King,

‘If thou sittest on one unborn, thou liest on his mother!’

When the King heard these words, he could not understand what they meant, and he begged the girl to explain them.

‘I will, my King, explain my words if thou wilt give me my child, the husband of my mother; and when thou hast given him he will be my father; but if thou give him not he will still be my nursling.’

The King, being still more puzzled, told her to ask any favour she liked and explain her words. Then she asked him to let out of prison her father who unjustly

and without cause had been shut up so long. The King could not go back from his word, and he let her father out of prison ; and then she sat beside him [the King] and, one thing after another, she told him all the story. The King marvelled at her wit, and repented that he had put his brother in prison, for he now understood that all he had heard against him was falsehood and devilry. And so they lived happy. And we happier !

MODA.^a

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 544.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good evening to your Honours! Once upon a time, there was a wealthy merchant, and he had a wife and two very handsome sons. But there came a time when he lost on every transaction. Said he to his wife,

‘I don’t know what to say, wife, everything goes now from bad to worse. The boys are growing up; I will leave them to keep thee company, and I will collect the little money we have left, and go and trade abroad. When I have gained some money, I will come back and settle our boys.’

So he decided, and sold all that he had. He left them some money to go on with, bade them good-bye, and set off. They waited, but neither did they hear news of him, nor yet did he return. Some years passed, and, careful though his wife was, they had eaten all they had. But the boys did not tell her that they were in such misery, for they did not wish to distress her. She was grieving for her husband, and if she should have to grieve for their poverty besides, she might die of sorrow. They told her that they went to school, but they went instead into the city, and worked, and in the evening they took home their purchases. But how could they earn enough to live well and also to buy themselves clothes? Much money was necessary.

^a Μόδα=μόδιος=the sixth part of the Attic μέδιμνος=a bushel, the nickname of the hero of this story.

They pondered—what could they do? what could they do? At last the elder said to the younger,

‘Thou must bind me, and sell me as a slave, so that we may get much money, and our mother may live comfortably. When our father comes back fortunate, he will redeem me.’

The younger wept, and was unwilling. He said,

‘Thou hadst better sell me, and remain with our mother.’

‘No,’ said the elder, ‘because thou hast coaxing ways, and the mother will be consoled by thee, for I am not good at coaxing.’

So they settled to go and tell their mother that the elder brother was going to seek his father. The old lady cried, and made a great fuss, but she gave him her blessing.

‘Go, my boy, and come back with thy father.’

He took his mother’s blessing, and his brother led him away and they went to the city. Then his brother bound him, and called out,

‘Buy-y-y slaves!’ all along the streets.

But nobody came out to ask for him, and they got tired and hungry. They passed by the Vizier’s palace, and the brother cried,

‘Buy slaves!’

The Vizier puts out his head upstairs, and says,

‘How much dost thou want for the slave?’

He starts up and says, ‘A bushel of sequins!’

‘*Bá!*’ said the Vizier, ‘I’ll give thee forty piastres.’

Up jumps the slave and says,

‘Donkey! Buy thy father for forty piastres!’

When the Vizier heard the boy call him ‘Donkey,’ he wanted to cut off his head. But in order to cut off his head he must first buy him. So he gives a bushel

of sequins to his brother and buys him. He whispered to his brother not to let it be known that he was his brother, but to come sometimes and tell him how his mother was and his father. So he said good-bye, took the sequins, and went away, and his brother they took into the palace. They sent him to work in the garden. He worked hard, and they were all much pleased with him, and he became the gardener's right hand.

The Vizier had a very beautiful daughter. When she went down to walk [in the garden] Móda gave her the best of everything, and she liked him very much, and came often into the garden. And thus some time passed, and the Vizier's daughter became very fond of Móda. And it was Móda here, and Móda there, till the gardener began to understand, and he said to the Vizier,

‘My Vizier, I would reveal something to you, but I fear that you will kill me. I must tell you that your daughter has taken a fancy to Móda.’

Then the Vizier called him, and gave him a basket of seeds of different kinds of fruit, pomegranates, and apricots and all sorts, and sent him to a far-away place in the midst of precipices, where he had an estate. Such a wild place it was, and such high mountains were there around that even a serpent would be torn in getting there. Said the Vizier then to Móda,

‘Thou must take these seeds, and dig the ground and plant them, and in a year's time thou must bring me the fruit of every kind of which I have given thee. And if thou bring me not a basket filled with all those fruits, do not set foot in my palace, or thy head will go—I will cut it off!’

The unlucky Móda took the basketful of seeds with a cloth sewn over it, and went away. He had neither

money, nor tools, nor anything. He went on, and on, and on, and still on. By-and-by he grew weary, and went into a lovely church which was there, and slept. Then he saw in his dream an Old Man who said to him,

‘Where goest thou, Móda?’

‘*Āi!* where should I go?’ and he told all his story.

Then he [the Old Man] said to him, ‘When thou hast gone ten paces thou wilt see a mountain, and at the foot of the mountain a white slab. Raise this slab, and under it thou wilt find tools, take them, and go about thy business. I am thy mother’s blessing, and I will be always near thee.’

Móda awoke, he looked around, like one dazed, for the Old Man, but saw no one. He got up, took his basket with the seeds, and set off. He went to the mountain, raised the slab, and there were the tools—axe, and saw, and everything. He took them just as they were, in the basket, on his shoulder, and went whither the Vizier had sent him. He saw a spot exceedingly rocky, which neither spade nor anything else could dig. Up above this spot there was plenty of earth, and he determined to throw it down, for remove the stones he could not. He worked day and night, and lighted fires to see by. Now and again the Old Man went and left him bread to eat without the boy’s seeing him, and sometimes the youth found bread and sometimes other food, and he ate.

Let us now leave him to work, and let us go to the Vizier’s daughter. She, when Móda left, had laid down to die of grief. Doctors and doctresses [came], but none of them could do her any good. Whenever the door gave a *kirr* and creaked [she would cry], ‘Móda!’ if anyone stepped in her room ‘Móda!’ At last it was

all 'Móda!' nothing else did she say. At the end of a year you might have seen daylight through her, she was so wasted! What to do they didn't know. For her parents had no other children. Móda they looked upon as lost, and said,

'There where he is gone, the wild beasts must have eaten him, and there's an end of him.'

As Móda was digging to plant the seeds which his master had given him, he saw a great vessel on the edge of the cliff. He threw a rope up to the vessel, and began to pull, pull, to throw it down. When the vessel fell, gold pieces rolled out of it. Móda looked more closely, and what did he see?

'*Bré!*' said he, 'now I have made my fortune!'

When he had laid out the garden, his first work was to plant the seeds, and they grew, and grew, till they were as tall as he. He picked up all the coins which had fallen out of the vessel and put them in a cave, and rose and went to a city, took tools, and masons, and set to and built a beautiful little palace. When the palace was built, he bought horses, and built stables. The trees he had planted bore fruit, and he gathered of them all and set off to return to the palace. When he arrived at the palace, and the Vizier's daughter heard the door creak, she cried, 'Móda! Móda!' and then indeed all the servants ran and said '[It is] Móda!'

The maiden who for so long had not moved now sat up in her bed for joy.

Then Móda went and offered the basket of fruit to the Vizier. When the Vizier saw him he was amazed.

'*Bré, Móda!*' he cried, 'art thou still alive?'

'I am alive, *Affendi*, and I have brought you the fruits from your garden.'

'Are those from the seeds I gave thee?'

‘Certainly, from the seeds you gave me.’

‘Thou liest, where didst thou plant them?—on the rocks belike, and they have grown into trees, and borne fruit?’

‘If you don’t believe me, *Affendi*, let us go, and you will see for yourself.’

Then his wife said to him, ‘I will go, too, with my daughter for change of air.’

Then he said, ‘I will come here to-morrow and we will go.’ He went out, got into a carriage, and found to his surprise his mother, his father, and his brother at the little palace. The Old Man had taken them there. When they saw him at last they fell on his neck and said,

‘Ah, my boy, what hast thou suffered for our sakes! But again thou seest how our blessing has brought thee luck.’

He said to them, ‘Do you now make ready, and I will give you money, while I go to bring the Vizier and his daughter to dine here to-morrow.’

He took two golden coaches with four horses to each, and said,

‘My Vizier, everything is ready for you to come to our poor house.’

The Vizier leant out of the window to look and what did he see?—golden coaches with four horses. He went downstairs with his daughter and with his wife into one coach, and *Móda* got into the other with two other men belonging to the palace, and they drove off.

Then the others came out to receive them. ‘You are welcome!’ The table was laid, and everything ready.

‘Thou wert right,’ said the Vizier, ‘to ask a bushel of sequins.’

Then said his [the youth's] mother, 'What can I say, my Vizier? We were wealthy folk, and when my son was born, a Witch told me that if I wished him to live to twenty-two, I must sell him as a slave, otherwise he would die. So I put a stone in my heart, and resolved to sell him for a slave, and that has happened which has happened, as you know.'

His mother said all this because she had been advised to do so by the Old Man whom Móda had seen for the first time in his sleep, and afterwards saw when he was awake.

Then the Vizier turned and said to Móda's parents, 'I know not whether you will condescend to make my daughter your child.'

And so it was settled, and they held the wedding there, and they spent a happy life. But they did not go into the town, but remained in the country on the estate which the Vizier gave them for dowry.

Said the Vizier, '*This world is a wheel; lucky he who can turn it!*'

THE HANDSOME HALVA SELLER.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 540.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good evening to your Honours!

Once upon a time there was a King and a Queen, and they had no children. At last they prayed to God to give them a child to comfort them in their old age. The Queen said,

‘Let me have a child, and the next hour let me die.’

The Queen chanced to become pregnant in an evil hour, and after the child was born she died. The child was as beautiful as an angel, but scarcely had she seen it than she died. Imagine the grief of the poor King, who had not had time to rejoice at the birth of his child before he lost his wife. *Alas!* what was he to do now?—but, for the sake of his daughter, he took heart. As the girl grew up she became very lovely, and resembled her mother. The unfortunate King took care that she had nurses and nursemaids to bring her up and ever so many things. The King had a young Councillor, and this Councillor gave the Princess lessons, for she was always in her father’s study. So fond was the King of her, and so good a daughter was she, that she could neither be happy without her father, nor her father without her.

But, you see, Kings cannot do all that they like, any more than their people can. And so there came a message to this King that he must go on a campaign, and he could not but go. When his daughter heard of it, she threw herself on his neck.

‘My father! my father! thou canst not leave me, thou must take me with thee!’

‘*Bré!* my good girl! *bré!* my naughty girl, that cannot be,’ said her father. ‘But I will leave thee my Councillor, and he will hear thee read and do everything else that is necessary for thee, and I will return safe, if it is God’s will.’

When he had said this, he begged his Councillor to love her, and be kind to her; he embraced her, kissed her, and went away with a sorrowful heart.

As soon as the King had left, and gone about his business, the Devil told the Tutor in his ear to ruin the girl. At first the girl thought that it was petting and kindness to prevent her fretting after her father; but afterwards she perceived that her Tutor had evil intentions. So she went to him and told him that, if he continued [to act] thus, she would write to her father about it. She said to him,

‘Thou mayest stay in the palace, if thou wilt, but let not mine eyes see thee!’

Then he was afraid that she might write to her father; so he set to, and wrote himself to her father,

‘To my great grief, my longlived King, the Princess has become unrecognisable. She brings youths into the palace to amuse herself with, and afterwards she takes these youths and goes with them into the country, and stays away for days. She will hear no counsel. Not even me? you will say. Me she has driven out of the palace. When you left I hung the Princess round my neck to take care of her, and was watchful of your honour and hers. Everyone here wonders at the doings of the Princess. Give me orders, my King, what I must do.’

When the King received such a letter about his

daughter, he was like to lose his wits. Thinks he, how can he go and see her in such a state? At last he made up his mind and wrote to the Tutor,

‘I love my honour better than my life, or the life of my daughter. Kill her, and cleanse the palace from shame.’

When the Councillor received the letter, he read it to her, and said, ‘Thy life is in my hands, either thou must love me, or I will kill thee.’

And she said, ‘I am my father’s child, and I love my honour better than my life; so kill me, that I may escape from thy hands.’

Then he called one of his own men, and said to him, ‘Take the Princess and kill her.’

So he took the Princess and went far away into the forests, but he said to her,

‘I have not the heart to kill thee; I will only leave thee here in the wilderness, and may God help thee. But come not near the city, lest someone see thee, for then thy father’s Councillor would kill me.’

He left her, and the unlucky girl heard, all alone as she was, the roar of the wild beasts, and she was afraid. She crouched under a rock and passed the night. God dawned the day, and she found a shepherd’s hut. She went in, and the dogs rushed at her. The shepherd’s wife ran up, and drove out the dogs. She said, ‘What do you want here, my lady?’

‘I came that thou might’st give me thy clothes and I give thee mine.’

Then the shepherdess gave her a clean suit of clothes, and took her royal clothes. Then the Princess, when she had also taken a crook, set off, and went, and went, and went, to try to hear something about where her father was. Here and there she learns that in a certain

place there is a very sorrowful King, whom everyone tries to console, but for whom there is no consolation. She said to herself, 'That must be my father!' She learnt where he lived, and where his palace was, and that under it there was a seller of *halvá*;^a and she went to him and hired herself as a shop-boy. She made a very handsome boy; she took off her shepherdess's clothes and put on male attire. All day long he had his business to attend to, a thing to which he was not accustomed, and in the evening he told stories, and the earth and the world came together to hear him. And because he was a very handsome youth they called him *Guzél Halvadji*—'The Handsome *Halvá*-seller.' Up above sat the King with those who desired to comfort him, and he heard the uproar going on below in the *halvá* shop. He asked,

'What is all that noise about below in the *halvá*-shop, what is going on?'

'It is *Guzél Halvadji*,' they told the King, 'and he is telling stories, and that is why there is such an uproar below.'

Up jumps the Councillor, and says, 'My longlived King, let us bring him up to tell us a story, and pass the time?'

The King did not answer, and the others said, 'If he likes to come, let him.'

So, as they called him, he went, and sat him down in a corner. They told him to tell them a story to amuse them.

'My Gentlemen,' said *Guzél Halvadji*—for he pretended that he did not know there was a King there—'if you will accept my conditions, I will tell you not one story, but ten.'

^a A sweetmeat made of sesame-seeds and honey.

‘And what are thy conditions?’ they asked.

‘That whoever wishes to go out should go out now, and whoever wishes to hear my story must hear it to the end. I will lock the doors and put the keys in my purse, and no one must budge from hence.’

Then they laughed and said, ‘Very well, lock us in and take the keys!’

Then he began the tale, and the King heard the whole of his own history! And he said to himself, ‘*Bré!* has my history become a tale?’ But when he went on and said ‘Tutor,’ and ‘maiden,’ and so on, the Tutor grew pale, and in his fear he cried, ‘I feel ill! I want to go out!’^a

Then the *halvá*-seller said that the doors would not be opened till the story was finished. As the story went on, the Tutor cried, ‘O dear! O dear, your majesty, let me go out!’ But the King had clasped his head in his two hands, and was weeping rivers of tears. He turned and said to *Guzél Halvadjí*,

‘Tell me, my boy, who taught thee that story!’

‘A girl in a shepherd’s hut.’

‘Is she alive, this girl?’ asked the King.

‘The girl is alive and the evil doer is alive.’

‘And where are they? If thou canst show them to me I will give thee the half of my kingdom!’

‘Behold the girl!’ said the *halvadjí*, and he tore off his clothes, and left only the woman’s garments. She kissed her father, and then said, ‘And behold the evil doer—(‘Let me go out!’ cried the Tutor)—who has done all this to me. And there is he who pitied my innocence and saved my life.’

They all turned and gazed at the Tutor, who was dead, but unburied. Then they bound him tightly, and

^a A somewhat coarse Turkish expression is here used.

asked him if he had anything to say. Then he confessed that the story was true, and prayed them to forgive him. But they hanged him.

There was also there a handsome Prince among those who were comforting the King, and he begged him to give him his daughter to wife. The King gave her to him ; and from being the most miserable man on earth, he became the happiest King in the world.



SECTION (III.)
STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF COMMUNAL
LIFE.

*THE THREE PRECEPTS.*⁵⁵

Upper Syra.

(VON HAHN, *Νεοελ. Παραμ.*, p. 222.)

ONCE upon a time there was a man, and he was so poor that he had nothing to eat. One day this man says to his wife,

‘Wife, I will go to the City^a to seek work, so that I may earn my bread and send you [something] now and again, so that you may live.’

So the man set out, and went to the City; but, as he knew no trade to work at, he hired himself as servant to a gentleman, and worked every day with a right good will. His mistress was kind to him, and every now and again would give him something to send to his wife; but his master was niggardly, and never gave him anything. So he was patient, and waited until his master should give him his hire. He waited a year, two years, three years, four years, ten years,

^a *I.e.*, Constantinople.

twenty years; but his master did not pay him.^a Then one day he went and said,

‘Master, pay me my wages, because I want to go home to my wife.’

The master pulls out and gives him three hundred piastres^b for twenty years’ service! When Phrindírikos—for that was his name—saw his niggardliness, how for twenty years’ labour, look you, he gave him but three hundred piastres, he said nothing, but wept. He took them, and was going away. But his master called,

‘Phrindírikos, Phrindírikos, come here!’

He turns round, and says, ‘At your orders, master.’

Says he, ‘Give me back a hundred piastres, and I will give thee a precept.’

Said he, ‘But, master, I don’t want——’

‘No,’ said his master, ‘give them back to me!’

What could he do? He gave them back; and the master said,

‘Ask no questions about what does not concern thee.’

Again he was going away when his master called him back, saying, ‘Come here, come here, give me back another hundred piastres, and I will give thee another precept!’

He gave back another hundred.

‘Change not the direction in which thou hast set out.’

He was going away again, sore at heart, when his master called him a third time, saying, ‘Give me back the other hundred piastres, and I will give thee another precept.’

He gave them. Said his master,

‘Anger that thou feel’st at night,

Keep until the morning light!’

^a As it is customary in the East for servants to be supplied with clothes and all other necessities by their employers, their wages are often allowed to accumulate for years.

^b About £2 14s.

Well, what would you?—he went away without a *para*, and wept as he went. When he got out into the country, he saw a withered tree, and a Negro who was covering it with gold coins instead of leaves. It seemed to him a very extraordinary thing; but, recollecting his master's precept, he went about his business without saying anything. When he had gone a little way, the Negro called to him, 'Come here! Come here!'

'What do you want?'

Said he, 'It is now two hundred years that I have been here to see if anyone would pass by without asking me what I am doing; and I said that whosoever should pass without questioning me, I would give him all these sequins, and whoever should question me, I would take his head. I have built a tower of heads, and I had hoped that thou also wouldst question me, so that I might finish it, for only one is lacking. But as it was written that it is not to be finished, take these sequins and go!'

He takes and loads forty camels with the sequins, and goes his way. On the road he overtook forty other camels laden with sequins, and these were carrying the tithes. Says he to the men who were in charge of them, 'Good day, boys!'

'Well met, my *pallikar*.'

Said he, 'Where are you going?'

'We are taking the tithes to the King,' they replied. And they went along the road together. Presently they came to a cross road, near which was a tavern. Said they who had the tithes, 'Let us go and drink a glass.'

But Phrindírikos recollected his master's second precept—'*Change not the direction in which thou hast set out*'—and said [to himself] 'Well was I repaid, and so

it may be a second time!’ So he replied, ‘I will not go!’

They said to him, ‘Then take care of our camels while we go.’

So they went. But there they met with two robbers, who killed them and fled. And our man took the camels and went home. He knocked at his wife’s door, and she opened; she did not know him, but he knew her. Said he, ‘Will you do me the favour to let me lodge here to-night, for I am a stranger?’

Said she, ‘My husband is absent, and I cannot take you into the house; but you are welcome to sleep in the stable.’

So he went to the stable, and sat down. As he was taking out his bread to eat, he saw a man come up and enter his wife’s house. Presently he comes down to the stable, leaves his sack there, and returns to the house. Said Phrindírikos to himself,

‘*Bré!* my wife is deceiving me! Eh? She would not let me into the house, and he is going in to sleep there!’

He took up his gun and was getting it ready to shoot them both, when his master’s third precept came into his mind—

‘*Anger which thou feel’st at night,
Keep until the morning light*’—

and he put down his gun and lay down to sleep. In the morning he rises and comes out of the stable, and sees a youth of twenty, and he hears him say to his wife, ‘*Nené* [Mother] I am going out, and at noon I will send you some beans to cook.’ And the youth rose and went out. And then our man made himself known to his wife; and from that time they lived happily. And we more happily still!

THE LITTLE PIG.

Naxos.

(Νεοελληνικά 'Ανάλεκτα, B. 26.)

THERE was once a *Papá*^a and a *Papadhiá*, and they had a little pig. One day the *Papadhiá* said to the *Papá*,

'Let us kill the little pig.'

'No, *Papadhiá* mine, not till the fat hangs down.'

After a few days, she says again, '*Papá*, let us kill the little pig.'

'No, *Papadhiá*, not till the fat hangs down.'

She takes a bit of cotton wool, fastens it under piggy's tail, and then says,

'*Papá ! Papá !*'

'Well, *Papadhiá* ?'

'See, the fat is hanging down !'

The Parson looks, and says, 'We will kill the little pig. I will go and seek a man.'

He goes, and goes, and he meets a man.

'Good day !'

'Well met !'

'Dost thou eat pork ?'

'Hearest thou there ?'^b says he.

'Then thou art not the man to kill my pig for me !'

This man was cunning ; he takes a turn down another street, puts on his coat inside out, and again there he stands before the *Papá*. The *Papá* does not recognise him, and asks again, 'Dost thou eat pork ?'

^a *Papá* and *Papadhiá* are the titles given to a Greek village priest and his wife.

^b See p. 331, note ^a.

‘Never, never do I [eat] anything of the kind. No flesh do I ever put in my mouth; but at pork my gorge rises.’

‘Thou art the man to come and kill my little pig!’

He takes him to his house, and he kills it. The *Papadhiá* dresses the fry, and eats it with the *Papá*. For him they cook a couple of eggs, and he eats them; but his mouth waters when he sees them eating the pig. Then the *Papá* says to the *Papadhiá*, ‘Put on the head and the trotters to-night to boil, and we will eat them in the morning. Spread a mattress for the man to sleep on to-night, and to-morrow he will go away.’

She puts on the head and trotters, spreads the mattress, and the man lies down. Early in the morning the stranger gets up, uncovers the pot, eats the head and trotters, which were cooked, cuts off half the pig which was hanging up, takes it, and makes off. Afterwards the *Papá* and the *Papadhiá* get up, go to the pot, and—if your lordships and ladyships see the head and trotters—well, they saw them too! They saw besides that half the pig was missing, and the stranger gone.

‘A nice trick he has played us!’

The *Papá* saddles his white horse, and gallops about seeking for him. He meets him again in other clothes.

‘Good day!’

‘Well met!’

‘Dost thou happen to have seen anyone carrying half a pig?’ says he.

‘He has just passed by. But while thy horse is lifting up and down his four legs, the man will be far off with his two only; to catch him thou must dismount, and I will hold thy horse while thou goest.’ (In those times people were very silly, and if one had the least

bit more sense than another he made a gull^a of him.) The other believed him, and did as he bade him. When he was gone out of sight, the thief mounted the horse, and went to the *Papadhiá*.

‘What dost want?’ she asked.

‘The *Papá* has caught the thief with the half of the pig, and he gave me his horse to come and fetch the other half to compare them, for the thief won’t admit that it is the same.’

The *Papadhiá* unhooks the other half, and he takes it where he had taken the other. The *Papá* comes back, looks for his horse, goes home on foot, but no horse. Says he, ‘Set on half a quarter of the pig, and let it be ready when I have found the horse.’

Says she, ‘What quarter?’

‘Of the half which was left,’ says he.

‘But didn’t thou send the man on thy horse who came and took it, as thou had found the thief, and wanted to compare it with the other half, [to see] if they matched?’

‘What is all this fine story?’

‘Do I want to deceive thee?’

Finally the *Papá* understood that it was the same [man], and he said, ‘Let nothing worse happen to me!’ and went neither to find the pig nor the horse. So he goes still on foot, and all through his own fault. For he grudged that the man who was to kill the pig should eat a bit of it, and got nothing himself but the fry!

^a Literally ‘a mare.’

THE CONTENTED POOR MAN.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελ. 'Ανάλ.*, B. 8.)

THERE was once a poor man with many children, and he and his wife worked all day long. Every evening, when they were weary, they would eat their bread in peace and without a care. Afterwards the father would play on his fiddle, and the children would dance, and they lived the life of angels. Hard by there lived a rich man, and hearing every evening the sound of laughter and dancing in the poor man's house, he wondered, and said, 'Why am not I, too, as happy and careless as he? All day long he chops wood, and at evening he fiddles. I will give him some money, and see what he will do with it.'

So he goes to the poor man, and says to him, 'As I know thee to be a worthy man, I will give thee a thousand piastres, so that thou may'st open a shop. If thou succeed, thou canst pay me back; if not, I make thee a present of it.'

All that day the poor man pondered what he should do with so much money. He thought of one thing, and then of another. 'Should he open a little shop?—Should he put it out to usury?—Should he buy a vineyard with it?' The evening came, but he neither played the fiddle nor talked to his children; and, if they laughed, he scolded them. All night he could not close his eyes for thinking. Next day he neither went to his work, nor to any other place, so absorbed was he. His

wife asked him what was the matter, but he only told her to leave him in peace.

The rich man listened as he passed by one evening, and he turned and passed again, but heard neither fiddling, nor laughter, nor children dancing.

One morning he sees the poor man coming to him.

‘There, Christian, take thy money, I want neither it nor its shadow!’

And he went joyfully home again, and played on his fiddle, and his children danced as before when the day’s work was done.

THE DERVISHES.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 703.)

THERE was once upon a time a very rich merchant and he had one son. This merchant could play on the fiddle. So beautifully did he play the fiddle that whoever passed by stood still to listen to him. One day as he was playing a charming air in his warehouse, there passed by a great lady, and she stood to listen. This lady was a young and very beautiful woman, and her husband was very wealthy, but exceedingly jealous. Whenever this great lady passed by the merchant's place of business, she stood and listened if he happened to be playing the fiddle. An enemy of the merchant went and told this lady's husband that his wife was in love with the merchant who played so beautifully on the fiddle, and if he did not believe it, he advised him to watch and see for himself. One day the merchant was making merry in his office, and he had some of his friends with him, and they were amusing themselves. Then he played very charming pieces, and the great lady stopped and looked without observing that her husband was secretly watching her. This was the cause of the merchant's ruin. The husband of the great lady made an accusation against him, and had him put in prison, and so he was ruined. The merchant could not imagine what he had done to be thus treated, for he was a very good man. Then he who had informed against him, pretended to be the merchant's friend, and said to him,

‘Dost thou know why such a one persecutes thee?—Because thou play’st so well on the fiddle, and his wife has taken a fancy to thee!’

Then the merchant played no more on his fiddle, and he laid this charge on his wife: ‘Never let thy son play on the fiddle—blessing and cursing!’^a

One misfortune brought another, and finally the merchant sickened and died, leaving his wife and son in great poverty.

As the boy grew up, he heard that his father had played beautifully on the fiddle, and he asked his mother,

‘Did my father play beautifully on the fiddle?’

‘Yes, my boy,’ replied his mother, ‘but it was his ruin; and on that account he left blessing and cursing that thou shouldst never take a fiddle in thy hand, my boy.’

But the youth had a great fancy for the fiddle, and he begged his mother, ‘Let me play a little in the house, mother, and nowhere else.’

One way or another he managed to persuade her, and she gave him leave to play the fiddle, but only in the house, and he learnt to play it even better than his father had done.

The unfortunate woman had sold her diamonds and all her ornaments in order to live, and now none remained to her. When the boy was grown up, he said,

‘Mother, how are we to live now? We must work at something in order to live.’

Said she, ‘We will sell the few things that we still have. When we have sold them we shall have a little money, with it thou must trade and so we may live.’

^a A brief way of saying, ‘You will have my blessing, if you obey me, my curse if you do not.’

So the mother and son agreed, and the poor woman sold all that she had, and he went to Stambóli. He arrived, and made inquiries, and stopped at the shop of a *halvadjí*.^a He stayed there a few days; he was a clever lad, and helpful, and he made *halvá*, and *rahát loukoúm*, and when he [the master] saw how intelligent the youth was, he said to him,

‘What hast thou come here to do, my boy? If thou hast come as a shop-boy, I will keep thee here, for thou art a wideawake lad.’

‘No,’ replied the youth, ‘I cannot stay here, for I have a mother who has no one else in the world, and she cannot do without me.’ And he related to him how his mother had sold all that she had, and that he had come there to trade. Then the *halvadjí* said to him,

‘Where hast thou thy money? Take great care of it, for there are many bad people here!’

Then the youth gave his money to the *halvadjí* to keep for him until he should find a favourable opportunity for buying and returning to Athens. One day, when he was in the shop, the youth heard that a big ship was about to sail for Athens. He went and said to the *halvadjí*,

‘Give me my money, for I am going to buy.’

He took the bag with the gold pieces and coppers all mixed together, and went to buy. On the way, at a place where three roads met, sat a blind Dervish, begging for alms. As the youth passed, he said,

‘Whoever thou art, may thy youth be blessed with all thou desirest, if thou give me an alms!’

The youth pitied the Dervish, and put his hand in his bag to find some coppers to give him. As he was searching, the coins jingled.

^a See p. 371, note ^a.

‘What hast thou there,’ he asked, ‘that jingles—gold pieces?’

‘Yes. I have come from Athens to buy, and I am going back to my country.’

‘Let me, my boy, finger them a little, it is so many years since I had a sequin in my hand. Alas! I too was once rich!’

The youth held the bag down to him, that the Dervish might finger them. As he pretended to put his hand in to play, as he said, in the bag, he seized hold of it, put it between his legs and shouted,

‘Ah! I am robbed! This youth would rob me! Help!’

There were some policemen hard by, and hearing the old man cry out, they attacked the youth with sticks.

‘*Bré!* vile *Giaour*, wouldst thou rob an old man and blind?’

The unlucky youth cried out that the money was his, but as the policemen did not understand Greek, or pretended they didn’t, he ate the stick, and away went the money! He returned to the *halvadji*, but weeping and beaten, instead of with merchandise. Said his master,

‘What has befallen thee?’

He related to his master all that had happened to him. Said his master,

‘I am sorry for thee, my boy, but what can I do? Dost thou know any trade at all?’

‘I can play the fiddle, but with the fiddle how should I gain money?’

‘Play the fiddle then, my boy, and let me hear how thou playest.’

The boy at once began to play a tune, and everybody came together at the *halvá* shop, and the *halvadji* did a roaring trade. A few days passed thus, but the youth’s

grief overcame him. The *halvadji* was sorry for him, and he said to him,

‘My boy, wouldst thou know that Dervish?’

‘Know him?—I should think so!’

‘Then I will provide thee with a suit of Dervish clothes, and a staff like those of the Dervishes, and thou must bind thine eyes with a large piece of cloth, as if thou wert blind and could not see. Thou must follow behind him, and when he goes into his *tekkéh*,^a thou must go in too. All round the *tekkéh* are the cells where the Dervishes live, and thou must enter the cell of him who stole thy money, and notice where he keeps his hoard—for these Dervishes have money. Tie a towel in front of thee and fill it with the money; and when he comes out, do thou too come out with him. Only be careful, my boy, when thou goest in, to climb up into the loft which crosses the rafters of the roof. For when the Dervishes come in and undress, they take an iron bar and draw it all round the walls, and when they have drawn it all along the walls they begin to poke it about, in case there should be anyone hidden; and when they have done that, the Dervishes say their prayers and go to sleep. Do thou look well where he has thy money,—for he will put with it that which he brings in in the evening. Then come down, take thy money, and climb up there again, and rise in the morning when they are opening their *tekkéh*, and go thou out with them, for they are all blind and will not see thee.’

So the youth went. He put on the clothes, followed behind the Dervish who had robbed him, and when he entered the *tekkéh*, the youth was by his side, and so into his cell. And the boy looked, and saw the loft,

^a A Dervish monastery.

and as soon as he got in he climbed up and sat on the loft which was laid across the rafters. Then he saw the Dervish lock the door well, and open the cupboard and take out a great pot with gold coins in it. As he threw them in, he said,

‘Go and join your fellows, ha! ha! ha!’ and he played with them.

The youth saw the sequins, but he said nothing. When the Dervish had fondled the coins, he went and took the bar, and *bang!* he went at the wall with it. He drew it round once, and then began to poke with it all round, and when he had made sure that there was no one within, he laid down and went to sleep. At midnight he got up again, and again he fondled them [the coins], ‘Ha! ha! ha!’ and chuckled, and laid himself down again, and slept. After the second caressing of the coins, when a deep sleep had fallen upon him, the youth arose softly, softly. He climbed down, emptied the pot into the towel which he had tied round his waist, and clambered up again into the loft, and sat there. Towards morning the Dervish opened the cupboard again, just as day was breaking, and when he was about to caress the sequins again what did he find?—neither sequins, nor anything else! He opened the doors and began to shout,

‘Thieves! Run! I am ro-obbed! My sequins are gone! Gone!’

All the Dervishes run up and enter the cell of this Dervish, who shouted and yelled and made such an uproar as roused the whole community.

‘You have robbed me—you Dervishes!’

‘*Bá, bá*, who comes in here?’

Then one Dervish came forward and said to him, ‘*Bré*, where didst thou keep thy money that has been stolen?’

‘Here, in this pot I had it—where should I have it?’

‘*Bré*, dost thou go and put thy money in a pot? I have some too, but I keep it in my turban!’ and *tap!* he strikes his turban. The youth loses no time, but catches hold of the turban, throws his own down, and dons that of the Dervish.

‘*Amán!*’ he cries, ‘*amán! amán! amán!* There goes my turban! there go my sequins!’ and he struck out right and left, and deafened everyone with his noise and uproar, but the sequins were gone!

‘Why dost thou behave thus, *bré?*’ said another Dervish to him, ‘what is all this, *bré?* See what simpletons you are! I have sequins too, but *ná!* I have them here in my staff!’ and he lifts it up. *Snap!* He from above catches hold of the Dervish’s staff, and throws down his own on the floor. The Dervish hears the *bang!* and thinks his own staff has fallen. He stoops to pick it up; one tumbles over him, such a noise he made! *Plump!* falls another on the top, then—*plump!*—another on the top of them; they kicked, and pinched, and cuffed each other; the youth saw his opportunity, and came down, and *slap!* he gives one a box and then another, and darts out at the door, and the others rush in the opposite direction.

He goes home to his master, knocks at the door, the door opens, and he goes in. Says his master,

‘What hast thou done?’

‘Hush! Look—sequins and mischief!’

‘*Bré!* how didst thou manage it?’

‘Don’t ask! I have just left them beating and kicking each other, and they are at it still!’ and he related all the story from beginning to end.

They took the sequins out of the turban, and burnt the staff, and the next day they heard that the Dervishes

had been fighting in the night, and nothing more. They kept the sequins until the youth should find an opportunity for going to Athens. His master said to him,

‘I fear to have so much money in the shop lest there should be a fire, or a robbery. But the Vizier’s son-in-law is here, and if you like we will give it to him on interest, and whenever thou wantest it thou canst have it again.’

‘Do you know the Vizier’s son-in-law?’ asked the youth.

‘Why, he comes here every evening, and I will point him out to thee.’

So in the evening the youth played on the fiddle, and with the rest came the Vizier’s son-in-law to amuse himself. Said he [the *halvadji*],

‘My *Affendi*, this youth has some money which he has brought from Athens to make purchases; if you like he will lend it to you.’

The Vizier’s son-in-law made a note of it, and the youth gave the money to him, and he gave him a receipt for it. One day the youth heard again that a ship had come from Athens. He went to the Vizier’s son-in-law and asked for his money. His wife saw a handsome youth come into the palace, and she hid herself behind the lattice^a and looked at him, for he had taken her fancy. The youth went and said to the banker,

‘I beg you to give me back my money, for I am going away to Athens.’

‘What money?’ asked the banker.

‘The money I lent you!’

^a Καβδοί, or καφδοί, the Turkish *kaphés*, a latticed aperture in the wall between the *haremlík* and *selamlík*, or private and public apartments of an Osmanli mansion.

‘Have you a receipt? Did I give thee a receipt for it?’

‘Certainly I have,’ and he takes out the receipt from his bosom and gives it to him. As the banker took it, he pretended to read it, and then threw it on the brazier and burnt it. The youth shouted, and cried, and yelled.

‘Hush!’ said he, ‘or I will call them to hang thee!’

The banker’s wife, the daughter of the Vizier, saw it all, and she was sorry for the youth. When the youth heard what he said, he arose and went back to his master, weeping afresh. Well, the *halvadji* was trying to comfort him, when they saw a Negress coming, and she said to the boy,

‘Come in the evening to the palace where they burnt thy receipt, for someone wishes to speak to thee there.’

In the evening he arose and went to the door. A Negress was there awaiting him. She was the same who had bidden him, and she took him and led him upstairs to her mistress. Her mistress was a very beautiful woman, quite young and lovely, and she was the Vizier’s daughter. Then when she had told him how much she liked him, she said,

‘Never mind, don’t be grieved, for, little by little, I will give thee back all thy money.’

Then when they had entertained each other very pleasantly, she gave him some money and he went away. He returned to his master, and told him that his money was coming back by degrees. The next day the Negress came again and said to him,

‘Be ready in the evening, for I will come and fetch you again.’

That day as she [the lady] ate with her husband, they had a bird, and she said to her husband,

‘ Shall we have a *yiddēs*?⁵⁶—whoever loses shall give to the other two hundred sequins?’

Said her husband, ‘ I am willing.’

So they had the *yiddēs*, and her husband went out; and she, when evening came, sent again to fetch the youth to divert her. The Negress came in and said, ‘ Mistress, the master is coming!’

What was she to do? She opened a great chest which she had, locked him in, and put the key in her purse. When her husband came in she lost no time in saying,

‘ Do you know, a man came in here, and I have locked him up in that chest, so that I might give thee the key to open it!’

Imagine the terror of him in the chest! But the sly rogue, immediately her husband took the key, clapped her hands and cried, ‘ I’ve played you a trick! *Yiddēs*!’ and she went off into a fit of laughter.

Then he threw the key on the floor, and said, ‘ Curse it! I forgot, and thou hast tricked me!’

Said she, ‘ Come now and give me the money!’

Said he, ‘ Wait a bit, and let us sit down—presently.’

But not she. ‘ Come and give me the money!’ [she cried].

Then her husband went to fetch the money, and she made a sign to the Negress, and the Negress took him [the youth], and led him away. So he went to his master, who asked him,

‘ What hast thou been doing this evening?’

‘ I have been ready to burst with anger, and my heart has trembled like that of a hare,’ and he related how he had been shut up in the chest, and the rest of it.

The next day the banker came to the *halvadji*’s shop and asked him,

‘Where wert thou last evening? I came here to hear thee play on the fiddle, and thou wert not here.’

‘Ah! The night before last I was well entertained; but last night my heart beat like that of a hare!’

‘But why? What happened to thee?’ asked the other.

‘What happened to me?—I went to visit a beautiful lady, and she locked me up in a great chest and gave the key to her husband, and said to him, “*Yiddës*,” and went out with her husband, and the Negress unlocked me and led me out, and I went away.’

‘But art thou going this evening also?’ asked the banker.

‘If I am sent for, I shall go—how should I not go?’

When the banker had gone, the Negress came. ‘Be ready in the evening, I will come and fetch you again.’

So in the evening she came again and fetched him, and he went. A little while afterwards, the husband comes home. The Negress goes and cries, ‘The Agha is coming!’ She [the lady] opens a big cupboard, locks him in, and puts the key in her pocket. Her husband comes and says,

‘Give me the key of the chest. I want to open it.’

Says she, throwing the key on the floor, ‘There, take it! Thou art jealous, thou art a miser, I cannot put up with thee any longer—I shall go and ask my papa to divorce thee!’

He opens the chest, and finds nothing inside. She begins to abuse him; he leaves the key, and her to abuse, and goes to his own apartments. His wife follows him with abuse, and gives the key to the Negress who lets him [the youth] out, and he goes away.

The next day the banker goes again to the *halvadjî’s*, and says,

‘Ha! didst thou go again to the beauty’s?’

‘Ah! last night it was famous! How we laughed! He asked for the keys of the chest, and I was hidden in the cupboard!’

‘Indeed! Art thou going again this evening?’

‘Do I know?—if they send for me.’

The beauty wrote him a letter:—‘Come this evening, and I will lay a bet with my husband—whoever hits a gourd which will be in the fountain of our palace shall receive from the other three hundred piastres. I will bid the Negress put a pith helmet⁵⁷ on thy head, and thou must get into the fountain. When my husband throws, thou must move aside, so that he may not hit thee; and when I throw, thou must stand still so that I may hit thee and win the bet, and give thee the three hundred piastres.’

So the Negress took him and put him in the basin with the pith helmet on his head. Says she [the lady] to her husband,

‘Let us go and dine in the garden.’

He was a little surprised [at this invitation] as she had not spoken to him all that day, and replied, ‘Certainly, whatever thou pleasest.’

They went to the kiosk, and as they were eating, she turns round—so!—towards the fountain, and pretends to catch sight of the gourd.

‘*Bá!*’ said she, ‘come now, whoever hits it, the other shall give him three hundred piastres.’

He throws a stone first, and the stone falls into the water. Then she throws. *Tap!* it hits the gourd! She claps her hands, and is very delighted and happy. She takes her husband upstairs to get him to give her the money. Then the Negress lets him [the youth] out of the well, dresses him handsomely in furs, and he

goes home to his master. The next day the banker comes again.

‘Well, how didst thou amuse thyself yestre’en?’ he asked.

‘Well, last evening I caught a slight cold; for they put me in the fountain, and when he threw into the basin I moved aside, and the stone fell into the water; and when she threw, I stood still, and she hit me, and won the three hundred piastres which she sent me by the Negress.’

‘Listen. To-morrow I give a dinner to some of my friends, and if I ask thee to come with thy fiddle, wilt thou come? I will give thee back the money which I took from thee. And if I say to thee—“Tell a story!”—relate all this, wilt thou?’

‘*Bá*, I will, why shouldn’t I?’

So the next day the banker invited to his table the Vizier, his wife’s father, his wife’s brothers, her uncles, and the youth with his fiddle. Said he to his wife,

‘I am giving a dinner to-day to thy father and thy relatives, and I have got someone who plays beautifully on the fiddle; if thou wilt, come to the lattice and listen.’

So all the guests assembled, and ate, and drank. Then the banker said to the fiddler,

‘Wilt thou not tell us a story?’

Then the youth sits down and tells all the story as we know it—how a lady had taken a fancy to him, and had put him in the chest, and in the cupboard, and in the fountain; and when he had told all this, he threw away his fiddle as if he were mad, and cried,

‘Ah, *Affendi* mine, give me my money! He has taken it from me, and burnt the receipt, and told me to say all that I have related. But it is all false, and I am

a poor lad ; and, because he promised to give me back my money, I have said what I have said !'

Then the Vizier turned to the banker, and said,

'Thou art a money changer, and a Jew.⁶⁸ Thou art not fit for my daughter. I have a great mind to hang thee, but to show thee favour, I will only send thee into exile.'

Then he exiled him, and took his daughter home, and divorced her from her husband. The youth he compensated, and repaid him his money. He went to his master the *halvadjé*, received back from him the rest of his money, and returned to his mother in Athens. There he opened a shop, and lived happy and contented.

THE FRIENDS.

Upper Syra.

(VON HAHN, *Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια*, p. 220.)

ONCE upon a time there were two youths who were such great friends that they only left each other to sleep. But there came a time when one of them got married; and after that he avoided his friend, and did not so much as wish him 'Good day,' lest perchance he should come to his house and speak to his wife.

So what does he do then? He goes and builds a house of three stories, puts his mother in the lower story, his mother-in-law in the second, and his wife in the third; and commands his mother on no account to open and let anyone in.

Well, how does his friend outwit him? He goes and changes his clothes, and dresses himself up like a lord,⁵⁹ and when he knew that the husband had gone out to his work, he went and knocked at his door, and out came his friend's mother.

'Eh, good day, dame!'

'You are welcome, young man!' Then she asks him, 'What seek you here?'

'I, dame,' he replied, 'am a lord. I like your house very much, and if you will have the goodness to allow me, I should like to take its measurements.'

'God forbid, my boy, my son does not allow me to let anyone in.'

'I will give you a hundred piastres if you will let me in.'

When the good woman heard of the hundred piastres,

she took them and said, 'Come in, but depart quickly, so that my son may not find you here.'

So, will she, nill she, he goes up to the second floor, when the mother-in-law sees him.

Says she, 'What seek you here?'

Says he, 'I have come to measure the house.'

She tried to prevent him, and would not let him come in; when he takes out and gives her a hundred piastres. She was wise, and took them, and what her son-in-law's mother had done, why should she not do too? In a word, he went up to the top story.

When the young wife saw him, she was afraid, and asked him what he wanted.

'I wish to take the measurements of the house.'

When he had taken them, he came down again to the second floor, and sat down. Said the mother-in-law, 'Go away at once, for fear my son-in-law should come.'

'I shall not go,' he replied, 'until you give me back my hundred piastres.'

Well, what could she do? She was afraid that her son-in-law might come back, so she gave him the hundred piastres. When he had got them, he went down to the first floor, and in the same way he got back there his other hundred piastres. And he left, and went and stopped at a place where he knew his friend would pass, and waited.

Soon his friend came by, saw him, and said, 'Good day!'

'What said'st thou?—"Good day?" Know'st thou not that the King has commanded us to say not "Good day!" but "Good day, and I know all about it."'

'Good day, and I know all about it, then!' And he goes away and comes to his house. Says he to his mother, 'Good day, and I know all about it!'

She made no reply, and he went up to the second floor, where he finds his mother-in-law.

‘Good day, mother-in-law,’ says he, ‘and I know all about it.’

‘Well,’ says she, ‘if thou knowest all about it, it was thy mother’s doing, for she opened the door and let him in!’

So down he goes again to his mother, and asks her, ‘To whom didst thou open the door, and whom didst thou let in?’

‘My dear son, it was a lord who wanted to take the measurements of our house.’

Then he rushes upstairs to his wife, and questions her. Said she, ‘What shall I tell thee? Thy friend was grieved that thou wouldst no longer speak to him, and could think of no other way of outwitting thee.’

Then the husband came to the decision that it is useless for a man to shut up his wife. So he gave her her liberty, and when he met his comrade again, they became greater friends than ever.

THE STORY OF THE BORN THIEF.⁹⁰

Cyprus.

(SAKELLARIOS, II., 6.)

THERE were once two brothers, the one was poor and had three children, and the other was rich but had no heir. The rich man, in order to help the poor one, asked him to give him one of his sons and he would adopt him; and he sent him the eldest. When the uncle had got him he took him to the top of a mountain and asked him, 'What is the best thing we could do from up here?'

The boy replied, 'Roll down stones to amuse ourselves.'

'Is that all?' said he.

The boy was silent.

On the following day he sent the boy to his father and said, 'Send me another, for this one does not suit me.'

The father sent the second, and he did the same. When he, too, was sent home, he sent him the youngest. The uncle, instead of taking him up the mountain, shut him up in a chamber, hung up a ringcake from the crossbeam, and went away. When the boy got hungry, he raised his head and saw the cake, but as it was high up he set his wits to work to get it down. He made a sort of squirt, and squirted water at the cake, so that as it got wet it fell down and he ate it. At night his uncle went to see him, and said, 'How have you got on, my boy, all the day?'

'Very well, uncle,' he replied.

Said his uncle, 'But wert thou not hungry?'

'No,' he replied, 'for I wetted that cake which was hanging from the crossbeam with a squirt, and so I satisfied myself.'

Then the uncle took the boy and led him to the top of a hill, and asked him, 'What is the best thing we can do here, my boy?'

Said the boy, 'Let us steal and eat.'

His uncle asked him, 'How?'

'This way,' he said. 'Do you see down below there a man with a sheep on his shoulder which he is going to carry away? Let us go and take it from him.'

His uncle asked how, as he was carrying it on his shoulder.

Said the lad, 'I will go in front, and when you see the sheep on the ground, seize it and carry it up to the mountain here.'

The boy let fall one of his shoes on the road and again after a little way he let fall another. When he who had the sheep saw the one shoe he did not stoop to pick it up, but when he saw the second, he tethered the sheep with a cord and turned back to take the first shoe; but the lad had already picked it up again, and the man ran looking for it. The uncle on the other hand picked up the sheep together with the shoe, and went off to the mountain. There the two met and sat down and ate the sheep.

When they had eaten the sheep, the uncle said, 'Now what shall we do, my boy?'

'Look!' said the lad, 'there's the same man carrying another sheep; let us go and take that too.'

The uncle asked, 'How?'

'The same way as before, my uncle,' he replied. 'As soon as you see it tethered, take it, that's all.'

The boy went and hid himself in a ditch and began to cry 'Baa ! baa !' The peasant, thinking that it was the sheep he had lost, tied this one to a stake and went to look for the other ; but he lost also the one he had, for the uncle seized and carried it off to the hills.

When they had eaten that too, the uncle asked, 'What shall we do now, my boy ?'

The lad replied, 'Do you see, uncle, a man yoking a team ? Let us go and take one of the oxen.'

Said the uncle, 'But how can that be managed, seeing that he has the oxen in front of him ?'

The lad replied, 'Come along with me, and don't fash yourself.'

When they were come down from the mountain the boy stood at a distance and shouted 'O wonderful ! wonderful !'

The teamster, fancying that the lad had found something, left his oxen and ran towards him, and the uncle behind unyoked one of the oxen, and led it off to the hills. And when the teamster came up to the boy and asked where was the wonder he shouted about, the lad replied that he had never before in his life seen a man drive a pair with one ox ! Then the teamster turned him and saw that he had but one ox. He went to look for the other, but did not find it, and the lad went by a roundabout way up the mountain and slew the ox, and ate it with his uncle.

'Now, my boy,' said the uncle, 'what shall we do ?'

Said the boy, 'Let us have done with these trifles, and let us go and open the King's treasury.'

'But how can we do that, my boy ?'

'Come with me, and I will manage it. Buy me only a sack, some cord, and a couple of hooks, and with them I shall climb up.'

So they went by night, and the lad climbed up upon the roof, and afterwards drew up his uncle and placed him there also. The boy then raised a flagstone and went below and filled his sack with dollars. And this they did three nights running.

A few days afterwards, the King went to his treasury to get some money to pay his workmen. But when he saw his treasury empty, he called all the people in the palace and began to examine them. The Vizier said that they had better consult a robber whom they had in the prison. So they called the robber, and asked him, and he said,

‘Shut all the doors and windows and observe where light comes in, and then I will tell you what to do.’

When they had done as the robber said, they saw that light fell from above, and told the robber. The robber advised them to place beneath the hole a cauldron full of boiling pitch. They at once did as he bade them.

At night the two thieves came, but the lad would not descend, for he smelt the pitch, so his uncle went down. As soon as he was down he stuck in the pitch and called to his boy to pull him up, but he couldn’t. He called to his uncle, but he was burning and did not speak. Then the lad descended, cut off the head of his uncle, took it, and fled.

When he got home, he told his aunt the evil which had befallen, and advised her to have her wits about her, and not to weep, or they would both be lost. The next day the King went to his treasury and saw there a headless body. He went immediately to the robber, and asked what he should do now? The robber advised them to take this body and hang it in the bazaar, and to send men secretly into all the streets to

observe who was lamenting, and to seize any whom they saw weeping. The lad passed by there and saw his uncle hanging, and went home and said to his aunt,

‘My aunt, take care you don’t go into the bazaar where they have hung my uncle, and weep, or we shall all be lost ; but I will tell you what you must do, if you wish to weep for relief : Take some pots of *yiaoúrt*,^a and cry in the streets “ *Yiaoúrti !* ” and, as you pass by the body of my uncle, throw them down so that they may break, and sit down there and cry as if you were crying for your pots till you are relieved.’

The aunt did as he advised her. At night they began to question those who had been watching. They said that they had seen no one but an old woman who had broken her dishes and was crying over them. Then the robber said that this was the man’s wife, and that they had done ill not to have arrested her.

Then the King asked the robber, ‘What dost thou advise us to do now?’

The robber said to them, ‘Put some gold pieces beneath the dead man’s body, and his comrade will not be able to resist, but will steal them ; then do ye open your eyes and seize him.’

The lad on the next day passed by there and saw the coins, and went immediately and found another boy, and said to him,

‘Let us play at horses, and every time thou passest under the dead man’s body I will give thee ten paras.’

He put some sticky stuff on the soles of his shoes, and every time they passed under the body he carried away on his shoes some half-score of the coins. Those who were watching saw two lads running about and

^a Curdled milk.

passing under the dead man's body, but they had no suspicions of two little rascals like them. When night came, they counted the gold pieces, and found that some were missing. The King punished the guards for letting the boys outwit them, and again immediately asked the robber what he advised him to do. The robber told them to take a camel and load it with various kinds of precious things, and have their wits about them, for the thief would not be able to resist it.

When they had loaded the camel and led it into the town, the lad saw them, and at once changed his clothes, and became a vendor selling wine, and met them on the road.

'What wilt thou take, my boy,' they said, 'for a drink?'

The lad replied, 'One *para* a cup.'^a

Finding the wine so cheap, they set to and got drunk, while the camel went on in front and the aunt opened her gate and took it inside. When they were drunk, they lay down in the street and slept. The lad took out his razor, shaved the half of their heads and the half of their beards, and left them wallowing like swine, dead drunk. He went home, unloaded the camel, took all the goods, killed the camel, melted down its fat, and filled two jars with it. When the men woke up from their slumber they returned to the King quite shamefaced. He questioned them and put them in prison. Then he went again to the robber, and asked what he should do.

Said he, 'Get an old woman, and send her from house to house asking for camel's grease to use as medicine, and wherever she finds it, there will be the thief.'

^a Ποτικόν, a measure of a hundred drachms.

So they sent an old woman, and she went from house to house asking for camel's grease; and she came to the lad's aunt, and she gave her a crockful. The old woman, not to forget [the house], as she came out dipped her hand in the grease, and marked the door with it. Soon after she had gone the lad returned and saw the camel's grease on the door.

'Ah, my aunt,' he said to her, 'thou hast given away of the camel's grease, we are lost! Give me, too, a crockful of the grease, and I will go and mark all the doors in the town.'

Then the King, when the old woman came back, went out with all his court. But what did he see? All the doors of the town marked! So he couldn't find out anything and went back to the robber. Then the robber said to them,

'He is a cleverer robber than I, and I cannot counsel you any more.'

Then the King collected all his troops in an open space and set a crier to proclaim that if the thief would present himself he should receive great gifts from the King. The lad dressed himself in soldier's clothes, and when the crier proclaimed, he answered, 'Here am I!' But when he heard 'Arrest him!' he mingled with the soldiers and cried also 'Arrest him! Arrest him!' so that this time, too, he escaped them.

Then the King proclaimed that he who should confess fully to his daughter all his crimes, should take her for his wife, and he would make him his heir. Then the lad went to the cemetery, cut off the hand of a corpse, hid it in his clothes, made his way under cover of the darkness to the King's daughter, and began to relate to her all his exploits. She took him by the hand, and called to them to come to her help, for she was holding

the robber by his hand. When the men came in with lights, they found in the hand of the King's daughter a dead man's hand.

Then the King swore that he would in truth give his throne to the robber, and then the robber presented himself, and he married him to his daughter, and he inherited his kingdom.

THE JUST ONE.

Asia Minor.

(CARNOY and NIKOLAÏDES, *Les. Litt. Pop.*, xxviii.,
p. 144.)

A PEASANT had just welcomed his firstborn.

‘Whom shall we ask to be our son’s Godfather?’ asked the mother.

‘His Godfather shall be the most just man I can find. To-morrow I will set out to seek this supremely just person.’

So the next day the peasant set out. Towards evening he met on the road a handsome Old Man.

‘Whither art thou bound, traveller?’ asked the Old Man.

‘My father, I am seeking a Godfather for my child.’

‘I can render thee that service.’

‘But I require a person whose justice is without equal.’

‘I am that person.’

‘What is thy name, my father?’

‘My name is God.’

‘Then thou art not he whom I seek.’

‘That is strange. How? Is not God Sovereign Justice itself?’

‘No, Lord! Thou art not the most just. The good things thou bestowest on mortals are ill-distributed. To the righteous thou givest poverty, to the wicked, riches. Thou art all injustice—*Addio!*’

The peasant continued his journey, and passed that night in a cave. Next day he met another traveller with a venerable and kindly face.

‘Whither goest thou, O peasant?’ was his question.

‘I seek a man supremely just as Godfather to my son.’

‘I am that just man. Take me to thine abode. I will be Godfather to thy son.’

‘And what may be your Honour’s name?’

‘I am the good Apostle, the beloved disciple of Christ—Saint Peter, in fact.’

‘Then you are not he whom I seek.’

‘How is that?’

‘I said that I required a man supremely just, and you say you are Saint Peter?’

‘Well! what then?’

‘Then you are not a just man. Every day you admit into Paradise the wicked, the misers, and the drunkards who have never done a good deed, under the pretext that the Pope has pardoned them. Yes, indeed! and you refuse entrance to heaven to the good and upright if unfortunately they have no money. Decidedly you are not the person I seek!’

On the third day, the peasant met another traveller who also asked him,

‘Whither goest thou, gaffer?’

‘To seek a sponsor for my child. I have now been walking for three days without finding a suitable one.’

‘What kind of man seekest thou then?’

‘A being supremely just.’

‘I am just, and I will be Godfather to thy child.’

‘I have met God, and also Saint Peter. Are you more just than they?’

‘I am more just than the Lord and his Apostle.’

‘Who are you then?’

‘I am Death.’

‘Then you are right. You respect neither rich nor

poor ; you strike alike the King on his throne and the beggar in his hovel ; you take the child from its mother's breast and the old with their crown of gray hair. You are supremely just. Will you, then, be Godfather to my child ?'

'I will. Let us go.'

And the peasant, followed by Death, returned home.

The christening took place with great ceremony, and Death was, as he had promised, the infant's sponsor. When the festivities were over, Death said to the peasant,

'Thou hast done me great honour, my friend, in choosing me as *Nono* to thy son. I would reward thee. Perhaps an honourable calling would please thee. Say, would it not ?'

'Yes, your Honour, but——'

'But what ? There is nothing I cannot do. Listen. I could easily give thee riches ; I have but to say the word, and that chest would be full of gold. But fortune, without credit and renown, is worthless. Thou shalt have all these things.'

'I—a poor peasant ?'

'Yes. From this moment thou art an eminent physician—the first physician in the world.'

'But I have never studied !—I can hardly read and write !'

'That matters not. Listen. The rich banker, Abraham, is ill. Go thou boldly to him, prescribe him what thou wilt, and assure him of recovery. He will not die, and will of course deem that thou hast saved his life and reward thee generously, and thy fame will spread.'

'But the other patients ?'

'Whenever thou art called to anyone, do but look at

the head and feet of the patient. If I stand at his feet, he will recover, if at his head, know that his days are numbered. All thy drugs and salves will make no difference.'

So the peasant went to the Jew, Abraham, and cured him, after all the other doctors had given him up. His fame spread apace, and very soon everyone was talking of the wonderful doctor who could tell at a glance whether sick persons would live or die.

In a short time the peasant-physician became one of the richest men in the country. All the rich men, the merchants, Bishops, Kadis, Pashás, even the Sultan himself sent for him for the smallest ailment, and would, if it had been possible, have kept him always in attendance.

Years passed. The doctor grew old, but was rich and respected, and continued to bless the lucky day on which he had set out to seek a just Godfather for his son.

One day as he was sitting under the great olive-tree in his garden, a stranger suddenly stood before him.

'Who are you, *Affendi*?' he asked.

'Dost thou not, then, know me?'

'My eyes are growing dim.'

'And yet thou still knowest me when I am beside thy patients.'

'Ah, is it you? Forgive me, *Affendi*. What are your commands?'

'The number of thy days is nearly fulfilled. Thou must prepare to depart.'

'Depart? Die? Now?'

'Yes, now.'

'*Ach!* Mercy! mercy! Grant me a few years more!—a few days only!—To-morrow!' And the

doctor threw himself at the feet of Death and wept like a child.

‘For the sake of your godson! Let me but see him married ere I die! *Ach!* Mercy! mercy!’

‘Come, come, my friend, I cannot wait.’

So the doctor had to follow Death through valleys and forests, across rivers and seas, and over mountains and hills. They hurried on until they came to an immense plain in the middle of which stood a wonderful palace.

‘We have come to the end of our journey,’ said Death.

As they came near, the doctor saw that the windows of the palace were as numerous as the stars of the sky. Some were dark, others brilliantly lighted. They went in, and Death led the way to one of the lighted chambers. A number of tapers were burning there, and one of them was nearly burnt out.

‘That taper,’ said Death, ‘pictures thy life. Dost thou not see how wasted it is?’

‘I pray thee, O Death, let me put one of these tapers in its place!’

‘They are those of thy relatives.’

‘This one, then?’

‘It is the life-taper of thy son—of my godson.’

‘What matter!’

‘“What matter!” sayest thou? Come, come, look at thy taper! See—the flame flickers—it dies—it is gone!’

And at the same instant, the old man fell dead at the feet of the supremely just Being who shows favour to none!



CLASS III.
HISTORICAL FOLK-LEGENDS.
LEGENDS ILLUSTRATIVE OF HISTORICAL
MEMORIES.

SECTION (I.)
LEGENDS ILLUSTRATIVE OF BYZANTINE
MEMORIES.

*THE LAST OF THE OLD HELLENES.*⁶¹

Khrysovitzza.

(HEUZEY, *Le Mont Olympe*, p. 264.)

VERY long ago, in the times of the grandfathers of our grandfathers, some people of our village went to Constantinople. While there they heard that one old woman of the race of the ancient Hellenes was still living in that city, and they went to visit her. She was very tall, taller than any man of our day, but had become blind from old age. She asked her visitors about their country, and, addressing one of them, 'Give me thine hand,' said she. He was afraid; so, taking up the fire-shovel, he held it towards the old woman, who bent it with her fingers till it broke.

'You are pretty strong,' she remarked, 'but not so strong as we used to be.'

*SINTSIRLÍ, AND MINTSIRLÍ, AND LITTLE
SINTSIRLÁKÍ.^a*

Epeiros.

(VON HAHN, *Νεοελληνικά Παραμύθια.*)

THERE was once a youth who was called Sintsirlí and Mintsirlí and Little Sintsirlákí. One day he was passing along a narrow street, and he saw at a window a maiden named Helioýnneté, and the moment he saw her he was seized with such a pain that he could scarcely walk. And when he reached home, there fell from his lips these words,

‘Mother, my soul! Mother, my heart! and my poor head, O mother!

Mother, such pain has seized on me, I shall be dead at even!

Mother, fair Helioýnneté was at her lofty window!’

And he repeated them a second and a third time, and cried, and raved. Then his mother asked what ailed him that he cried thus; and when she heard that Helioýnneté was the cause of his woe, she at once told her husband, who sent servants to her house. And when they arrived and knocked at the door, she asked ‘Who is it, and what is it, and who knocks?’

And they answered, ‘We are the servants of Sintsirlí and Mintsirlí and Little Sintsirlákí.’

Then said Helioýnneté, ‘Hasten, servants and maidens, and open!’

And quickly they opened the doors and the people came in. Now among them was Sintsirlí and Mint-

^a See Vol. I., Annotation No. 48.

sirlí and Little Sintsirlákí, who had disguised himself as a servant in order to hear for himself what Helioyénneté would say. When they went upstairs, golden seats were set for them to sit upon; and when they had sat a little while,^a the servants began to tell her that they were sent by Sintsirlí, who wished to make her his wife.

Then Helioyénneté said that Sintsirlí's hands were [only fit for] hoes to dig her garden; that his feet were [only fit for] spades to dig her fields with; and that his tongue was [only fit for] a shovel for her dunghill. And this she bade them tell him, and so they went away. And Sintsirlí, grieved and angry, left with them; and there fell from his lips these words, and he cried them louder than before,

‘Mother, my soul! Mother, my heart! and my poor head, O mother!

Mother, that Helioyénneté!—I shall be dead at even!’

Then his mother bade him go to the Witches, and do whatever they might advise. So he went to the Witches, and said to them, ‘Such and such things have happened to me—what shall I do? What shall I take?’

‘Nothing at all,’ they replied. ‘Go, get a suit of women’s clothes and put it on, and hie thee and knock at her gate; and when she asks from within, “Who is it, and what is it, and who knocks?” thou must reply,

^a This little touch is exceedingly characteristic of Eastern as contrasted with Western manners. In the West, if a stranger called unexpectedly, he would at once either mention, or be requested to mention, the cause of his visit. In the East, however, all the polite formalities of service with *glyko*, coffee, and pipes must first be gone through. And so it was only after ‘they had sat a little while’ that the object of this visit was broached.

“ “ I am thy cousin come to thee from far-off St. Donáto ;
Of golden broidery nought I know, of thee I've come
to learn it ! ” ”

Then the Witches gave him magic [ointment], and said to him,

‘ Take this magic [ointment], and when thou art come in, kiss her first and anoint her, and then kiss the servants and anoint them ; and, as you are eating bread, the magic will, little by little, take hold of them, and then thou must begin to say,

“ “ Ah ! all the birds, the little birds, in golden pairs are sleeping,

And I, poor solitary bird, to-night where shall I rest me ? ”

And she will answer, “ Hush, hush ! my cousin, thou shalt bide with my servants.” Then thou must again reply, “ Ah ? I am a King's daughter ! Should I lodge with servants ? ” Then she will say, “ With the nurses,” and thou must give the same answer. And she will then say, for the third time, “ Hush, my Cousin, thou shalt bide with me.” Then thou must be silent, and leave her a little while until bedtime, and afterwards thou must seize her and carry her off.’

So Sintsirlí went and did as the Witches told him. He took her and carried her home to his house. And as he held her in his arms—‘ *Oukh !* ’ she said, ‘ where are you, nurses and maidens, that I may tell you what I have been dreaming ? It seemed to me that I was in the arms of that donkey of a Sintsirlí ! ’

‘ That is precisely where thou art,’ said he.

And perhaps Heliyénneté didn't scream at all when she found that it was true ! Afterwards they were married, and lived happily. And we more happily still !

THE ACCURSED ONE.⁶²

(Circa 1370.)

Thrace.

IN the olden time, the town of Stenémacho and the surrounding country belonged to the King of Kalé who lived in the Castle there in great pomp and splendour. Sallying forth at the head of his army of mighty warriors he vanquished and slew myriads of his enemies, returning with rich spoils which he distributed among his followers, reserving for himself only the glory of his exploits.

But times changed. For the hated enemy of the Greek faith and nation, the conquering Sultan Amurath, had seized town after town, and castle after castle, until the great city of Adrianople had fallen into his hands. There he had raised his throne, and from this new stronghold was threatening the neighbouring Princes. Long and valiantly did the King of Kalé defend his country against the invader, but he was at last compelled to shut himself up in his Citadel. This fortress was built on the top of a precipitous rock, and so well was it defended by nature and art that, when prepared for a siege, a bird of the air only might approach it. Nor was this all. For the King had had constructed a secret mechanism by means of which he could at will dam up the torrent that rushed below the rocky foundations of his Castle, until its waters rose to the summits of the surrounding hills. Then, as the enemy advanced unsuspectingly up the dry bed of the torrent, the besieged opened the huge

flood-gates, and the waters rushed forth, like another Red Sea, and overwhelmed them.

At the beginning of these troublous times there had come to Stenémacho from beyond the Balkans a Bulgarian family who gave out that they were relatives of the Kral of Bulgaria, but having found the Ottoman yoke insupportable, they had left their country to seek an asylum with the Christian King of Kalé.

Some doubted the truth of this story, and feared that the good town of Stenémacho might be harbouring spies and traitors in the guise of refugees from Moslem tyranny. The King, however, received the strangers kindly, and promised them his protection. The family consisted of an old man, whose lips were never seen to smile; a young and beautiful woman; and a fair-faced youth. People said that this beautiful foreign woman had tried hard to win the love of the King, but in vain; for he was betrothed to a daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople, and his heart was as impregnable as his Castle.

But more and more evil grew the times for the Christian dwellers in those parts. Twice had the Moslems besieged the fortress of Kalé, and twice had the waters swept away the besiegers, strewing the Thracian plain with their dead bodies. The Ottomans at length seemed to be outworn, their camp was broken up, and they retired from Kalé towards the East. The King received this glad news on a Saturday afternoon, and immediately commanded that a solemn thanksgiving service should be held the next day in the citadel church of the *Panaghía*. All the notables of Stenémacho were bidden and with them the Bulgarian family.

Early on the following morning, the paths leading

to Kalé were thronged with the townspeople; the great iron gates were thrown open; and as the solemn Mass was chanted by the priests, the people gave heartfelt thanks to God and the *Panaghía* for their deliverance from the enemy.

But before the service was over a loud cry of alarm from the sentinel startled the worshippers, and a soldier forcing his way through them to where the King stood hurriedly informed him that a numerous band of the enemy were advancing on the Castle by the secret path, now undefended. The service ceased, the bugles sounded, all flew to arms. The King girded on his two-handed sword and hurried to the battlements. But the enemy came on. Presently a messenger arrived breathless at the foot of the tower, and was drawn up by a rope. He brought a letter for the King containing these words: '*Beware of the Bulgarian woman—she is a spy.*' Looking up, and across the ravine the King beheld standing on a jutting rock above the torrent the figure of a woman who, with outstretched hand, pointed out to the enemy the secret path.

'Accursed be the Bulgarian!' he cried. And at the same moment a well-aimed arrow pierced him to the heart. As the soldiers standing near received the dying hero in their arms, and looked with rage and grief in their hearts towards the traitress, they saw that the King's curse had indeed fallen upon her. For what had been the figure of a woman was now but a black and motionless pillar of stone. And there, to the present day, above the rushing torrent, stands the *Anathematismené*—bound there by the dying curse of the King of Kalé.



SECTION (II.).
LEGENDS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OTTOMAN
MEMORIES.

*THE MONK OF ST. SOFÍA.*⁶⁸

(1430.)

WHEN the Turks conquered Salonica, one of their first acts was to take possession of all the public buildings, and especially the churches, and with this object they approached St. Sofia. All the monks had fled save one, who, boldly addressing the invaders, announced to them that he was the guardian of the church and would die rather than abandon his charge. After a determined resistance at several points which were successively assailed, the brave monk finally took refuge in the bell-tower, where he again performed prodigies of valour. But the Turks, ashamed and infuriated at being thus held at bay by one man, and that man a monk, put forth their utmost efforts, and at last succeeded in making him prisoner. As an example to the rest of the inhabitants, they cut off his head, which they threw out of one of the tower windows. The monk's head rolled down the side of the wall,

leaving a streak of blood from top to bottom. The Turks, who soon transformed this church into a mosque, did everything they could think of to efface the stain. They scraped and limewashed the wall a hundred times, but all in vain. For centuries afterwards the red streak remained a source of secret exultation to the Christians and of vexation to the Osmanlis.

MAVROMICHAELIS AND MOURZINOS.⁶⁴

Maina.

(SOUTZO, *Scènes et Récits*, p. 301.)

ONE day Mavromichaelis and Mourzinos met on a high rocky platform overlooking the sea where there is now a little chapel of the *Panaghía*. The two rivals, after some angry and defiant words, began a furious combat. For two whole days they fought; the blows they dealt each other shook the very ground, the blood from their wounds reddened the very sea; but neither of them was mortally wounded. The sun was setting for the second time since the beginning of the fearful duel, when suddenly the figure of a woman appeared before the combatants, and said,

‘My children, cease your strife! Fall upon the Turks—they are burning your villages!’

When she had said these words, she disappeared. But the red glow of distant fires could be seen on the horizon, confirming this divine warning. Mavromichaelis and Mourzinos made the sign of the Cross, shouted loudly to their followers, and hastened to attack the enemies of the nation.

GIOVANNI AND THE DAUGHTER OF
IATRAKIS.⁶⁵

Maina.

(SOUTZO, *Scènes et Récits*, p. 302.)

THE family of the Mavromichaelis had gone to keep Easter in one of their manor-houses to the north of Vitulo, the ruins only of which now mark its former site. The Mourzinos took advantage of their occupation in fasting and prayer to scale the walls of the castle, and surprised their enemies while unarmed and defenceless. They carried off with them Giovanni, then twelve years old, and gave him up to the Turks, who shut him up in one of the prisons of the Seven Towers, thinking that the hope of ransoming this precious hostage might make the Mavromichaelis more tractable on some future day.

Some years afterwards, Iatrakis, the chief of Bardounia, was on his way to Zante with his daughter, who was very beautiful, when they were taken by Maltese pirates. The father was killed, and the girl sold as a slave to the Sultan's *Serail*. The Iatraki family possessed from time immemorial certain medical secrets which were carefully preserved and handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms. At the time when the young girl was brought into the *Serail*, the Sultan was ill with a fever which all his physicians had failed to cure. The maiden offered to cure him on the condition that, when the Sultan recovered, she might have any boon she chose to ask. Her offer was accepted. She brewed a draught accord-

ing to her family prescriptions, and succeeded in saving the life of her Imperial patient. In return she asked for her own liberty and also for that of the Greek captive whom she would choose as her husband. On being led to the prisons where languished so many of her countrymen, she recognised the son of Mavromichaelis by his tall stature, handsome features, and proud bearing. Giovanni's chains were struck off, and the young couple were sent away with every mark of honour to their own country.



SECTION (III.).
LEGENDS ILLUSTRATIVE OF HELLENIC
MEMORIES.

YIÁNNI STATHAS.

Argos.

(YEMENIZ, *Voyage en Grèce*, p. 62.)

SOON after Ypsilanti had uttered the first cry of insurrection in the Morea, Yiánni Stathas gathered round him his relatives and friends, and telling them that he was going to join the defenders of Greek national freedom, he chose from among them the bravest and hardiest, leaving the rest to guard their native village. In a few months he had gained a great reputation by deeds of daring which he again and again repeated. The terror which he caused among the Turks was also mingled with superstitious dread. Followed only by a small band of men, he fought with whole armies, which took to flight, panic-stricken by the suddenness and unexpectedness of his onslaught upon them. Even the very elements he made use of as his weapons. For with more than superhuman strength he would dislodge and roll down upon his foes great masses of rock

from the mountain side, and precipitate them into torrents or abysses. With his intimate knowledge of the country it was impossible to seize him. Appearing suddenly when believed to be at a distance, he dealt his stroke, and vanished without leaving any trace by which he could be followed.

Now and again he would visit his native village to see his kindred, bring back one son and take another, or recruit fresh followers to replace those who had fallen. These visits, though rare, and carried out with great precaution, did not escape the knowledge of the Turks, who determined to lay an ambush for him there, and crush him and his men by overwhelming numbers.

So one day when they had been informed by their spies that Yiánni was at Kastro with all his band, the Turks went by night to the number of 1,000 and surrounded the village, which could then muster but fifty fighting men, but each *pallikar* was a match for ten Turks. The Moslems surrounded the houses of the sleeping Greeks, and their chief summoned the villagers in these words:

‘Give us up Yiánni Stathas! Your heads are promised to the Pashá, but he will give you yours if you will give him Yiánni Stathas! We are a thousand, you but fifty!’

At these words a shutter was thrown open, and Yiánni’s wife, armed with a long *tophaíki*, appeared and cried in answer,

‘O merciful Turks! We grieve to refuse you, but Yiánni Stathas is gone, and we are here but his wife, his three sons, and fifty *pallikars*!’

While speaking, she takes aim at the Turkish leader, and stretches him dead in the dust.

Yiánni Stathas had in fact left the preceding night,

he having by a lucky chance been summoned to the Greek camp to meet and confer with Ypsilanti.

The day was just beginning to break that was soon to see one of the most cruel and bloody combats imaginable. The fifty *pallikars*, entrenched in houses or behind trees and rocks, kept up an uninterrupted fire, the old men and the women loading guns for them. The Turks, whose numbers were being gradually thinned by the balls of the Greeks, filled the air with their cries and imprecations. When the combat had lasted five hours, ten Christians had fallen—a terrible loss, considering their numbers; while the Turks made a rampart of the dead bodies of their comrades, so numerous were these. Exhausted by the heat and fatigue, both sides were slackening their fire, when a woman appeared on the roof of a house, her hair dishevelled and face and dress blackened with powder and smoke. It was the wife of Yiánni Stathas.

‘Sons of Mohammed!’ she cried, ‘and you, Children of Christ, cease for an instant your firing that the dust and smoke may disperse and both sides count their dead and wounded. *Pallikars*, give me news of my three sons—how have they borne themselves, and where are they?’

A voice replied, ‘One has gone for water, and the second is cleaning his *tophatki*.’

‘And the third?’

There was no answer. But a finger pointed to her third son, the handsomest, bravest, and best beloved, who lay stretched on the earth with his face to the sky, riddled with bullets, his unclosed eyes glazed in death, his fingers still clutching the stock of his long *tophatki*.

The wife of Yiánni Stathas hastened down from the housetop, and throwing herself upon the corpse of her

son, divided the black curls that lay matted on his brow, and spoke to him some words in a low tone. Then, seizing the arms he had used, she rallied the few remaining *pallikars*, and followed closely by her two sons, who while shielding her with their bodies, dealt around them blows worthy of giants, led them again to the assault.⁶⁶

When evening came, silence reigned in the village of Kastro. The streets were filled with heaps of the slain—six hundred Turks, fifty *pallikars*, and the wife and three sons of Yiánni Stathas had fallen.

Two days afterwards Yiánni was returning joyfully from the Greek camp, singing as he strode along one of those folk-songs which a Greek peasant sings when returning to his native village. But on drawing near his song ceased and he wondered at the unwonted silence that reigned around. No sound of human voice, no bleating of flocks, barking of dogs, or lowing of cattle. A boding of evil suddenly seizes upon him. He sniffs the air; it has an acrid, sickening smell. He looks skywards, and sees birds of prey hovering overhead, unusual visitors to those regions. A turn of the path brings him suddenly in full view of the village, and the field of battle with its heaped up corpses and blackened and ruined houses meets his gaze. In an agony he seeks for his wife and sons; they were not far apart. Collecting the charred timber of what had once been his home, he raised over each body a mausoleum; then, facing the sun, he laid his right hand on his heart, and swore a solemn oath to return to Kastro only when he had taken as many Turkish heads as would fill these four mausoleums.

Such a vow made by such a man boded evil to the Moslems. From this moment his foes had no security.

Yiánni fell upon them by day when they were feasting, by night while they slept. He fought no longer, he massacred, for his courage had become transformed into ferocity. Leaving one day at Argos his followers, who had just returned from performing some exploit under his orders, and taking his way alone by a mountain path, he came upon a Moslem dwelling from which proceeded sounds of mirth and music. The inhabitants were celebrating some family festival. Stathas must wreak his vengeance on them too. Entering the house, he slew all the men he found within, and a woman with a child at her breast did not escape his blind fury. Drunk with blood, he was about to despatch the infant as well, when the poor helpless thing in its fright threw itself into the arms of its mother's murderer, and clung to his clothing.

The child's cries of terror touched the heart of the fierce Greek. He paused, looked at the baby, as if undecided how to act. Then clasping the infant to his breast, he hurried away with it to a little monastery in the neighbourhood. Calling out one of the *kalóyers*, all of whom knew and esteemed him as one of the bravest defenders of their faith and country, Stathas gave the child to him, saying,

'This child is a Turk. Its father and mother are dead—I have killed them. I adopt the boy, and leave him in thy care for some years. Baptize him, and bring him up in the faith of Christ, the love of our Fatherland, and hatred of the Infidels. Let the past remain unknown to him and to the world. I make thee responsible with thy life for this secret.'

Stathas then betook himself to fresh combats with the Turks; but though as valourous as of old, he had now laid aside the ferocity which had characterised

him since the tragedy of Kastro. When the War of Independence was drawing to a close, Stathas arrived one day at the monastery to claim his adopted son, who, he found, had received every care at the hands of the good *kalóyer*. Before the termination of the struggle he found an opportunity of completing the boy's education as a Greek and Christian by making him take part in the last combat with the Turks.^a

^a This story was told to M. Yéméniz by a Greek who professed to have heard it from the lips of the monk, then living in Athens, where he had removed when the monastery near Argos fell into ruin.

THE GROTTA OF MELIDHÓNI.⁶⁷

(Crete.)

1822.

(PASHLEY, *Travels in Crete*, I., p. 127.)

NEAR the end of August, 1822, Hassán-Pashá passed with his troops through Melidhóni when on his way from Khánia to Megalo - Kástron. The unarmed Christians fled before him everywhere as he approached, and many of the inhabitants of Melidhóni, especially women and children, as well as people from neighbouring villages, took refuge in the great cave in the neighbourhood, and remained there several days. They found in it plenty of water, and since a few *tophaikia* sufficed to guard its entrance against any number of troops, they had but little fear of being attacked. The Pashá passed, however, without molesting them, and at length they emerged from their lurking-place, and returned in safety to their villages.

Soon after the death of Hassán-Pashá, Husséin-Bey and Mustafa-Bey^a came to Melidhóni with their troops. The people fled before them as they had done before Hassán-Pashá, and now took with them all their cattle and as much of their goods as they could remove, knowing full well that they would lose all that they might leave behind them. They felt no fear whatever, for they believed they were returning to an impregnable fortress and had provisions enough to enable them to stand a siege of half a year. The number of

^a This Mustafa Bey was still Governor at the time of Mr. Pashley's visit to Crete.

those who retired to the grotto on this occasion was upwards of 300 souls.

Hussein-Bey in vain summoned the Christian fugitives to come out of their lurking-place. His messenger was fired on, and fell. He then attempted to force the entrance of the cave, and in doing so, lost twenty-four of his brave Arnauts,^a who were killed by shots from the Christians within. On this the Bey sent a Greek woman into the cavern with a message that 'if they would all come forth and give up their arms, they should not meet with any ill-usage.' The woman was immediately shot, and her body cast out of the cave.

When the Turkish General saw this, he himself took up a stone and threw it into the cavern's entrance. His troops followed his example, and thus the only opening through which light and air could pass to the Christians was entirely filled up. The following morning the besiegers saw that a small opening had been made in their work during the night. They again filled it up and their labour was again undone by the Christians the following night. This attempt of the Turks to close the entrance of the grotto was repeated twice more. Still they saw that the Christians could yet breathe and live. They therefore collected wood, oil, chaff, spirit, sulphur, refuse olives, and all other combustibles on which they could lay hands, and filled up the mouth of the cave with these materials, instead of the stones and earth they had before used, and then set fire to the pile.

Volumes of smoke immediately filled the spacious vault of the entrance cavern, in which many of the ill-starred Christians were assembled. The dense vapour rolled so swiftly through the whole chamber that many

^a Albanians.

had not time to escape through the winding passage, leading to the inner recesses of the cave. The husband and wife, parent and child, could only take a last embrace and die. The smoke soon forced its way into the second chamber, where many more fell; but the greater number had still time to escape through narrow passages, in some of which they must have crept on their hands and knees into little side-chambers and to the more distant recesses of the cavern. Alas! the passages through which they rushed allowed the stifling vapour to follow them. And thus, at last, the groups of fugitives who had taken refuge in the inmost depths of the cave died as their companions had done before them, and in a few minutes after their funeral pile was first lighted, all the unhappy Christians had perished. The Turks and the Cretan Mohammedans, doubtful of the effect of their diabolical contrivance, waited patiently outside the grotto for eighteen days. They had with them a Greek prisoner, and him they offered his life if he would go down into the cavern to see what his fellow Christians were about. He gladly accepted their proposal; and after venturing, with much fear and anxiety, into the grotto, found in it only the silence of the grave, and soon returned, saying, 'They are all dead in there, *Affendi*.'

The Turks, fearful of being entrapped if they entered, sent the man in again to make sure, telling him to bring up some arms as proof of the truth of his report. He did so, and three days afterwards the Mohammedans themselves ventured in, and in their ferocity stripped the victims of everything of value, taking away with them also the stores and other property they found.

Soon after this, and while the headquarters of the

Beys were still at Melidhóni, six Christians, who had all of them both relations and friends in the cavern, ventured up to see with their own eyes what had happened. Three remained outside to give the alarm should any Moslems approach, and three entered the grotto. One of them never again lifted up his head, but pined and wasted, and died only nine days after the fatal confirmation by the evidence of his senses of his worst fears. The second lived twenty days, and then he, too, died.^a

^a The third, Manúlios Kermezákis, related the story of this tragedy to Mr. Pashley while surrounded by a numerous group of his fellow villagers, every one of whom confirmed his account in all its details (*loc. cit.*, p. 131).

THE SIEGE OF MISSOLONGHI.

(1826.)

(SOUTZO, *Hist. de la Révolution Grecque*, p. 383.)

ON the 10th of July the Ottoman squadron commanded by Topal Pasha covered the Gulf of Lepanto with sixty warships and a number of transport vessels. They brought warlike stores to Reschíd Pashá and helped to build a battery of eight cannons on the east of Missolonghi and fill up the ditch. At the same time the Turkish admiral bombarded Vassiladi and approached the town with a flotilla of thirty-six pinnaces. The Seraskier offered terms of submission to the Missolonghiots, and, in Ottoman fashion, promised a thousand favours and privileges. He vaunted his own power and made use alternately of threats and cajoleries. These brave men, however, curtly replied to both,

‘The keys of the town hang on the guns; come and take them!’

When these proud words were repeated to Reschíd Pashá, his anger knew no bounds. He gave orders that his picked soldiers should at once proceed to storm the walls, and rushing out of his tent he shouted,

‘To the assault!’

‘To the assault!’ was echoed by ten thousand Albanian throats. They rushed to the attack. The batteries of Missolonghi thundered, and covered the earth with corpses. The Moslems trod underfoot the bodies of their brethren as they pressed forward. A

mine is exploded under the tower of Botzaris.^a A wild cry is heard from the besieged,

‘Let us defend the ashes of Botzaris!’

Then the soldiers stand to their posts on the towers. The women fly to their assistance, heedless of the balls which fall like hail around them. They fill the breach made by the explosion with mattresses, pile up stones and timber, and the enemy, with their ranks fearfully thinned, retire to their entrenchments.

^a Every bastion and tower by which Missolonghi was defended bore some illustrious name. Among them were those of Byron, Franklin, William Tell, Montalembert, Righas, etc.



ANNOTATIONS:

HISTORICAL, COMPARATIVE, AND EXPLANATORY.

1 (p. 5). IN an Epirote parallel (Von Hahn, *Νεοελλ. Παραμ.*) the Princess is directed to put water in a cup, and a ring in the water, and to call three times, 'Come, come, come, my Golden Wand!' when the Prince who bore this name would fly into her chamber in the form of a dove, bathe in the water, and become a man.

2 (p. 12). A brief way of saying 'I have my mother's blessing if I cure people for the pleasure of doing good, and her curse if I take payment.' This rule, says Greek tradition, was followed by the brother saints, Kosmo and Damiano. So strict was the latter on this point that he broke off all relations with his brother for accepting from a widow two eggs with which to make an unguent for her sciatica, and at his death gave orders that Kosmo should not be laid in the same grave with him. (Ricaut, *The Present State of the Eastern Church.*)

3 (p. 16). Iron, silver, or golden combs occur frequently in Greek, as in other folk-tales, as magical and much-prized objects in the possession of Giants,

Dhrakos, and other superhuman beings. In a Greek story from the Turkish island of Astypalæa (Von Hahn, *loc. cit.*), the Dhrako's talking Mare tells the hero to throw down behind them a comb he has stolen from the Dhrako's Castle, and it becomes a forest between them and their pursuers. And in the Epirote story of 'The Morning Star and the Pleiads' (*Ibid.*) a comb becomes a similar obstacle between the runaway children and their cannibalistic parents. In the Gaelic tale of 'Maol a Chiblain' (Campbell's *Tales*, I., 253), the heroine likewise steals 'the fine comb of gold and the coarse comb of silver that the giant has.' See also for combs and their place in traditional tales, Campbell, *loc. cit.*, vol. i., pp. lxxvii-lxxx, and 53, 61, 69, 260; vol. iv., p. 321; and as a symbol on sculptured stones, vol. iii., p. 340. For description of the *Lamia*, see *Annot.*, No. 25.

4 (p. 18). Perhaps a reminiscence of the golden apples of the Hesperides and their guardians. The orange and kindred fruits, such as the lemon, lime, citron, etc., with their delicious flavours and medicinal virtues, were probably the originals of 'gold' and 'silver apples,' which are, in folk-tale, invariably possessed of magical qualities. Compare, for instance, the 'glittering fairy branch with nine apples of red gold upon it,' in exchange for which Cormac gave his wife and child, for none could 'bear in mind any want, woe, or weariness of soul when that branch was shaken for him' (Nutt, *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail*, p. 193).

5 (p. 20). The incident of the reflection in a well of a beautiful maiden concealed in an overhanging tree is very widespread. It occurs, for instance, in the Keltic

stories of the 'Bodach Glas' (*Celtic Mag.*, Nos. 133-34); and 'Battle of the Birds' (Campbell's *Tales*, I., p. 34); in the Hungarian tale of 'The Three Lemons' (*Folklore Journal*, vol. vi., p. 199), and in a Malagasy tale (*ibid.*, vol. i., p. 233).

6 (p. 28). The opening incident recalls the story of Thesevs, whose father Aigevs left with Aithra his mother his sword and sandals hidden beneath a mighty boulder; and a further parallel exists between the tasks the hero of the folk-tale was called upon to perform on arriving at his father's house, and the toils which Thesevs performed at the bidding of Aigevs. With reference to the Beardless, a man characterized by any physical imperfection or peculiarity is, in Greek folk-tale, credited with an extra degree of cunning, and is consequently to be guarded against. In an Epirote story (Von Hahn, *loc. cit.*), a father on dying leaves as a legacy to his three sons the warning 'never to travel with anyone beardless or lame'; and in one from the island of Tinos (*Ibid.*) a Beardless man outwits a Dhrako and a Fox. This prejudice may be a souvenir of the Mongol invasions of Turkey. In an Albanian variant—'The Liouvía and the Beauty of the Earth' (Dozon, *Manuel Schkipe*, No. 16; and *Contes Albanais*, No. 12)—a King is the youth's sponsor, and a boy-companion sent by the hero's father to accompany him to his godfather's city, takes the place of the Beardless. In an Epirote tale, the hero, a King's son, is personated by a beardless muleteer; a blind Dhrako is substituted for the forty Dhrakontas, and an old lame horse for the Fate.

7 (p. 32). As the main features of this tale are of a Zoönist character, and the Fate occurs only inci-

dentally, it has been placed in this Section instead of in Section III., Supernalist, where the other tales in which the *Moirai* occur will be found.

The Fates (*Moîrai*) of to-day, it will be remarked, closely resemble their Classic prototypes, and, as in ancient times, occupy a place above and behind all gods. They are popularly represented as presiding more especially over the three great events of Man's existence, birth, marriage, and death—τὰ τρία κακὰ τῆς *Moîρας*—‘the three evils of Destiny.’ As in olden time, they came to Altheia and made the life of her newly-born son, Meleagros, dependent on the burning brand; so in folk-belief the *Moirai* visit every child on the third night after its birth, and assign to it its destiny, which no power can alter, and no precaution avert. Anxious mothers seek to propitiate the *Moirai* by placing under the child's pillow, if a boy, gold and silver coins, bread and weapons; if a girl, a distaff or spindle, and bundle of flax or wool. Two of the Fates suggest a destiny for the infant, but the dictum of the third is final. It is she who becomes thenceforward the special *Moirai* of that individual, and takes upon herself to see that her predictions, good or evil, are fulfilled. In folk-tale the *Moirai* often acts the part generally assigned in the West to the ‘fairy godmother,’ and appears at critical moments to help the hero or heroine. Although the Fates are represented as continually wandering about in the fulfilment of their arduous labours, the summits of Olympus constitute their special abode; and it is to this mountain that those who desire their assistance turn when addressing to them the invocation given on p. 81, vol. i.

8 (p. 33). The *Δράκος* or *Δράκοντας* appears to be the modern representative of Polyphemos and the

Cyclops (see *Annot.*, No. 19). He is sometimes represented as having but one eye, but is always of gigantic stature and superhuman strength. 'As strong as a Dhrako' is, in fact, an everyday proverb. In many of his characteristics he closely resembles the Rakshasas of Indian folktales, the Trolls of Scandinavia, and the Giants of the West generally. He has a wife called *Dhrákissa*, *Dhrákaina*, or *Dhrakóntissa*, and sons and daughters, and is of cannibalistic habits, but excessively fond of cheese, which, if he has no flocks of his own, he steals from the nomad shepherds. He carries off Princesses and marries them, and is often possessed of magical powers and objects. The Dhrako is also represented as living, like the Cyclops, in a cave, pasturing his own flocks and tilling his fields, or hiring mortals to till them for him, though he, at the same time, is the owner of a magnificent palace, sometimes underground, and approached through a well. He possesses untold wealth, his palace is furnished with Oriental magnificence, and he is occasionally conventional enough to go to Mass. But though of great stature and immense strength, he is, like our own Giants, not remarkable for intelligence, and is easily outwitted by a courageous and crafty hero. These heroes are usually Widows' Sons, or the youngest of three brothers; but a Beardless Man also plays a prominent part in such adventures. In classic myth *Δράκοντες* are referred to as 'keen-eyed beings.' Mr. Geldart, in his translations of some folk-tales from Von Hahn's *Παραμύθια*, has rendered *Δράκος* 'Dragon.' The Greek *Δράκος* is, however, a Giant rather than a 'Dragon,' in the Western sense, or in the sense of the Bulgarian *Zmok*. And in the description of St. George's encounter with a 'Dragon,' the Greek word used is *θερίον* = 'monster,' and not *Δράκος*.

9 (pp. 39, 74, etc.). Allusions to the 'Water,' 'Well,' or 'Fountain of Life,' are frequently met with in Turkish and Persian poetry, as well as in Oriental folk-tales generally. This 'Fountain of Life' is said to spring forth in a Land of Darkness surrounded by a 'Sea of Darkness,' or in an 'Isle of the Isles of the Sea.' According to Moslem belief, if anyone drinks of this water he will live for ever. But so great are the dangers and terrors of the way that one man only has succeeded in overcoming them and obtaining the reward of immortality. This is the mysterious being called Khidhr or Khizr, the traditions concerning whom connect him, among others, with the Prophet Elias. Moses is said to have set out in search of this Fountain of Life, and Alexander the Great to have wandered long in the Land of Darkness, and at last to have given up his quest in despair. On page 171, a magical herb resuscitates the dead hero. In Keltic story we also find mention of 'Healing-balm out of the Well of the Western world' (Hyde, *Beside the Fire*, p. 41); 'Water of the Well of Virtues' (McInnes, *Folk and Hero Tales*, p. 197); a 'Reviving Cordial' (*Ibid.*, p. 357); 'Living Water' (Campbell, *West Highland Tales*, iii., p. 13); a 'Well of True Water' (ii., p. 130); and a 'Vessel of Cordial' (*Ibid.*, i., p. 215), or 'Balsam' (ii., p. 275), which restore dead men to life, as do also a 'sour herb' (i., p. xciv); a 'sour gray weed' (i., p. 294); and in 'The Widow's Son' (ii., p. 293), wax shaken out of the deer's ear has the same effect.

10 (p. 40). In an Epirote variant of this story, the objects the Prince brought for the Goose-girl are the 'Knife of Slaughter,' the 'Whetstone of Patience,' and the 'Unwasting Candle'; and a Gipsy woman takes the place of the slave girl. (Hahn, *Νεοελλ. Παραμ.*)

11 (p. 50). Campbell remarks (*West Highland Tales*, vol. iv., p. 299) 'that Cardigan Bay was once the site of a submerged country,' and that the same tradition is found 'in Breton, in Irish, in Manks and Gaelic, in Norse, and in Italian, of a country submerged for wickedness, and whose houses can be seen under the water.'

12 (p. 53). Some of the incidents in this story are similar to those which occur in the Keltic tales of the 'Battle of the Birds' (*West Highland Tales*, i., p. 34), and the 'Bodach Glas' (*Celtic Magazine*, Nos. 133, 134). Among these are the kissing and forgetting, though it is the dog or greyhound, and not the hero's mother, who kisses him; and the closing incident is practically the same in all three stories. A variant from Smyrna, in which the heroine is called 'Belezza,' is translated in the *Histoire des Religions* (Musée Guimet), t. x., 1884.

This story, together with 'Saddleslut' (p. 116), and 'Sintsirlí' (p. 414), were evidently in their origin *cantefables*. The last named, indeed, still exists in ballad form, without any prose admixture (vol. i., p. 267). See Mr. Jacob's remarks on this subject in his *Notes and References to English Fairy Tales*, p. 240.

13 (p. 55). The grief of Oriental women of rank often finds expression in giving to their dwellings the most dismal and funereal appearance by painting black either the whole of the exterior walls, or the shutters only, and covering up, or removing from their usual places, mirrors and other ornaments of the interior. Shainitza, the sister of Ali Pasha of Ioannina, is said to have given vent to her grief for the death of her favourite son, Aden Bey, by destroying all his and her

own diamond ornaments, cashmeres and furs, and also all the mirrors and ornaments of her palace, the windows and walls of which were painted black. I have also just read in a daily paper that a visitor who lately called on Madame Stambuloff, found 'the whole house draped in black.'

14 (p. 60). "Οταν παίζουν (also written παίζουν and βάρουν) τὰ νεμπέτια. The last word is probably derived from Turkish, but I have not yet been able to trace it to its source.

15 (p. 73). Evidently a folk-echo of the saying attributed to Archimedes, 'Give me a lever, and where I may stand, and I will move the world!'

16 (pp. 74, 107). These heroes figure in other Greek tales, as, for instance, 'The Golden Casket' and 'The Widow's Johnny' (Von Hahn, *Νεοελλ. Παραμ.*). Similar champions also occur in the Keltic tales of 'The King of Lochlinn's Three Daughters' (Campbell, *Tales*, i., p. 256), 'The King of Ireland's Son' (Hyde, *Beside the Fire*, p. 19), and 'Finn MacCuail and the Bent Gray Lad' (McInnes and Nutt, *Folk and Hero Tales*, p. 53). See also Mr. Nutt's notes on this subject *loc. cit.*, p. 447.

17 (p. 78). Ψάριν ἀππάριν. This is the only mention I have found of this extraordinary animal. It may possibly have some connection with the Magical Fish, for which see *Annot.*, No. 34.

18 (p. 82). A mother's blessing is to the present day, in the East, formally asked by, and given to, sons and daughters when leaving home, especially if for the first time. In folk-tale it possesses a magical power, and becomes, indeed, occasionally personalised, as in the

story of 'Moda,' as a helping Old Man (p. 364), and elsewhere as two doves. In Keltic tales a mother's blessing is also the hero's shield in every danger, and in one instance is bestowed as a name upon a youth of exceptional goodness (Campbell, *Tales*, vol. i., p. 51).

19 (p. 84). This is evidently a popular survival of the story of Odysseus and Polyphemos. A similar incident, which occurs in 'Conall Cra Bhuidhe' (*West Highland Tales*, No. 5), is commented upon by Mr. Nutt in the *Celtic Magazine* (No. 12). The Romaic version, as might be expected, bears a closer resemblance to the Classic form than does the Keltic. In the latter the Giant is drowned in a loch, while in the Greek he is blinded in precisely the same way as in the Homeric story. (See also *Annot.*, No. 8.)

20 (p. 88). A Keltic parallel may be found in the tale of 'Whittlegaire' from County Leitrim, published in the *Folklore Journal*, June, 1895.

21 (p. 94). *Ο Πολυῤῥοβυθὰς*. This story evidently belongs to the 'Marquis of Carabas,' or 'Puss in Boots' type. Mr. Lang has remarked in his *Introduction* to Miss Cox's *Cinderella* (p. vii.), that in this class of stories the supernal aid is always given by a beast. This is no doubt true as a general rule, and a Fox is the helpful animal in some Greek and other Oriental parallels. In the 'Man of many Chickpeas,' however, the animal element is absent, and the hero secures advantages by his own wit. Greek variants may be found in Von Hahn's *Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια*, and *Griechische u. Albanesische Märchen*, pp. 17 and 210; Sanders' *Volksleben der Neugriechen*, p. 328; the *Φιλομαθῶν*, 1865, pp. 774, etc.; and Sakellario's *Τὰ Κυπριακά*. The *Arabian*

Nights version is contained in the 'History of the Fifth Brother of the Barber.' A Kurdish story of this type (Lerch, *Forschungen*, etc., p. 83) has been translated in the *Women of Turkey* (vol. ii., p. 163). And the European variants are well known.

22 (p. 96). 'Ωμός. In the villages of Naxos Satan is referred to either by this term, or as 'Ω πονηρὲ ὦμέ. In the following story he is called *Βερσεβούλιν*, and is slain with an arrow. For, as Campbell remarks (*loc. cit.*, p. lxxvii.), 'the Fiend of popular tales is own brother to Gruagach and Glashan.' In an Astypalæa variant (Von Hahn, *Νεοελλ. Παραμ.*) he gobbles up men and horses, and sucks the Princess's blood like a Vampire, but is also finally killed by an arrow.

23 (p. 97). Πούλια. This Greek folk-name for the Pleiads bears a close resemblance to the French *Pous-sinière*, and to our own folk-name, 'The Dove.' An Epirote tale, *Ο 'Ανγερινὸς καὶ ἡ Πούλια* (Von Hahn, *loc. cit.*), translated by Mr. Geldart as 'Starbright and Birdie,' relates the origin of this constellation.

24 (p. 103). 'Birds' milk' is mentioned in several tales as a delicacy possessing medicinal virtues, as is also 'Swallows' milk,' which, like the 'Water of Life,' is brought from a mountain that opens and shuts. Theal's *Kafir Folklore* contains the story of a 'Bird that made Milk' (p. 29).

25 (pp. 106, 200, 203). *Τα ἐξωτικά*, the variations of which—'ξωτικάις, 'ξωτερικά, 'ξωθικά, 'ξωθικά—are euphemisms in common use for Nereids, Lamias, and Supernals generally. In Kephalonía they are called *ξωτερικάις γυναῖκες*—'Outsider Women'; in Zagorie *καλότυχοι*—'Lucky Ones'; and in Arachova (Parnassos) *φύλοι* or *ἀδερφοί*—'Friends' or 'Brothers.' The Nereids,

who occupy in the popular imagination of the Greeks a place similar to the Fairies of more northern countries, differ from them in being invariably of the full stature of mortals. Popular belief divides them into two classes — ‘Nereids of the Sea’ (*Θαλασσιναῖς*), and ‘Nereids of the Mountain’ (*Βουνήσιναις*). Phenomena of Nature, such as whirlwinds and storms, are ascribed to their agency, and it is customary to crouch down when they are supposed to be passing overhead. If this precaution is not taken, the Nereids may seize the irreverent individual and carry him or her off to the mountains. Offerings of milk, honey, and cakes are made to them in certain spots which they are believed to frequent, and the country women, when they see the wind-driven cloud scudding overhead, mutter *γάλα κι μέλι*—‘Honey and milk’ to avert all evil from themselves. They are believed, as a rule, to marry male beings of their own species; but they also occasionally fall in love with mortals, who, if they return their affection and prove faithful to them, they reward with great prosperity. Lamias are generally represented as ill-favoured and evilly-disposed beings, who haunt desert places and lonely seashores. Sometimes, however, they take the shape of beautiful women, who, like the Sirens, lure men to destruction by their sweet voices and graceful dancing, or, as recorded in the song in vol. i. (p. 101), lay wagers with them, in which the mortal is sure to be the loser. The popular beliefs respecting them are very similar to those of the ancient Greeks, and they are at the present day, as Strabo tells us they were in Classical times, made use of to terrify naughty children into obedience (*Geog.*, Trübner’s Edition, i., p. 24).

26 (p. 112). The four Greek versions of the Cinderella tale with which I am acquainted all contain this canni-

balistic incident. Three of these have been included in Miss Cox's *Cinderella*, together with a very close parallel from Dalmatia. The fourth, translated on p. 116, I unearthed quite recently in the 'Ελλ. Φιλα. Συλλ. of Constantinople. Cannibalism occurs also, but under different circumstances, in No. 278 of Miss Cox's collection, a Portuguese tale. In two of these Greek stories the nickname bestowed on the heroine may be translated as 'Cinderella'; in the other two it is only translatable as 'Saddleslut,' her usual seat being the *σαμάρα*, or heavy wooden pack-saddle common in the East. Von Hahn has, however, freely rendered this also *Aschenputtel*.

27 (p. 116). See preceding note; also No. 12.

28 (p. 118). May not such transformations as apples, lemons, citrons, etc., into maidens have been suggested by the hardly less marvellous metamorphoses undergone by butterflies and other insects, frogs and other reptiles?

29 (p. 120). This incident of the creation by human hands of a body which becomes animated, occurs in two other stories, 'The Wand' (p. 138) and 'King Sleep' (p. 179). The former, which is frequently met with in Eastern folklore, forms one of the many anecdotes related by the hero in a fuller parallel of 'The Wand,' 'The Golden Casket,' translated by Mr. Geldart from Von Hahn's *Νεοελληνικά Παραμύθια*. In all these instances, however, the material used for the figure is wood. In 'King Sleep,' the 'Laughterless Fate' endows the wooden image with life; in all the others, this is the result of prayer to God. The concluding incident is found in other stories. See, for instance, 'The Daughters of King O'Hara,' in Curtin's

Myths and Folklore of Ireland, p. 60 ; and 'The Daughter of the Skies' (*West Highland Tales*, i., p. 206). In the former, the real wife gives a magical scissors, comb, and whistle ; and in the latter a magical shears, needle, and thread. Compare also 'Peau d'Ane' in Bladé's *Contes Populaires*, No. 275 of Miss Cox's *Cinderella* variants.

30 (pp. 132, 225). Dervishes, being to a great extent the magicians of the modern East, are often credited with the possession of magical objects. A Persian verse alludes to

'The Talisman of magic might,
Hid in some ruin's lonely site,
Emerging from its ancient night
At the mild glance of Dervishes.'

Compare also the 'Quadrangular Cup of the Fayn,' which contained anything the holder desired, in 'The Bent Gray Lad' (McInnes, *Folk and Hero Tales*, p. 33). Like the Jack-knife in this, a Sword in a subsequent story (p. 225), when bidden by the holder, cuts down everything before it.

31 (p. 142). A variant of this tale in the same collection, 'The Golden Casket,' referred to in a preceding note, contains no fewer than four other stories embedded in the narrative after the manner of the *Thousand Nights and a Night*, including that told above by the youth to the King and the Twelve, and a parallel to the tale of the 'Thrice Accursed' (p. 99). They are related to the hero, a Prince, by a Talking Casket, and the Prince's absurd judgments on the questions propounded in them provoke the Princess to speak.

32 (pp. 150, 207, 234). *Τῇ Σολομονικῇ μου*—'my Solomonic book.' The Solomon whose magical powers form the theme of so many Eastern stories, is not the much vaunted King of Israel, but the Chaldean 'King

of the Gods,' the wise Ea, one of whose names, 'Sallimanu,' was adopted by the Hebrew Jedidiah. See Sayce, *Religion of the Ancient Babylonians*. A Keltic variant of this tale is found in 'The Fisherman's Son, or the Gruagach of Tricks' (Curtin, *Myths and Folklore of Ireland*, p. 139). It is also one of the *Tales of the Forty Viziers*, 'The Magician and his Apprentice.'

33 (p. 158). Compare the *Fachan* in Campbell's *Popular Tales* (vol. iv., p. 327), of whom a portrait is given, 'with one hand out of his chest, one leg out of his haunch, and one eye out of the front of his face.' He also was a woodcutter. The *Fachan*, according to Campbell, is unknown in Norse or German mythology, but is met with in an Irish manuscript (Hyde, *Beside the Fire*, xx.). A creature described as 'Half Man, Half Iron,' occurs in the Albanian tale of 'The Three Brothers and the Three Sisters' (Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, No. xv.; and *Langue Chkipe*, No. xxiv.). The magical words spoken by the Fish are in the original 'Πρωτο λόγο του θεού και δεύτερο του ψαριοῦ.' A Cyprus variant (Sakellarios, ii., p. 335) has 'Μὰ τον λόον του θεοῦ, και μὰ τον λόον του ψαρκοῦ, κ' ἐμένα του ἀμαρτωλοῦ.' Another 'Story of the Golden Fish' (*loc. cit.*, p. 337) belongs rather to the 'Grateful Dead' type, the Fish which has been returned to the water reappearing in the form of a man, and aiding the hero in an encounter with a Dhrako. Mr. Stuart-Glennie suggests that this legend of a magical Fish may have some connection with the Oannes tradition found in the *Χαλδαϊκά* of Bérossos—namely, that 'a wise Being with the body of a fish, and under the head of the fish another and human head, and in the tail the feet of a man came out of the sea, mixed with men, but took none of their food, taught them all the arts during the day, and returned

at sunset to the sea.' (Lenormant, *Fragments cosmog. de Bérose*, p. 6). The expression, Πῶς μὰς ἔρριξαν του- του τὸ φτρᾶ, which I have translated—'Why have they thrown this shovel at us?'—is obscure. Pio has suggested a derivation of φτρᾶ from φ'τρᾶω = or φοντράω = ὑποφέρω; but φτρα = φτυάρι, a shovel, spade, hoe, etc., seems to me quite as probable. The concluding incidents of this story occur also, though in a less extended form, in the Epirote variant of Cinderella (Von Hahn, *Griech. und Alban. Märchen*, vol. i., Story II.). I venture, however, to differ from Von Hahn in connecting the episode of the concealment of the spoon in the King's boot with the Albanian (and Greek) wedding custom referred to, the motive for this act being apparent in the version of the tale above translated, from which the episode is probably borrowed, as it has no *raison d'être* in the Cinderella tale. Compare the story of *The Lucky Fool*, *Pentamerone*, i. 43, abstracted by Mr. Hartland, *Perseus*, i. 101, 102.

35 (p. 162). See preceding *Annotation*.

36 (p. 171). This story was related to M. François Lenormant about 1860, at Eleusis, by a Greek priest said to be over a hundred years old, who was a perfect mine of legendary lore. The colossal statue of Demeter, brought from that place in 1801, and now at Cambridge (see also Clarke, *Greek Marbles in the Public Library of Cambridge*, p. 33), was, according to M. Lenormant, an object of worship to the people of the neighbourhood. Garlands were hung on the statue to ensure good harvests; and so apprehensive were they that the loss of it would bring sterility to their fields, that force was necessary to carry out the operations connected with its removal. Similarly, as recorded by Cicero (*In*

Verr. iv., 51), the people of Enna accused Verres of destroying the fertility of their fields by removing a statue of this Goddess. M. Lenormant points out at some length the resemblances between this modern story, with its details of Christian manners and Turkish domination, and the ancient myth of the Sorrow of Demeter. M. Jean Psichari, however, in his *Etudes de Philologie* (p. lxxxix) thus refers to this story: 'François Lenormant . . . invente un récit où Déméter—Sainte Dhimitra—les châteaux francs et un agha turc font ensemble bon ménage. . . . Il est douteux que Déméter subsiste encore. . . . Mais si l'agha Turc est douteux en tant que facteur mythologique, le *κάστρο* l'est beaucoup moins, et ce qu'il faut retenir de la fable de Lenormant, c'est que le mélange a dû s'opérer sur plus d'un point d'une façon analogue, et entre des éléments très divers.' The transformation during the Ottoman period of King Hades into a Turkish Agha possessing magical powers is, however, most natural, and precisely what might be expected in a modern echo of a classical myth. The details have changed, but the framework is the same.

The 'External Soul,' or 'Life-Correlate' incident introduced at the end of the story connects the 'Turkish magician' with such superhuman beings as Dhrakos or Giants. In the Greek story of 'The Brother who saved his Sister from the Dhrako' (Von Hahn, *Νεοελ. Παραμ.*), the Dhrako's strength is in three golden hairs on his head, which open a chamber containing three doves. If one were killed, the Dhrako would fall sick; if the second, he would get very ill; if the third, he would die. In Classic tale, the strength of Nisos is represented as contained in a purple lock of hair. In an Albanian variant (Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, No. 15),

Half-Man-Half-Iron's strength is in three pigeons, which are in a hare, which is in the silver tusk of a wild boar. Miss Cox gives a long list of references to such incidents in *Cinderella* (Notes, No. 25).

37 (p. 185). In a variant from Milos (*Νεοελληνικά Ἀνάλεκτα*, A. 14), the children are in turn put into a box and thrown into the sea. A monk rescues them and brings them up. After various adventures, in which a green-winged horse, and a magical being called Tsitsinaina play important parts, the parents and children are reunited, and the wicked Queen and nurse torn to pieces by horses. In an Armenian parallel, it is the heroine's sisters who represent to their brother-in-law that his wife has borne twin puppies in place of the promised boy and girl with the sun and moon on their brows. The King believes them, and orders her to be covered with a veil and chained to the palace gate with a puppy on either side of her, and a mallet hung above, so that every passer-by might spit on her and strike her on the head. Here she remained fourteen years, and the two dogs became as fierce as wild beasts. In the meantime, the children who had been thrown into the sea in a box were first found and nourished by a goat, and subsequently adopted by its owner, a poor woman, who was soon enriched by the pearls and gold into which the girl's tears, and the water in which she washed, were changed. The boy meets with adventures similar to those found in the tale from Milos, a giant called Barogh Assadour ('Dancing Theodore') taking the place of Tsitsinaina (*L'Arménie*, 15th June, 1892).

38 (p. 199). A 'Hat of Invisibility' occurs also in the story of 'The Widow's Son' (p. 225). This may be a reminiscence of the 'Helmet of Hades,' given to Perseus

by the Nymphs, described as worn by Athêné in *Iliad* v. 845, and represented on the shield of Herakles (*Asp. Herakl.*, 222). Invisibility is in folk-lore obtained by various means, as, for instance, the wearing of 'cloaks of darkness,' magical rings, or stones, such as the heliotrope. A long list of these, with references, is given in the notes to Miss Cox's *Cinderella*, pp. 497, 517.

39 (p. 203). A similar allusion occurs in a story in Von Hahn's *Νεοελληνικά Παραμύθια*, translated by Geldart under the title of 'The Scabpate,' *loc. cit.*, p. 172. It was formerly the custom in the East to carry upstairs persons of rank and distinguished guests. The late Zohrab Bey, who was at one time physician to the harem of the Viceroy of Egypt—Ismail Pasha—related to me that whenever he saw the slaves of the household hastening to render this service to one of the young Princes, he would scatter them with a few forcible words and bid the lad use his own limbs. A survival of this practice still exists in the custom observed at Turkish weddings and other ceremonies, when two attendants meet each guest at the foot of the haremlik staircase, and support her on either side as she ascends.

40 (p. 207). Similar nonsense 'runs' often occur at the end of Keltic tales. One is, 'And I left them, and they gave me butter on a cinder, porridge kail in a creel, and paper shoes; and they sent me away with a big gun bullet, on a road of glass, till they left me sitting here.' (Campbell's *Tales*, i., p. 300.) Another is, 'The presents we got at the marriage were stockings of buttermilk and shoes of paper, and these were worn to the soles of our feet when we got home from the wedding.' (Curtin, *Myths and Folklore of Ireland*, p. 156.)

41 (p. 208). This story from the island of Naxos contains many incidents precisely similar to those in the Gaelic story of the Seamaiden. The incident of the three grains, which is wanting in the Mother of the Sea, occurs in the Greek story of 'The Twins' (Pio's edition of J. G. Von Hahn's Greek Manuscripts); and that of the cowardly knight impostor in another—'The Three Wonderful Dresses' (*Women of Turkey*, vol. i., p. 172). It is noteworthy that the Gaelic fisherman and the Seamaiden show themselves less scrupulously honourable in observing the terms of their bargain than do the Greek islander and the Mother of the Sea. For the Gael cheats the Seamaiden of his son, and she, in her turn, seizes upon the King's daughter when she has released her husband. The personalizing of the Sea is apparent in the Gaelic as in the Greek tale; for, in one of the versions given in *West Highland Tales*, i., p. 96, when the narrator is questioned as to the Seamaiden's putting up the man's head out of the water, 'What do you mean?' he replies, '*Out of her mouth, to be sure. She had swallowed him!*' It may be remarked that at the beginning of the Keltic story the terms used are 'Sea' and 'Seamaiden,' while farther on a 'Loch' takes the place of the Sea, and a 'Bheist' that of the 'Seamaiden.' Campbell confessed himself unable to explain 'how the story had got to the Highlands, and the lion into the mind of a woman in Berneray' (*loc. cit.*, i., p. 102). It would not be easy to trace the wanderings of the tale, but the lion evidently started in it from his native East, and is the sole survivor in these islands of the Western Sea, of the troop of lions who came to the rescue of Yianko. I may add that Mr. Stuart-Glennie suggests that there may be a connection between this Folk-conception of the Sea, and

the Culture-conception of Aphrodite; and hence that the famous line Ποικιλόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα, so variously translated (see Wharton's *Sappho*, pp. 48-60), may refer to the innumerable resplendent hues of the Ægean, and may therefore, perhaps, be translated *Iridescent-throned, deathless Aphrodité*.

42 (p. 219). This tale will be readily recognised as belonging to the 'Swanmaiden' type. The main incidents are strikingly similar to those contained in the 'Hassán of Bástra' version of the tale, though the magician has been transformed into a Jew (the villain of the majority of Greek stories). The bundles of sticks are here precious stones, and a benevolent Dhrako replaces the seven friendly maidens. In the Arabic tale the species of bird is not mentioned, but in the Greek, as in the Magyar and other variants, they are pigeons of marvellous plumage. The redoubtable 'elder sister' of the heroine does not appear, but her father and mother have to be overcome before she is rescued by her husband. See Mr. Stuart-Glennie's theory of the origin of the 'Swanmaiden' myth in *Women of Turkey*, vol. ii., *Origins of Matriarchy*, pp. 583 *flg.*; and for further parallels of this tale Mr. Hartland's *Science of Fairy Tales*, pp. 255 *flg.*

43 (p. 229). This is the only folk-tale I have met with in which Gorgons figure. Save for their explicit connection with birds there is little to differentiate them from the Nereids who figure in other tales. The alternative of 'taking and regretting, or leaving and regretting,' I have met with in two other Greek stories. In 'The Golden Casket' from Astypalaia (Geldart, p. 108), a hawker cries, 'This casket for sale! Whoever buys it will rue it, and yet whoever does not buy

will rue it!' And in 'Tsitsináina,' the variant from Milos of 'The Good Fate,' already alluded to in No. 37, a Jew offers for sale in the same words a casket, out of which comes a 'green-winged horse.'

44 (pp. 237 and 244). See No. 25.

45 (p. 245). Στρίγγλα or στρίγλα, the Italian *striga* or *struga*, Albanian ζτρίγκεα or ζτρίκου, a witch. The Greek Stringla is, however, rather a species of man-devouring Lamia than a witch in our acceptation of the term. An interesting note on this subject, communicated by M. Politis, will be found in the *Folklore Journal*, vol. iv., Pt. III. The term Γρουσουζης or Χουρσουζης, which is, I believe, of Turkish origin, is also used in this connection, and a peevish child may be heard apostrophized as a γρουσουζικο παιδί. Compare also Von Hahn, *Grusúza auf den Cycladen*; *Märchen*, ii., No. 65; *Albanesische Studien*, p. 163; B. Schmidt, *Das Volksleben*, p. 138; and Politis, *Bio.*, p. 173.

46 (p. 261). In this and in the preceding tales, as also in that of 'The Beardless' (p. 28) are found a few of the sixteen incidents of Von Hahn's *Arische Aussetzungs- und-Rückkehr Formel*. In other particulars these tales do not appear to be connected with that formula. In one of Von Hahn's *Νεοελληνικά Παραμύθια* (translated by Mr. Geldart in p. 154 of his little volume), no fewer than nine of these incidents may, I think, be found.

47 (p. 277). M. Legrand has remarked that this tale (*Contes pop. Grecs*, x.) contains certain details which recall the fable of Cupid and Psyche as related by Apuleius. The attempts at seduction by the Queen recall also the story of Bellerophon and Anteia, wife of Prætos. There is also an analogy with the 'Filek Tchelebi' of Hahn's *Märchen* (vol. ii., p. 67).

48 (p. 283). This reference should have been deleted in the text, as the note corresponding to it has been placed at the end of the tale.

49 (p. 288). The leading features in this and the following story are to be met with in Moslem legend, from which they have probably been adopted and adapted. The incidents of the journey of Christ and the daughter of the Stingy Woman occur in the Moslem account of the journey of Moses and Khidhr-Elias in search of the Water of Life (see *An.*, No. 9). Their transformation into Christian monkish legends is, therefore, probably of comparatively recent date.

50 (p. 300). An exorcism referring to this legendary incident is still used by the Greeks in similar emergencies, and may be translated as follows :

Just and kind the goodman was,
Though the goodwife shrewish was ;
Beans they cooked and brought to her,
Oil she heated in a pan ;
Bedstead bare was all His couch,
Pillow had He but a stone.
Come out, Pain ! and come out, Aching !
For 'tis Christ who thee is hunting,
With His precious knife of silver,
With His hand, His hand so golden !

51 (p. 323). 'Εληδάκια μου, γρηληδάκια μου. Such forms are common both in Greek and Turkish folk-speech. The Turks have a humorous anecdote illustrating these expressions, of which Nasr-ed-Dín Hodja, the Turkish Joe Miller, is as usual the hero. The envoy of a small European state, when visiting the provincial town where the parson-jester lived, asked him in the presence of the Governor to explain the meaning of such expressions as *Pashá-mashá*, *Khirk-mirk*, *Eltchí-meltchí*, etc. 'Willingly, *Effendi*,' replied the Hodja.

'*Pashá* means a grand Vizier, or Field-Marshal, or the Governor-General of a province; *Mashá*, such an official as—say, our friend the *Mutessarif* here—*Khirk* signifies a rich sable-lined pelisse, such as the Sultan or some grand functionary wears; *mirk* such a pelisse as—well, as poor folk like us keep ourselves warm with. *Eltchí* means a great Ambassador, like the English, or French, or Russian; *melrchí*, a mere second-rate Minister, like— with your Excellency's pardon—your Excellency's self!'

52 (p. 329). M. Politis has, in a very interesting paper, compared this Greek story of Reynard the Fox with the various forms of it found in other countries. Δελτίον τῆς 'Ιστ. καὶ 'Εθν. 'Εταιρίας, vol. i., pp. 278-288.)

53 (p. 358). M. Legrand has the following note on this story: 'C'est le récit qui se trouve dans Valère Maxime (v. 4) et dans Pline (*Hist. Nat.*, vii. 36) avec quelques variantes. Hygin (*Fab. ccliv.*) raconte que cet événement eut lieu en Grèce et que ce fut Xantippe qui nourrit ainsi de son lait Cimon, son père. Une fresque de Pompéï, conservée au musée de Naples, à été inspirée par ce fait, vrai ou faux' (*Contes Pop. Grecs*, xii.). I have also heard of a childless woman at Broussa, who, having adopted a baby, was able herself to nurse it; and similar phenomena are related in connection with cats and dogs.

54 (p. 359). M. Politis, who collected this story, remarks that sleeping on a horse's hide was a Homeric custom, and suggests that the story itself may have an origin equally ancient. (Νεοελλ. 'Αναλ., A., p. 42, note).

55 (p. 374). In his interesting note to the Cornish story of 'Ivan' (*Celtic Fairy Tales*, p. 264), Mr. Jacobs

has suggested that the chapter of the *Gesta Romanorum*, in which a similar story is related, came, like others in the *Gesta*, from the East. This Greek form of the story, which was collected by Von Hahn, is not included in his *Märchen*, and has not, I believe, been previously translated. In connection with the Gaelic variant of 'The Baker of Beaully' (*Folklore*, June, 1892), Mr. Clouston gives other Oriental parallels and references.

56 (p. 392). *Γιάντες*, the French *philippine*, for which we have, I believe, no equivalent in English. A 'merry-thought,' or the twin kernel of a nut is divided by two persons, who settle at the same time the terms of this species of wager. The most ready-witted will, on the following day, hand some object to the other, and should he take it, the giver exclaims 'Yiadēs!' and the wager is won.

57 (p. 394). *Ἀγγλιὰ* is the word in the original. As pith helmets are in the East worn chiefly by Englishmen, and I could obtain no other rendering, the context seemed to suggest the translation I have ventured upon.

58 (396). The word used here is *Τσιφούτι*, the Turkish *Tchifüt*. According to a Moslem legend, the gray-legged partridge, after the massacre of the martyrs, Hassan and Hussein, abused their infidel persecutors with its cry of '*Tchifüt! Tchifüt!*'—this being 'the most opprobrious epithet that can be applied to any creature of Allah' (*Les. Litt. Pop.*, vol. xxviii., p. 234). On p. 147 of vol. i., a Greek mother, in her indignation, apostrophizes her daughter as 'Jewess.'

59 (p. 397). *Λόρδος*. The English word 'lord' is often met with in Greek folkspeech under this form.

60 (p. 400). Compare 'The Shifty Lad' of Keltic story (Campbell's *Tales*, i., p. 320). The incidents in these two versions of the story are, allowing for difference of local colour, strikingly similar. The robbing of the King's treasure-house, and subsequent events, bear, however, a closer resemblance to the ancient story of Rhampsinitos as told to Herodotos more than 2,000 years ago. (Rawlinson's Edition, vol. ii., p. 191.)

61 (p. 413). M. Heuzey remarks (*Le Mont Olympe*, p. 264) that the peasants of Acarnania believe the ancient cities of which the ruins lie around them to have been built by a race of men different from themselves, whom they designate "*Ἕλληνες οἱ ἀνδρειωμένοι*—the Heroic Hellenes—and imagine to have been giants, who raised in their hands the enormous blocks of stone with which they built their strongholds. 'He works like a Hellene' (*Δουλεύγει σὰν Ἕλληνας*) is a common proverb. M. Kondylakis has an interesting article on this subject in the *Δελτίον τῆς Ἰστ. καὶ Ἐθν. Ἐταιρίας* (vol. i., p. 273).

62 (p. 417). This is a condensed translation of a story published in the *Ἑστία*.

63 (p. 420). Saint Sofia ("*Ἁγία Σοφία*"), the ancient cathedral church of Salonica, was converted into a mosque by Raktoub-Ibrahim Pasha. It is said to have been built under Justinian on the same plan as the mosque of the same name at Constantinople, but on a smaller scale. The monastic buildings surrounding it are now used as schools and charitable institutions.

64 (p. 422). This legend is depicted in a rude fresco in the oratory of this chapel, and is probably, as suggested by M. Soutzo, founded upon some real

episode, to which a supernatural character has been added by the country people. It also graphically depicts the sanguinary local rivalries always characteristic of the history of Maina, but which were invariably laid aside at the approach of the common enemy. According to M. Soutzo, popular poetry has no existence in Maina. 'Elle n'a pu éclore sur ces rochers où la guerre nationale et la guerre civile apparaissent simultanément et sans trêve dans toute leur âpreté.' Prose traditions of these struggles are, however, still cherished by the Mainotes of to-day (*loc. cit.*, p. 300).

65 (p. 424). This Giovanni plays a great part in the history as well as in the legends of his country. When the Russians landed at Vitulo, he was over sixty, and bore on his face the marks of gunshots received in combats with the Turks. He led the Mainotes to the siege of Koron, undertaken conjointly with Dolgouraki and four hundred Russians. Irritated by the failure of this attempt, Dolgouraki reproached the Greeks for not having carried the town by assault. 'What!' replied Mavromichaelis haughtily, 'thou darest to speak here as the master—thou, who art but the slave of a woman! Thou leavest us to be massacred, and takest shelter behind our ranks. I am the leader of a free people; but were I the least among the citizens of Maina, my head were worth more than thine!' (Soutzo, *Scènes*, p. 304).

66 (p. 428). A similar incident is related as having occurred during a battle which took place at Prastia. A woman of Maina—Theocharis by name—seeing her son fall, hastened to his side, and taking the dying youth in her arms she bent over him, saying, 'Sleep thou, my boy, for I take thy place.' And, assuming

her dead son's arms, she fought in his stead until she, too, fell mortally wounded. (Soutzo, *loc. cit.*, p. 288).

67 (p. 431). The caverns of Crete appear to have been thus used from very early times, and *Κρησφύγετα* —‘The Cretans’ Refuges’—became the general name for grottoes supposed to be places of security. See Pashley (*loc. cit.*, pp. 128, 129), who thus quotes from Photius (*Lex*, p. 178): *Κρησφύγετα τὰ πρὸς τοὺς χειμῶνας στερνὰ καὶ ὀχυρώματα οἱ δὲ φασὶν ὅτι Κρήτες ἔφυγον εἰς σπήλαια τινὰ ὅθεν ἐκεῖνα ὠνομάσθησαν κρησφύγετα.*



CONCLUSION.

*' He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the Gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine ;
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in the swaddling bands control the damnéd crew.'*

MILTON : *Ode on the Nativity.*

' Of the other class [of superstitions], namely those which have this [religious] element, there are great numbers in various parts of the world ; as, for instance, the veneration paid and the offerings made to fairies ; these being in fact the very gods that were worshipped by our heathen ancestors.'—WHATELY : *Superstition.*

THE SURVIVAL OF PAGANISM.





THE SURVIVAL OF PAGANISM.

PREAMBLE.

THE HISTORICAL AIM OF THE INVESTIGATION.

IN Plutarch's Dialogue 'On the Cessation of Oracles,'^a Kleómbrotos, the Lacedæmonian, who had been travelling in Egypt and the Soudan,^b and who had met, among others, at Delphi, the Grammarian, Demetrios of Tarsus, who had been travelling in Britain, at the opposite end of the Roman world^c—this Kleómbrotos informs the company that Æmilian, the Rhetorician, had told him a wonderful story touching the mortality of Dæmons. On a voyage made by his father, Epitherses, to Italy, when they were still not far from the Echinádes Islands, the wind fell, and they were drifting in the evening towards the Islands of Paxi. Then, suddenly, as the passengers were drinking after supper, a voice was heard from one of the islands, calling on a certain Thamus^d so loudly as to fill all with amazement. This Thamus was an Egyptian pilot, known by name to but few on board. Twice the voice called him with-

^a *De Def. Orac.*, xvii. ^b Περὶ τὴν Τρωγλοδυτικὴν γῆν. ^c Τῆς οἰκουμένης.

^d See LENORMANT, *Sur le nom de Thammuz*.

out response, but the third time he replied ; and then the voice said, ' *When thou comest over against Palódes, announce that the great Pan is dead.*' On hearing this, all were terrified, and debated whether it were better to do as ordered, or not to trouble themselves further about the matter. As for Thamus, he decided that if there should be a wind, he would sail past, and say nothing ; but if it were a dead calm and smooth sea, he would give his message.^a When, therefore, they were come over against Palódes, there being neither breath of wind nor ripple of wave, Thamus, looking towards the land from the quarterdeck, proclaimed what he had heard : ' *The great Pan is dead.*'^b Hardly had he said this, when there arose a great and multitudinous cry of lamentation, mingled with amazement.^c And as this had been heard by many persons, the news of it spread immediately on their arrival in Rome, and Thamus was sent for by the Emperor, Tiberius Cæsar. Such was the story of Æmilian, as reported by Kleómbrotos.^d As Æmilian was an ' old man ' when he told the story, and as his father had flourished under Tiberius, the period of the ' Dialogue ' would appear to be about the end of the first century A.C., in the reign of the Emperor Trajan. But as Tiberius died in 37 A.C., having succeeded his stepfather, Augustus, in 14 A.C., the date of this death of

^a Compare the common Folklore incident of saying, ' If thou do not do so-and-so, may thy ship move neither forward nor backward.' Above, p. 4 ; GELDART, *Folklore of Modern Greece*, p. 37, etc.

^b "Οτι ὁ μέγας Πᾶν τέθηκεν.

^c Μέγαν οὐχ ἐνὸς ἀλλὰ πολλῶν στεναγμῶν, ἅμα θαυμασμῷ μεμεγμένον.

^d See generally as to Pan stories, MANNHARDT, *Wald und Feld-Kulte* ; also the story in PAULUS DIACONUS, *Gest. Long.*, v. 37, 38, as cited by KEARY, ' The Earthly Paradise of European Mythology,' *Trans. R. Soc. Lit.*, 1879, p. 26 ; and LINDSAY of PITSCOTTIE'S Story of the ' Summons of *Plotcock*,' before the fatal battle of Flodden (1513), *History*, p. 112. *Plotcock* is also mentioned by RAMSAY, *Poems*, ii. 95. The name, according to JAMIESON, *Dict. Scottish Lang.*, is derived from the Icelandic *Blotgod*.

Pan has been plausibly assumed to coincide with that of the crucifixion of Christ.^a

This story has been often repeated or alluded to as a fact by mediæval writers, as also by Rabelais, by Spenser, and by Milton, and its essential, if not formal, truth has become almost an article of Christian faith. Certainly no more splendid scene could be selected for such a legend than that vast mountain-girt sea-plain and gleaming land-locked bay identified with Palódes, on the Albanian coast opposite Corfu.^b But, as it singularly chanced one September day in 1880, it was amid the very scene of this romantic legend of the death of Pan—it was in my boat in the bay, and while wandering over the plain of Vutzindró^c (*Βουντζιντρόν*), that an Epirote friend spoke to me of the recently-published *Ἀσματα τῆς Ἠπείρου* ('Songs of Epeiros'), collected by Dr. Aravandinos, of Ioánnina, and of which the next day he was good enough to present me with a copy. And it is from the foregoing translations of the collected originals, of which the *Ἀσματα τῆς Ἠπείρου* was the nucleus, that I now propose to demonstrate the Survival of Paganism. Such a demonstration implies, first, definitions of the characteristic conceptions of Paganism, as generalized more particularly from the foregoing Collection of Greek Folk-poesy; secondly, the comparison of these conceptions with those of the supernatural Culture Religions, and particularly of that Christianity under the influence of which the Greek folk have lived

^a MILTON, however, for his poetic purpose in his *Ode to the Nativity*, makes the death of Pan coincide with the birth of Christ. See *below*, p. 472, note *b*.

^b Ptolemy, Plutarch, and the word itself, sufficiently identify Palódes with the muddy bay of Vutzindró.—LEAKE, *Northern Greece*, vol. i., p. 100.

^c Once, perhaps, the property of Atticus, the friend of Cicero.—*Cicero ad Attic.*, l. iv., ep. 8.

for nearly 2,000 years ; and, thirdly, the comparison of the Pagan conceptions found in Greek Folk-poesy with those of Modern Science. This Essay, if completed, should thus include three Sections. And the Method of the investigation will, of course, be that of which I have, in the *Introduction*, stated the principles as deduced from my theory of the Conflict of Races.

For, as stated in the *General Preface* to these *Folklore Researches*, their distinguishing aim is the solution, or some contribution to the solution, of these great Historical Problems—the Problem of the Origin of Progressive Social Organization, and that of the Origin of Progressive Philosophic Thought. The solution of the latter Problem especially is the *sine quâ non* of discovery of an Historic Law of Thought, or Ultimate Law of History. Rather than to Turgot, in his *Second Discours* (1750), to Hume, in his theory of the *Natural History of Religion* (1757), and especially if it is taken in conjunction with the *Treatises* (1738-48), which preceded the publication of that theory, and of his *Dialogue on Natural Religion*, belongs, as I think, the honour of having been the first to state, or, at least, suggest, an historic Law of Thought, or Law of the Development of the Conception of Causation. Such a Law in a more developed, but still only provisional, form I stated nearly a quarter of a century ago.^a But a more complete, accurate, and verifiable statement of such an Ultimate Law of History has been sought in the study, more particularly, of the Greek Folk-Poesy collected and translated in these two volumes. And, as we shall see, a critical investigation of the conceptions found in Greek Folk-Poesy leads to definitions of the characteristic conceptions of Paganism, and hence, of what

^a See *The New Philosophy of History* (p. 191), published June, 1873.

would appear to be primitive Folk-conceptions, very different, not only from Hume's notion of 'Vulgar Polytheism,' and Comte's definition of 'Fetishism,' but from those assumed Folk-beliefs in 'Spirits' which Dr. Tylor has termed 'Animism,' and which, in my first statement of the Historic Law of Thought, I too hastily accepted as adequately verified. But, though Dr. Tylor complacently imagines that the vast advances in our knowledge both of History and of Folklore during the last quarter of a century have not made it in any way 'needful to alter the argument,' which he set forth in his two volumes on *Primitive Culture* in 1871,^a I have come to a very different conclusion. And now, in generalizing, in our First Section, the facts revealed more especially in our Collection of Greek Folk-poesy, and hence defining the characteristic conceptions of Paganism, we shall, in effect, define anew the First Stage of the Conception of Causation. In a Second Section the relation of these conceptions to those of the Supernatural Religions should be indicated and the character of the Conflict which leads from this First to a Third Stage of Thought should be at least generally pointed out in its larger outlines. In a Third Section, the comparison of Scientific with Pagan or Folk-conceptions should lead, in effect, to a definition of the Third Stage of Historic Thought, and indication at the same time of its relation to the First Stage. And if, in the *Retrospect* which concludes the Essay, I venture to formulate these results in what I believe will be found to be, at least, a somewhat more complete, accurate, and verifiable statement of the Historic Law of Thought, it will be with a profound conviction of the immense labours still required in order adequately to verify any such Law.

^a See the Preface to the lately published third edition of *Primitive Culture*; and below, p. 496, note a.

SECTION I.

THE CONCEPTIONS CHARACTERISTIC OF PAGANISM.

§ 1a. It is one of the constantly recurring, grimly humorous incidents of History that the approaching rout of an Old Belief is preceded by a specially jubilant affirmation of its truth, or regretful admission of its victory. The Sixteenth Century Epoch of the Collecting of Folklore, and hence of the evidence (though not yet as such recognised) of the Survival of Paganism—an Epoch dating, in this country, from Camden's *Britannia* (1586) and Drayton's *Polyolbion* (1613), was distinguished by the triumphant Ode on the overthrow of Paganism^a in which the Plutarchian legend of the Death of Pan is alluded to in these splendid lines—

‘The lonely mountains o’er,
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament’—

so amazingly misinterpreted by Milton's most voluminous editor.^b And the Folklore Era of MacPherson

^a This very ode, however—as one cannot remark without amusement—is replete with Pagan conceptions.

^b Professor MASSON (*Milton's Poetical Works*, vol. iii., p. 336) imagines that

‘A voice of weeping heard’

refers to the Massacre of the Innocents at the *birth* of the Christian Pan, and to *Matt.* ii. 18, and *Jer.* xxxi. 15. It is true that ‘the mighty Pan’ of line 89 must be taken to refer to Christ, just as the ‘greater Pan’ of the *May Eclogue* of SPENSER'S *Shepherd's Calendar*,

‘When great Pan account of Shepherdes shall aske,’

refers, according to E.K. (EDWARD KIRBE), commenting on this line, to ‘Christ, the very God of all shepherds, which calleth Himself the great and good Shepherd.’ But the lines above cited are not only, the last one, a tolerably close translation of PLUTARCH, but, the first two, such a singularly graphic description of Palódes, the scene of

(dating from 1760) was similarly marked by Gibbon's twenty-eighth chapter (1776-81) on *The Final Destruction of Paganism*. But, as Milton would have regretted, and Gibbon rejoiced to know, a profounder Paganism still survived than that which they saw had been overthrown. Since Gibbon's time Folklore studies have so greatly advanced that even an Archbishop was long since driven to believe that, as expressed in the motto to this essay, which answers that taken from Milton, the vulgar in most parts of Christendom are still serving the gods of their heathen ancestors.^a Numerous are now similar testimonies, not with respect to the Greeks only, but all the other West Aryan peoples nominally Christians.^b Here, however, I shall confine myself to the Greeks, and shall cite only such clerical witnesses as must be presumed not willingly to recognise the ineffectiveness of Christianity. And more correctly, as well as more definitely, than his Grace the Archbishop, the Rev. Mr. Tozer thus writes :^c

§ 16. 'At the outset, we may say broadly that the beliefs

the death of the Pagan Pan, that one is tempted to believe that MILTON, when in Italy, had read or heard such a description of it, while they in no way describe Bethlehem, the scene of the birth of the Christian Pan. 'The resounding shore' is at Bethlehem non-existent, while, at Palódes, it is a low prairie with mountains rising steeply over it, or, in Miltonic language, 'with lonely mountains o'er.'

^a WHATELEY, *Miscellaneous Remains*, p. 274.

^b See, for instance, for the Greeks, PASSOW, *Carm. Pop.*; FAURIEL, MARCELLUS, and LEGRAND, *Chants Populaires de la Grèce*; and the books of THIERSCH, of SANDERS, and of SCHMIDT on the *Folkleben der Neugriechen*: For the Italians, PITRÈ, *Tradizioni Popolari Siciliane*, and *Novelle Popolari Toscane*: For the Kelts, CAMPBELL, *West Highland Tales*; NUTT, *Keltic Folk and Hero Tales*; and MACBAIN, *Celtic Mythology and Religion*: For the Teutons, GRIMM, *Deutsche Mythologie*; DASENT, *Popular Tales from the Norse*; and HENDERSON, *Folklore of the Northern Counties*: And for the Slaves, RALSTON, *Songs of the Russian People and Russian Folktales*; DOZON, *Poésies Populaires Serbes* and *Chansons Populaires Bulgares*; and CHODZKO, *Contes Slaves*.

^c *Highlands of Turkey*, vol. ii., p. 322.

of the modern Greeks respecting death, and the state of the dead, so far as we have the means of judging of them, are absolutely and entirely Pagan. In the numerous ballads which relate to these subjects there is not a trace of any features derived from Christian sources, while the old classical conceptions are everywhere manifest. It may be said, indeed, that in any country the views on the subject of religion which might be gathered from a collection of popular songs would be of a very questionable description, and would not fairly represent the beliefs of the people. But this objection does not apply to the modern Greek ballads, as they are the simple and straightforward expression of the ideas of an unlettered people on the points to which they refer. Some of the songs are intended for Christian festivals, others are dirges to be sung at funerals, and others relate to subjects akin to these. But in none of them does the belief in a Resurrection or a Future Judgment make itself apparent. That the people at large have no knowledge of those doctrines it is hard to believe; but, at all events, they have not a sufficiently firm hold on their minds to come prominently forward, and they certainly have not succeeded in expelling the old heathen notions. And if most of the figures which we associate with the Inferno of the Greeks, such as Pluto, Persephóné, Hermes, Kérberos, etc., are now wanting, it should be remembered that, in ancient times, the popular conceptions of such a subject were in all probability much simpler than the elaborate scheme which is found in the poets.'

§ 1c. Thus there appears to be an absolute contradiction between the conclusions of such scholars as Milton and Gibbon and those of students of Folklore. As so often happens, however, in the case of apparently con-

tradictory conclusions, both the Scholars and the Folklorists are right, and their apparent antagonism is due only to the want of clear definition of the subject in dispute. Paganism for Classicists usually means the Culture-Religions of Greece and Rome; while Paganism for Folklorists ordinarily means in a vague way both what the Classicists mean by it, and also the Beliefs, Customs, and Morality found among the Folk. But 'the Gods still served by the people' are not the Culture-Gods 'of their heathen ancestors,' but the Powers of the *Vecchia Religione*, as it is called in Italy, which may or may not have the names of old Culture-Gods attached to them.^a Indeed, the more thoroughly the Paganism of the Folklorist is studied, the clearer become the differences that separate it from the Paganism of the Classicist. Hence I think it of the utmost importance to have regard here to the etymology of the word, and to confine the connotation of the term *Paganism* to those conceptions of Nature, and consequent customs, and morality, found among the *Pagani*,^b or Folk, defined as peoples or classes unaffected, or but partially affected, by the conceptions of Culture, and particularly of the Culture-Religions.^c The term 'Paganism' applied to the Culture-Religions which preceded Christianity is, like 'Heathenism,'^d

^a LELAND, after citing, corroborates the remark made by Prof. ANGELO DE GUBERNATEIS to Mr. GLADSTONE 'that under the Religion of Italy lay hidden ten times as much Heathenism as Christianity.'—*Etruscan Roman Remains, International Folklore Congress*, 1891, p. 186.

^b Peasants, or villagers, and called *Pagani*, 'quasi ex uno fonte—πηγη, Doric παγα—potantes.' For Religion, as HOOKER truly says, 'did first take place in cities' (*Eccles. Politie*, bk. v., § 80). And why and how this was, is shown, as I venture to think, in the theory of the origin of Religion deducible from my general theory of the Conflict of Races.

^c Compare the definition of the *Folk* above, vol. i., p. 16.

^d From *Heath*, the German *Heide*, the uncultivated lands where those lived who were unconverted to the Christianity of the Cities.

similarly applied, merely an opprobrious epithet.^a The Culture Religions, from those of Chaldea and Egypt downwards, present a succession of very different, and, in one way or another, progressive conceptions of the Universe, elaborated and systematized by Priests. Paganism, properly so-called, presents, on the contrary, the wonderfully unchanging conceptions of the *Pagani* or Folk, as above defined. And to confound these very different conceptions under the same indiscriminatingly used term is altogether to obscure the great historical conflict between Culture- and Folk-conceptions.

§ 2a. But the recognition of such a conflict makes it indispensably necessary clearly to define the conceptions characteristic of Paganism—or, in terms of the general definition of Paganism just given—the conceptions characteristic of Folklore as distinguished from Culture-lore, and from the conceptions more particularly of the Culture-Religions. These conceptions will be most verifiably defined after studying that Class of Verse and Prose Poesy—Mythological Idylls and Tales—in which Kosmical Ideas are predominantly expressed, and comparing therewith the incidental, rather than predominant, expression of these ideas in the other two Classes—Social Songs and Stories, and Historical Ballads and Legends. Mythological Idylls and Tales, defined as predominantly expressions of Kosmical Ideas, I have, in my Classification of Folklore, distinguished as Zoönist, Magical—I should rather have said Magicianist—and Supernalist. First, then, as to the definition of that conception of Nature which the reader has found illustrated under the head of

^a Hence, in *The New Philosophy of History* (1873), I suggested the term *Naturianism* for the Culture-Religions antecedent to the Moral Revolution of the Sixth Cent. B.C.; and the term *Olympianism* for the Greek form of that class of Religions. See pp. 218 and 251.

Zoönist Ideas, though by no means there exclusively, so all-pervading is this conception. Consider the facts illustrating Zoönist Ideas which I recall in the *Appendix*.

The first set of these illustrative facts shows us all Objects—(1) Inanimates, as they are ordinarily regarded, no less than (2) Plants, and (3) Animals—conceived as *responsively Sentient Powers*. The second set brings into relation all the facts connected with influences exerted, or supposed to be exerted (1) through non-isolation of Bodies; (2) through what is called the Evil Eye; and (3) through identity of Blood. Consider these facts, and it will, I think, be seen that they are all referable to a conception of the *Solidarity of Objects through their Mutual Influences*; and that this conception is but a corollary of the general conception of Objects as responsively Sentient Powers. For if Objects generally are responsively sentient, and if no distance-limit is known beyond which Influence cannot extend, there is no real isolation of Bodies, and distance cannot prevent those interactions which make of Persons and Things Life-correlates. A certain malign form of the Influence which all bodies, as responsively sentient, are conceived as exerting on each other is naturally distinguished as the Evil Eye. And Persons with the same blood in their veins may well be believed to be especially apt to confer benefits on, and resent injuries by, their kindred or Blood-correlates. The third set of illustrative facts brings together all manner of Transformations, whether due to (1) the Environment, or (2) one's own Will, or (3) the Will of Others. Consider these facts, and they will, I think, be found generalisable as expressions of a conception of both Things and Persons as *unlimitedly Transformative Powers*; and this conception itself will be seen to be

but another corollary of the general conception of Objects as responsively Sentient Powers. This conception of Bodies (Things and Persons) as Powers unlimitedly capable either of being transformed, or of transforming themselves, or others, is, indeed, paradoxical as the assertion may at first appear, but such a development of the fundamental conception as observation and experience could not but give rise to. For, while observation and experience of the actual changes of Objects—Seeds, for instance, and Insects—attest transformations essentially no less wonderful than those of Folk-Idylls and -Tales ; observation and experience had not yet ascertained the limits of actual transformations. And hence, to speak of Folk-tale Births, for example, as ‘Supernatural,’ because represented as transformations of other substances than the united sperm- and germ-cells now ascertained to be alone thus transformed, shows inadequate recognition of the true character of the Folk-conception of Objects as Powers whereof the limits of influence, and hence capacity of transforming, and being transformed, not having yet been ascertained, are believed to be unlimited.^a

Now, having regard to all the three sets of facts leading to these three connected notions of the Objects of Nature as (1) Sentient Powers ; as (2) Powers exerting Mutual Influence ; and as (3) Transformative Powers (Powers capable of transforming, of being transformed, and of passing from one form to another)—I would define Zoönist Ideas, or in a word *Zoönism*, as *The Con-*

^a I may note also that the Folk-conception of Mutual Influence and of consequent unlimited possibilities of Transformation, which is the fundamental explanation of these stories, is supported by innumerable female observations and experiences as to barrenness, and as to antecedents of its cure which, unsubmitted as they are to scientific analysis, not unreasonably appear even more effective than coition. I have myself found that, given other circumstances, *that* was by no means regarded as a *sine quâ non*.

ception of the Objects of Nature as Sentient Powers influencing and being influenced, according to their diverse capacities, at any distance, and even to the extent of transforming and being transformed. This Zoönist conception of Nature as a Solidarity of Sentient Powers united by their Mutual Influences would appear to be the primitive form of man's consciousness of Nature. And its origin must, I think, be referred to that Kosmos-animating, differentiating, and integrating Energy which Mind essentially is.

§ 2b. But under the name of *Animism*—a doctrine which, as I pointed out more than twenty-three years ago, would be far less misleadingly termed *Spiritism*^a—a very different account of the origin and character of Folk-beliefs has, for the last quarter of a century, been accepted on the authority of Mr. Spencer and Dr. Tylor. Admitting, regretfully admitting, the universality, save in the Culture-classes, of the conception of Nature as living, Mr. Spencer maintains that this was not a primitive conception. He affirms that, 'under penalties of death by starvation or destruction,' there was such a constant cultivation, and consequent increase, of the power to class apart the Animate and the Inanimate, and to discriminate the two, that it became at last 'almost perfect' among all creatures, at least, of higher intelligence than 'cirrhaped and seaflies.' This would

^a In *The New Philosophy of History* (1873), p. 11, n. 2, I thus wrote: 'To the general theory of Supernatural Agents, and beliefs in Spiritual Beings, Mr. TYLOR, in his learned and suggestive work on *Primitive Culture*, has given the name of *Animism*. But I venture to think that *Spiritism* would be a preferable term. For, in the first place, "Animism," as he himself acknowledges (vol. i., p. 384), is a term in great measure identified with the special theory of Stahl. Secondly, "Animism" does not, while "Spiritism" does, at once explain itself as the doctrine of Spirits. Thirdly, "Spiritism" has the advantage, not shared by "Animism," of connecting the vulgar theory of what I would call Homian phenomena [the manifestations by and through such "mediums" as Home] with the

seem to imply that the primitive conception of Nature, previously to this perfecting of the discrimination between Animate and Inanimate, had been an indiscriminating conception of it as living. But however this may be, it must surely be evident to unbiased reflection, that it was not between Animate and Inanimate that animals were bound to discriminate, but between harmful and harmless; that what might kill, and what might be killed, what might eat, and what might be eaten, can by no means be equated respectively with Animate and Inanimate; and further, that such abstract notions as those of Animate and Inanimate were, as they are still, altogether beyond the mental capacities of animals even infinitely above the stage of 'cirrhipeds and seaflics.'^a

general theory of Supernatural Agents, and thus making the one throw light on the other. Fourthly, "Animism" does not, while "Spiritism" does, apply equally well to the supernatural theory of God as to the supernatural theory of the Soul. And, finally, "Animism" gives no such expressive adjective, and adjective-noun, as "Spiritist," and "Spiritists." See now MAX MÜLLER, *Natural Religion* (1889), p. 158. 'Animism . . . has proved so misleading a name that hardly any scholar now likes to employ it.' And see generally my *Queries as to Animism, Folklore*, Sept., 1892.

^a Against this theory of Mr. SPENCER's of a primitive discrimination between Animate and Inanimate (*Principles of Sociology*, i., pp. 123-131), as also against his theory of the elaboration by Savages of a Spiritist 'Philosophy,' no one is a more powerful witness than MR. SPENCER himself. For, as he truly says: 'Conditioned as he is, the savage lacks abstract ideas' (p. 74). 'An invisible, intangible entity . . . is a high abstraction unthinkable by Primitive Man, and inexpressible by his vocabulary' (p. 133). '"Plants are green," or "Animals grow," are propositions never definitely formed in his consciousness, because he has no idea of a plant or animal apart from kind' (p. 83). 'In proportion as the mental energies go out in restless perception they cannot go out in deliberate thought' (p. 77). 'When the Abipones are unable to comprehend anything at first sight, they soon grow weary of examining it, and cry, "What is it after all?"' (p. 53). And after citing other facts, Mr. SPENCER's conclusion is: 'The general fact thus exemplified is one quite at variance with current ideas respecting the thoughts of Primitive Man. He is commonly pictured as theorizing about surrounding appearances; whereas, in fact, the need for explanations of them does not occur to him' (p. 87).

But if the stages of the Embryo are a record of the stages of the physical evolution of the Species, the stages of the Individual should be a record of the stages of the mental evolution of Mankind. Hence Mr. Spencer tries to rebut the evidence against his theory afforded by the Zoönism of Children. This, however, he can do only by affirming that this evidence is 'vitiated by the suggestions of adults'; and that it is not because the child does not discriminate between Animate and Inanimate that mother or nurse says, 'Naughty chair to hurt baby—beat it!' but that it is because these adults use such language that the child does not, or does not appear to, distinguish between Animate and Inanimate.^a But is it credible that all the mothers and nurses of all the peoples of the world would use such language to children if they themselves, as children, had naturally, as affirmed by Mr. Spencer, discriminated perfectly between Living and Not-living? Surely this perversity on the part of adults in thus falsifying what are affirmed to be the naturally true discriminations of children should be somehow explained? And we ask how it was, that the affirmed original discrimination between Animate and Inanimate became universally transformed into what is admitted to be now, among Folk unaffected by Culture, the indiscriminating conception of all things as living?

The answer of Mr. Spencer^b and Dr. Tylor^c may be thus summarized: 'Savage Philosophers,' hitherto, according to Mr. Spencer, at least,^d perfectly discriminating

^a *Ibid.*, i. p. 129. ^b *Ibid.*, pp. 169 *flg.* ^c *Prim. Cult.*, i. 387, 451; ii. 99.

^d Dr. TYLOR does not appear to share Mr. SPENCER'S belief in a former perfect discrimination between Animate and Inanimate, and, thus far, is less logical in his theory of Animism, which certainly requires some hypothesis as to the character of the conceptions from which the supposed 'Savage Philosophers' started. Dr. TYLOR, indeed, professes himself a believer in Fetishism precisely as it was defined by COMTE. But in himself defining

between Animate and Inanimate, were led by cogitations on dreams, shadows, reflections, echoes, etc.,^a to a theory of 'ghosts,' 'souls,' or 'spirits'; then, to such an application of their theory that all things hitherto conceived as inanimate became henceforth conceived as animated by these 'ghosts,' 'souls,' and 'spirits'; not so conceived only by these 'Savage Philosophers,' but by savages not 'philosophers,' and notwithstanding their previous 'perfect' discrimination of Animate and Inanimate. But, first, it must be evident that, if the conception of the livingness of Nature is not an intuition, but an inference, some verifiable, or, at least, not manifestly fallacious, theory of the previous conception of Nature must be stated. Secondly, there is absolutely no evidence of such an amazing historical event as that supposed—the elaboration by 'Savage Philosophers' of a theory which reversed not only their own previous notions of things, but the previous notions also of all other savages. Thirdly, Philosophy is not inference merely, but the co-ordination of inferences; and all we know of the mental state of savages is opposed to this extraordinary Culture-theory of a Savage Philosophy of Animism.^b Fourthly, the so-called 'ghosts,' 'souls,' and 'spirits' of Folk-conception are by no means such intangibles as we

Fetishism as a 'subordinate department' of Animism, defined as 'the doctrine of Spirits in general,' Dr. TYLOR not only contradicts his own expression of agreement with COMTE, but includes under the name of Animism two conceptions of Nature which are not only essentially different in their characteristics, but which, according to Dr. TYLOR'S own contention, have two different origins—the origin of the one being a primitive tendency 'quite independent of the Ghost theory,' and the origin of the other being entirely derived from the Ghost theory. Compare *Prim. Cult.*, i., pp. 145, 260, 431, etc.; and ii., pp. 132, etc.

^a For Dr. TYLOR'S complete list as distinguished from Mr. SPENCER'S see *Mind*, 1877, ii., 424.

^b See *above*, p. 480, note *a*.

might reasonably expect were they really derived, as affirmed, from cogitations on such intangibles as dreams, shadows, reflections, echoes, etc., but are, on the contrary, and are, indeed, admitted to be, substantial material bodies.^a And, fifthly, this theory of Animism, so unverifiably attributed to 'Savage Philosophers,' seems wholly impotent to explain, or, rather, wholly impotent to withstand, the vast mass of facts indicated in the *Appendix* as proving that the essential notion of the Folk-conception of Nature is that of its Solidarity, through the Mutual Influences of its Parts—a notion the direct antithesis of the Animistic, or, rather, Spiritist, notion of 'the wilful action of pervading personal Spirits.'^b

§ 2c. Indefensibly false would thus appear to be the theory of Animism, as an account of the origin and character of the genuine Folk-conception of Nature. And I have now but to show cause for that new coinage, *Zöönism*, which I ventured to suggest some seven or eight years ago in order to connote that very different Folk-conception of Nature which seems to be revealed by the facts I have collected and classified. I propose to show, first, that its etymology is such that it must at once suggest the ideas it is meant to connote; and, secondly—what is, of course, the most important plea

^a See for illustrations of the notion of souls as 'substantial material beings,' *Prim. Cult.*, ii. 409, 412. (I might myself add many other illustrations; but it may here suffice to refer to SHAKESPEARE'S 'sheeted dead' who leave the 'graves tenantless'—*Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. i.) And Dr. TYLOR'S conclusion is, that 'it appears to have been within the systematic schools of civilized philosophy that the transcendental definitions of the immaterial were obtained by abstraction from the primitive conception of the ethereal-material soul so as to reduce it from a physical to a metaphysical entity' (ii., p. 413). I do not, however, believe that Savages could either form or express the notion either of 'ethereal' or 'ethereal-material.'

^b 'The savage refers the phenomena of the Universe to the wilful action of pervading personal spirits.'—*Prim. Cult.*, i. 201.

in defence of a new term—that no other exists which either does, or might equally well, connote the facts generalized in the definition of the term.

As to the etymology of the word. Either in themselves, or in their English derivatives, the Greek words—Ζάω, Ζῶ, Ζωή, Ζῶς, Ζῶον, κ.τ.λ.—are sufficiently familiar to make *Zoönism* immediately understood as denoting a doctrine, or conception, of the livingness of things, whether these are of the meanest or of the most sublime character, and whatever may be the mode or degree of their livingness. And as to the need of such a term, the question is simply whether the old word *Fetishism* introduced by Des Brosses,^a and adopted by Comte,^b and the later word *Animism* revived by Dr. Tylor, do not, one or other of them, make such a new coinage unnecessary? As to *Fetishism*, I reply: Our knowledge of Folk-lore has so immensely advanced as both to demand and to make possible such a particularity combined with generality of definition as neither Des Brosses nor Comte gave, or could give, to the Folk-conception which they rightly recognised, but inadequately apprehended. Yet such a combined generality and particularity is, I submit, now given in a definition which explicitly states what our fuller knowledge shows to be the three mutually implying constituents of this Folk-conception, the ideas, namely, of Sentient Powers, of Mutual Influences, and of Transformative Powers.^c And

^a In his *Culte des dieux fétiches, ou Parallèle de l'ancienne Religion de l'Egypte avec la Religion actuelle de Nigritie.* (1760.)

^b *Philosophie positive*, t. v., p. 30 (1841), where it is thus defined: . . . 'pur fétichisme, constamment caractérisé par l'essor libre et direct de notre tendance primitive à concevoir tous les corps extérieurs quelconques naturels ou artificiels, comme animés d'une vie essentiellement analogue à la nôtre, avec de simples différences mutuelles d'intensité.'

^c *Above*, p. 479.

as to retaining the term *Fetishism*, but amending the definition given to it, the associations connected with its derivation from the Portuguese *Feitiço*, a 'charm,'^a and which still cling to it inseparably, make it not only impossible to use it, without misapprehension, in such a definite new sense as that which I have given—not arbitrarily, but at the demand of facts—to this new term *Zoönism*, but impossible to use it, in all higher references, without prejudicial associations. Either *Fetishist*, perhaps, or *Zoönist*, we might call such savage customs as that observed by Habakkuk: 'They sacrifice to their net, and burn incense unto their drag, because by these their portion is fat, and their meat plenteous.'^b But only as *Zoönist* could we, without such derogatory implications as attach to *Fetishism*, qualify either the sacred chant of the Pleiade priestesses of Dodona:

Γῇ κάρπους ἀνλὲι δίο κλήσεται μητέρα Γαῖαν^c

Earth bringeth forth fruits; mother, therefore, call Earth;

or the sublime invocation of Prometheus:

ὦ δῖος αἰθέρ, κ.τ.λ.

O divine Ether, and swift-winged Breezes,
Fountains of Rivers, and Sea-waves'
Laughter innumerable, Allmother Earth,
Allseeing Circle of the Sun, on you I call—
See ye what from the Gods I, a God, suffer!^d

^a From *Factitius* ('artificial, done or made by art, factitious, τεχνικὸς'), whence also Old French *faitis*, and Old English *fetys*, 'well made.'

^b *Hab.* i. 16.

^c PAUSANIAS, X., xii. 10.

^d Thus I have *literally* translated the famous lines of ÆSCHYLOS (*Prometh. Vinc.*, 82-91). But Christian prepossessions so overpower the perceptions even of such a scholar as Dean PLUMPTRE that he translates the first words, 'O divine firmament of God.' But surely the passage is an appeal from the Younger Anthropomorphic to the Elder Elemental Gods?

But if, for the reasons thus stated, *Fetishism* does not make unnecessary this new coinage, *Zoönism*, still less does *Animism* make it unnecessary. Used as this term is by Dr. Tylor to mean 'the doctrine of Spirits in general,' it affirms a conception of things wholly different, as I have above endeavoured to show, from that which the facts of Folk-expression have led me to indicate in my definition of *Zoönism*. For *Animism* denotes a conception of Things as actuated by attached or embodied 'Spirits'; and *Zoönism* denotes a conception of Things as themselves Sentient Powers manifesting their own inherent capacities.

§ 3a. Next, as to the definition of those Ideas which we have found illustrated in the Second Class of our Mythological Idylls and Tales, and which I have distinguished as Magical, but should rather have called Magicianist, Ideas. As we have seen, the Conception of the Objects of Nature as responsively Sentient Powers implies both the Solidarity of Nature through the Mutual Influences of its Parts, and their unlimitedly Transformative Powers. But we may also see that, from this central conception of Mutual Influence, there necessarily follows the conception of the state of one thing as indicating that of another, and of the action of one thing as affecting that of another. And hence there arises the conception of the events of Nature as not only predictable but controllable.^a That, however, is

^a For—to quote *The New Philosophy of History* (1873), p. 219—'Powers are, as Ultimate Facts, or Causes, conceived either as regular or as irregular in their action. Conceived as regular in their action, we have that beginning of Science, or of the forecasting and determination of events through knowledge of their Causes, or supposed Causes, which is Witchcraft. Conceived as irregular in their action, we have that beginning of Theology, or of the forecasting and determination of events, through sacrifice to, and invocation of, their supposed Causes, which is Superstition. For Science, in its command of Nature, is ever essentially Craft, if not

precisely the conception of Nature which we find illustrated in the aims, and hence, the arts of Magic, classed in the *Appendix* (p. 512) as Arts of (i.) Operation, (ii.) Divination, and (iii.) Co-operation. Magicianist Ideas we may, therefore, define as *Ideas of the predictableness of the events, and controllableness of the forces of Nature by Human Powers*; and the Aims of Magic as *Prediction of the events, and Control of the forces of Nature as conceived by Zoönism*. And this immediate deduction of the aims and arts of Magic would appear to be a conclusive verification of our inductively generalized definition of Zoönism.

§ 3*b*. If so, however, no less conclusive evidence of the falsity of the Animism affirmed by Dr. Tylor, and Mr. Spencer, must be found in the impossibility of any such deduction from it of Magicianist Conceptions and Procedures. From the conception of bodies — not as influencing each other, in accordance with their own inherent capacities, as themselves Sentient Powers, but — in accordance with the caprices of their ‘attached or embodied Spirits,’ there must arise the reverse of any such notion as that which is the very foundation of Magic — the controllableness of Nature. Naturally, therefore, the essential notion of Magic is no less unapprehended by Dr. Tylor and Mr. Spencer than it was

Witchcraft; and Theology, in its fear of Nature, is ever essentially Superstition. In Witchcraft, indeed, as in Superstition, Causes are conceived, not as Relations, but as Powers; yet there is this prodigious difference that, in Witchcraft they are conceived as subject Powers; in Superstition, only as invocable Powers.’ Mr. (now Sir Alfred) LYALL had contemporaneously reached similar conclusions; and, as my page 219, though already in type, was not yet printed off, I eagerly availed myself of the opportunity of referring to his corroborative paper *On Witchcraft in Relation to the Non-Christian Religions* in the *Fortnightly Review*, April, 1873, and now included in his collected *Asiatic Studies*.

by Des Brosses and Comte. To Dr. Tylor, indeed, Magic is but 'one of the most pernicious delusions that ever vexed mankind'^a; and of this 'delusion' he can offer no explanation save such a vague reference to the Association of Ideas as is not really any explanation whatever. Magicianist, of course, like all other notions, *illustrate* the Association of Ideas—that is to say, certain definite Laws of Contiguity, Similarity, and Construction referable to the characteristically differentiative and integrative energy of Mind.^b But it is no explanation of the origin of the distinctive conceptions and procedures of Magic, or, to use Dr. Tylor's phrase, 'Occult Science,' to assert that 'the principal key to the understanding of it is to consider it as *based* on the Association of Ideas.'^c The association, as a later affair than the origin, of Ideas, cannot explain that origin. We have found the origin of Zoönist, and hence of Magicianist Ideas, in the functioning of that differentiative and integrative Energy which Mind essentially is. The 'Association of Ideas' is but a vague way of referring to certain Laws of Differentiation and Integration. And by these Laws the distinctive character and collocations of Magicianist Ideas are no more specially explicable than are the distinctive

^a *Prim. Cult.*, i. 101.

^b For—as queried in *The New Philosophy of History* (1873), p. 185—'are not these three Laws clearly distinguishable as, the first, an objective; the second, a subjective; and the third, an objective-subjective Law? What are the Laws of Contiguity and Similarity but simply inductive generalizations of the conditions of Differentiation? And what is the Law of Constructive Association but a recognition of the Power of Integration? In the results, therefore, of the inductive researches of the Association School, we seem to have but an analytical statement of that very Law of Thought which HEGEL presented in the obscure metaphysical shape of the *Begriff*'

^c *Prim. Cult.*, i. 104.

character and collocations of any other quite different Ideas.

§ 3c. But not only is it thus impossible to deduce from Animism the conceptions and procedures of Magic, but the more distinguished of those who still hold the theory of Animism, as, for instance, Mr. Frazer and Mr. Hartland, find themselves obliged implicitly to postulate Zoönism in order to give any rational account of Magic. This they do by using, instead of the term Magic, the phrase, 'Sympathetic Magic,' and so defining the principles of Sympathetic Magic as to make them deducible from nothing else but Zoönism as above defined. For instance: 'One of the principles of Sympathetic Magic,' says Mr. Frazer, 'is that any effect may be produced by imitating it.'^a But such a principle, though not only undeducible from, but contradictory of, the Animistic conception of Nature as actuated by 'Spirits,' is a very evident deduction from the Zoönist conception of Nature as a solidarity of mutually influencing Powers. Keener observers and abler experimenters discovered, indeed, that the method of Imitation was not to be depended upon in the attempt to control Nature. But that such a method might be effective was a quite logical *a priori* deduction from the Zoönist conception of Natural Objects as responsively Sentient Powers. And the historical fact is that, while men, possessed of this primitive conviction of the solidarity and hence controllableness of Nature, recognised the ineffectualness of the method of Imitation, and became the discoverers of more effective methods, and hence the Founders of the Sciences, women, quite characteristically, continued to trust to, and practise the old ignorant methods of attempted control, and primitive

^a *Golden Bough*, i. 9.

Science survived, therefore, not as Wizardcraft, but as Witchcraft.

§ 4a. But besides Zoönist, and besides Magicianist Ideas, we have found a third set illustrated in the foregoing Collection of Folk-Poesy, and especially in our Third Class of Mythological Idylls and Tales. And just as we have seen that Magicianist Ideas—Ideas of the Controllableness of Nature—flow necessarily from Zoönist Ideas—Ideas of the Solidarity of Nature—we shall, I think, find that those now to be considered flow similarly from Zoönist Ideas, and are, therefore, the necessary completion of the general Folk-conception of Nature, as yet but partially defined. For if, as in the Zoönist conception of Nature, Objects are conceived as exerting influences because of, and in proportion to, their own inherent capacities as Sentient Powers, some of these Objects will certainly be found to be, and, either in their actual forms, or in mythical forms personalizing their qualities or effects, will be regarded as mightier than others in the influences they exert. Of such Objects I have given a Classified illustrative List in the *Appendix* (p. 505). For in three forms the Powers of Nature may produce, in Folk-consciousness, the impression of being exceptionally dynamic in the influences that ray from them, and may, therefore, become what might be named, were the phrase not equivocal—*natural* Gods.

They may, first, produce this impression in their own proper forms as External Objects. Such are the Earth itself, and all the grander, or more impressive Objects of Nature which constitute, with Sacred Wells, Trees, Stones, etc., our First Class of exceptionally dynamic Powers. But however undifferentiating in its earlier stages human Consciousness may be, the

faculties of abstraction and language can hardly but lead to differentiation between Internal and External, and hence, from the conception of Objects *as* Powers, to the conception of Objects *and* Powers, but Powers still conceived quite concretely and as the Chemists' theine or caffeine is conceived. And the fact is that, just as the Chemists' 'essential principle' is conceived as a material body, the 'essential principles' of Objects are conceived in material forms corresponding to their fair or foul qualities, or fair or foul effects. But no more than the Chemist calls the 'essential principle' of tea or coffee its 'soul,' does the man of the Folk, uninfluenced by Culture-conceptions, call the 'essential principle' of an Object its 'soul,' or not, at least, in the sense that we now attach to that term. He calls it rather the element of movement—the 'go,' to use a familiar term—the 'life' or 'strength,' the στοιχείον,^a ζῶν, or δύναμις, of the Object. And hence arises the Second Class of our above referred to List. But as happens in the present, so in the past, some Objects certainly impressed themselves as of exceptional might, and both in their own proper forms, and in forms in which their qualities or effects were personalized, as just indicated. And hence arises a Third Class composed of

^a Στοιχείον appears to be derived from στοιχέω, *to go*, especially *to go after one another in line or order*. Hence στοιχείον would originally mean a *thing going*, or '*the go*' of a *thing*. The Στοιχεῖα of Empedokles were Forms of Matter, and he endeavoured to show that there were but four. Plato's Στοιχεῖα were Ideas. The Signs of the Zodiac were also called Στοιχεῖα. Hence the term came to be used generally for 'The Heavenly Powers.' And it may be added that such Biblical critics as BAUR (*Christenthum*, s. 49) and HILGENFELD (*Galaterbrief*, s. 66) are of opinion that it is certainly in this sense that St. Paul uses the phrase τὰ στοιχεῖα τοῦ κόσμου, and that he attributes to them a distinct personality as Genii, or Spirits of the Universe. Compare *Gal.* iv. 3, etc.; *Col.* ii. 8, 20; and *Ephes.* vi. 12. See GELDART, *Modern Greek*, pp. 201-205, and *The Gospel according to St. Paul*, pp. 23-25.

such mythical beings as may seem, like Swan-maidens and the others hypothetically named in the appended List, to owe their origin to remote historical facts.

By no means, however, are these exceptionally dynamic Powers—whether regarded in their own proper forms, or in forms personalizing their qualities or effects—conceived as in any way Supernatural. Just as much as are ordinary Powers, these extraordinary Powers are conceived as parts of the System of Nature itself, possessed of greater capacities indeed than, but not otherwise different from, other Powers; and so, if controllers of most, controllable by some, and especially by omnipotent Man. The distinction of Natural and Supernatural has, in fact, not yet arisen.^a These Powers, therefore, being regarded simply as but in some way or other *Superior* to other Powers, and not as in any way *Supernatural*, can, I submit, be truly designated only by some such term as *Supernals*. And summarizing all above stated, I would define *Supernals*, or the Objects of Supernalist Ideas, as *Powers of Nature which, either in their own proper forms as External Objects, or in imaginary forms, personalizing their Qualities or Effects, are conceived as possessing, or as having possessed, exceptional capacities.*

§ 4b. But with one change there must ever go other changes. And if, as we have seen, the notion of Mutual Influence so pervades genuine Folk-belief as to exclude the notion of Supernatural Action, and hence, to require us to speak of Supernal, rather than Supernatural Beings, it will require us also, when referring to genuine Folk-belief, to substitute new terms for the whole catalogue of words now generally used with

^a 'A savage hardly conceives the distinction commonly drawn by more advanced peoples between the Natural and the Supernatural.'—FRAZER, *Golden Bough*, i. 8.

Supernaturalist connotations. Nothing like what we ordinarily mean by such words as 'Ghost,' 'Soul,' and 'Spirit,' is ordinarily meant by the Folk-words—such as the English *Bogle*,^a or those others from various Folk-dialects that might be instanced—or even by the earlier Culture-words—such as the Chaldean *Zi*,^b the Egyptian *Ka*,^c or the Chinese *Yang*^d—usually thus translated; and the same may be said of such words as 'Demon,' 'Deity,' or 'God,' as translations of Folk- or even of Culture-words, in their earlier meaning.^e I would propose, therefore, to use, instead of such utterly misleading translations, either the actual Folk-word, or early Culture-word;^f or such terms devoid of supernatural

^a See my reference to Mrs. BALFOUR'S admirably transcribed and most interesting *Legends of the Lincolnshire Cars* (*Folklore*, March, September, and December, 1891) in *Queries on Animism*, *Folklore*, September, 1892, p. 298, note 2; and Mrs. BALFOUR'S note on *Bogles and Ghosts*, *Folklore*, March, 1893, pp. 107, 108.

^b The Chaldean *Zi*, ordinarily translated 'Spirit,' was *not*, says Professor SAYCE, 'a "Spirit" in our sense of the word, nor even in the sense in which the term was used by the Semitic tribes of a later day. The *Zi* was simply that which manifested life.'—*Religion of the Ancient Babylonians*, p. 327.

^c 'The *Ka* meant *life*, though what *life* was conceived to be she [Miss EDWARDS, *Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers*] cannot venture to say. I am inclined to identify the Egyptian *Ka* with the Chaldean *Zi*.'—SAYCE, *Academy*, February 13, 1892.

^d See DE GROOT, *Religious System of China*. What we would mistranslate 'Soul' is of the kind of matter called *Yang*, of which the correlate is *Yin*, and it continues after, as before death, to be attached to the body, though in an enfeebled condition, which, however, the influences emanating from other portions of *Yang* matter may so revive that there may be a resurrection of the body.

^e 'There was a time when Gods, in the sense of beings distinct from and above man . . . did not exist in the belief of Mankind.'—HARTLAND, *Perseus*, iii. 67.

^f This I have uniformly done in editing *Greek Folk-songs*, *The Women and Folklore of Turkey*, and *Greek Folk-Poesy*. But such misleading translations are, unfortunately, still the rule with the majority of European Folk-lorists. GELDART, for instance, translates Δράκος as 'Dragon,' and Νηπαίδα as 'Fairy'; and Νηπαίδες, Λάμψαι, Στοιχειά, κ.τ.λ. are all turned indiscriminately into *Fées* by French, and into *Elfen* by German Folklorists.

implications, as *power* instead of 'god'; *life* instead of 'spirit,' or 'demon' (e.g., the *tree-* or *corn-life*, instead of 'tree- or corn-spirit or -demon'); *strength* instead of 'soul'; *life correlate* instead of 'external soul'; *abnormal* instead of 'supernatural birth,' etc.

Endless self-contradictions would thus be saved, and the historical truth would be thus expressed with incomparably greater accuracy. For instance, no one has shown with greater clearness than Mr. Frazer that the Supernals of Folk-religion are *not* Supernatural Beings, but Natural Powers, or representatives of such Powers; and that the Observances, therefore, connected with them are directed *not* to appeasing or imploring them by Priestly Rites, but to strengthening or controlling them by Magical Arts.^a And yet he at once contradicts and obscures his whole demonstration by designating these Natural Powers 'spirits,' 'deities,' or 'gods,' just as if they were, after all, Supernatural Beings.^b But if the candid reader reflects on the conceptions which later Folklore research has revealed in the Folk Customs of the old Nature-Festivals; and if he compares with these the conceptions witnessed to by the Priestly Rituals of the Culture Religions (including, of course, Christianity) which have adopted and adapted these Festivals of the Seasons; he will hardly, I think, doubt that to call the Natural Powers, which are, in the one case, by Magical Arts, strengthened or controlled, 'Gods,' even as we call

^a *Golden Bough*, *passim*.

^b Mr. FRAZER, for instance, in the very next sentence, after affirming quite truly that the savage does not distinguish between Natural and Supernatural, self-contradictorily affirms that, to the savage, 'the world is mostly worked by Supernatural Agents.'—*Golden Bough*, i. 8. And with similar self-contradiction, Dr. TYLOR, while using such terms as 'Souls' 'Spirits,' etc., admits, or rather affirms, that they are not, in Folk-belief, conceived at all as by the Culture-Classes, but as 'substantial material beings.'—*Prim. Cult.*, ii. 409, 412, and *above*, p. 483, note *a*.

'Gods' the Supernatural Beings who are in the other case, by Precatory Rites, flattered and implored, is a misuse of terms which is in the highest degree unscientific.

No doubt our highly abstract Culture-notions of 'Souls,' 'Spirits,' and 'Gods' have been developed from those highly concrete, and otherwise, as we have seen, quite different notions which I would distinguish generally as notions of Supernals. But considering the antithesis between the earlier and the later notions, I submit that to call the earlier by the same name as the later notion is no less unscientific—that is to say, no less inimical to clear and verifiable thinking—than it would be to speak of the earlier non-human ancestors of Man, not by the zoölogical terms now used to designate them, but as already Men. For, to designate Folk-conceptions of Natural and Corporeal Powers by the same terms—'Souls,' 'Spirits,' 'Gods,' etc.—as those used to designate Culture-conceptions of Supernatural and Incorporeal Beings, is so to veil the profound differences of the conceptions thus identically named as utterly to obscure the true facts of the origin, and hence history, of Human Thought, and particularly of Religion.

§ 4c. To sum up. In established possession is the theory of Animism, or, as it would be more lucidly termed, Spiritism; in militant opposition is that of Zoönism. Questioningly, however, rather than dogmatically, I submit that the theory of Zoönism gives a more verifiable, more coherent, and more complete, interpretation and explanation of the facts of Folk-belief than does the theory of Animism. But should this be so, it is certainly due simply to my having been more deferential to the immense results of Historical and Folklore Research during the last quarter of a

century than, with reference, at least, to their theory of 'Spirits,' Messrs. Spencer and Tylor have been.^a As pointed out in the *Preface* and *Introduction*, the results of Historical Research have led to quite a new theory of the Origins of Civilization, and this, to quite a new Method of Folklore Research. Obnoxious, then, to criticism on many points as may be the foregoing very brief and inadequate exposition of the theory of Zoönism, it will take but little harm if its Method cannot be assailed. And due criticism of this *Conclusion* must, therefore, begin with criticism of the *Introduction*.

To illustrate this. 'Side by side,' says Mr. Frazer, 'with the view of the world as pervaded by Spiritual Forces, primitive man has another conception in which we may detect a germ of Natural Law.'^b Both notions are doubtless found now, though in varying proportions, in most Folklores. But as it is not even affirmed that there is a necessary correlation between these antagonistic notions, both cannot have been entertained by

^a On the recent publication of a third edition of Dr. TYLOR'S *Primitive Culture*, I took up a copy expecting to find that much of my criticism of his Animism Theory of 1871 was out of date. But my fear that I should have the trouble of withdrawing or amending my criticisms, and correcting my references to the first edition were groundless. With a surprising complacency, considering the revolutionary results of research in this long interval, Dr. TYLOR informs us, in his *Preface* to this third, but not *new*, edition of his work, that he has not 'found it needful to alter the general argument,' but only 'to insert further details of evidence, and to correct some few statements,' not particularized. His fundamental postulates—the Homogeneity of Human Races, and the Spontaneous and Independent Origin of Civilizations; his fundamental hypothesis of the origin, the notion of 'Spirits,' 'Souls,' and 'Gods,' from Savage cogitations on Shadows, etc.; and his fundamental self-contradiction in both accepting COMTE'S Fetishism, and treating it as a subordinate department of the theory of 'Spirits'—these all, therefore, remain unchanged in Dr. TYLOR'S theory of Animism. And it is to these positions and their implications that Zoönism is opposed.

^b *Golden Bough*, i. 9.

'primitive man,' and one only can be primary, while the other is but secondary. A theory of the Conflict of Higher and Lower Races as the main condition of the Origin of Civilization naturally leads to attributing chiefly to the Higher Races, after they had obtained leisure for intellectual development, that one of these antagonistic notions requiring the greater degree of such development. Hence, it is the more concrete notion of Sentient Powers, rather than the more abstract one of Animating Spirits, that we are led to regard as primary. A Method of collecting Folklore, of which the principles are derived from such an Historical theory, will, therefore, lead us to separate as clearly as possible Culture- from Folk-notions. An utterly indiscriminating Method is, on the contrary, that on which is based those collections of Folklore which give plausibility to the theory of Animism. And the opposition of Zoönism and Animism is, therefore, first of all, an opposition of fundamental Method.

It is, however, to my *Appendix* of Classified Facts that I would chiefly refer critics of my theory of Zoönism, and criticism of Animism. With reference to what I have classed as Zoönist Facts, the question is, does not consideration of these Facts, as here analysed, justify my definition of Zoönist Ideas? Considering what I have classed as Supernalist Facts, the question is, do not these Facts form an incomparably sounder basis for the later development of notions of Supernatural Beings than the utterly unverified hypothesis suggested by the authors of the theory of Animism? Finally, does not consideration of the Facts classed as Magicianist show that they can be deduced only from such conceptions as those defined as Zoönist, and as Supernalist? And yet further support of the theory

of Zoönism will, I think, be given by the facts indicated, at least, in the sequel, as to the development of Supernaturalism.

§ 5a. But we shall hardly have a due apprehension of Pagan or Folk Conceptions without some consideration of the Social Conduct which is their correlate. For, as noted in the *General Preface* to these Researches, the third of the three more and more clearly verified ideas of the New Philosophy of History is that of the correlation of all Social Facts. And hence, as the essential characteristic of the Pagan Conception of Nature is, as we have seen, an intuition of its Solidarity, through the Mutual Influences of its Parts conceived as Sentient Powers, we should conclude that the Social Conduct found with such a conception of Nature is essentially Moral. For what is Morality? *Conduct governed by regard for others.* And the Law of Correlation is here again vindicated in the fact that, with the Pagan conception of the Solidarity of Nature, there is unquestionably found the correlative conception of the Solidarity of the Kin; an intuition, therefore, of the social effects of individual conduct so far, at least, as the Kin is concerned; and hence, so powerful a control of individual conduct by regard for others—others, at least, of the Kin—as to make Conduct, though not ‘Civilized,’ essentially Moral. I must here regretfully forego any such detailed reference to the older Customs of Paganism as would demonstrate this conception, or rather intuition, of Social Solidarity in the pains voluntarily undergone by individuals in connection more particularly with Puberty, with Marriage, with Child-birth, with Blood-mingling, and with Death.^a For I have space here

^a See more particularly FRAZER, *Golden Bough*, and HARTLAND, *Legend of Perseus*; and I would especially draw attention to Mr. HARTLAND’S explanation of the *Couvade*, ii., chap. xv., pp. 400,

only to recall to the reader some illustrations of the Moral Characteristics of Greek Folk-poesy, notwithstanding the upbreak, abolition, or modification, so long since, of old Pagan Customs, and the very slight traces to be found in that Folk-poesy of distinctively Christian ideas. Illustrations of the Moral Characteristics of Greek Folk-poesy fall naturally into two Classes. The First of these Classes includes illustrations of only the more superficial characteristics of that Folk-poesy—the evidences we find in it of (1) Family Affection, and Sexual Purity; of (2) the Social Virtues of Truthfulness, Honesty, and Greatheartedness; and of (3) Patriotic Self-devotion and Brotherly Fidelity. But profounder characteristics of Greek Folk-poesy are those indicated in our Second Class of illustrative Incidents—those evidencing the character of the effective Moral Sanction.

§ 5*b*. As to the First Class. In illustration of (1) Family Affection, and Sexual Purity, I would refer more particularly to the Songs relating to the *Χενητενομένοι*, the 'Exiles,' as they are termed—sons, sweethearts, or husbands, whose breadwinning takes them to far countries; ^a or containing such narratives as that of a Sister's rescue from Charon himself by her Brothers; ^b or even of a Brother rising from the grave to fetch his sister 'from Babylon' to console their mother; ^c to such Stories as those which tell how a Daughter saved her Father's life, and obtained his pardon and reinstatement in his possessions; ^d or how a Son got himself sold as a slave so that his impoverished mother might live comfortably; ^e or how the Daughter of the 'Stingy Woman' went

407, etc., as a much more general institution than usually supposed, and one of which 'it is a mistake to see the origin in a legal form' as Dr. TYLOR does.

^a Vol. i., pp. 162-165.

^b *Ibid.*, p. 93.

^c *Ibid.*, p. 243.

^d Vol. ii., pp. 357-360.

^e *Ibid.*, pp. 361-367.

even to Hell to seek and save her Mother ;^a and finally, I would here refer to the pathetic *Moirológia*, or Dirges, when of one or other of its members the Family has been bereft.^b As to the Sexual Purity of Greek Folk-poesy, it is distinctively Pagan, not Christian. In other words, it is not that *ascetic* purity of abstinence from sexual relations of which the result, as so abundantly evidenced by the realities of the history of Christian Morals, is but a specially nauseous impurity. It is that *natural* purity which arises from, at least, the general predominance of affection over passion, and which, in Love-song and -story, shows itself in a complete absence of lewd suggestiveness.^c

Of (2) the Truthfulness, Honesty, and Greatheartedness of the Pagan Heroes of Greek Folk-poesy,^d my space here permits only of single illustrations. 'Consider

^a Vol. ii., pp. 290-294.

^b Vol. i., pp. 95-100.

^c What underlies the hypocrisies of Christian Morals is interestingly shown by the writings of our emancipated Eves. And so inconceivable seems to them the noble reticence of these Greek Love-songs and -stories that already, since the publication of the first of these volumes last June, letters have been received from the fair Sisterhood confidently insisting that, in the Originals, all *must* have been described that occurs to their own lewd imaginations. This is detailed by their facile pens, in but partially disguised handwriting. And what they fancy is merely the translator's 'prudery,' they sharply resent and condemn as, in the words of one of these letters, 'an anachronism and an atopism covering with modern and northern reserves the unashamed nakedness, innocent rather than impure, with which a Southern people fronts the relations of Sex.' The fact, however, is, that whatever has been translated has been literally and fully translated. Further, the only pieces in the whole Corpus of Greek Folk-poesy of which examples have not been given have been those of such a coarsely expressed comic character as the Satires on Monks and Nuns. And not only the fact of the extreme outspokenness about sexual matters usual in the Levant, but the printing of every word of the Satires by the Greek collectors sufficiently guarantees their having in no way bowdlerized the Love-songs and -stories.

^d Compare CAMPBELL, *West Highland Tales*, iv. p., 169 : 'A remarkable feature in these [Gaelic] poems is the magnanimity and gallantry which distinguish their heroes, though mixed with much barbarism and fierceness.'

well,' said the King to him, 'and don't tell us lies, or off will go thy head.' 'A Man,' replied the Prince, 'who has resolved to deliver a Princess from death or to sacrifice his own life, never tells lies.'^a In another story, a goat having escaped from the flock herded by an unfortunate Prince, a Wild Man appeared to him who said, 'I enticed away the goat that I might show myself to thee, and put an end to thy misfortunes.' But the Prince replied, 'I must first take back the goat to my master, and then, if thou desire it, I will return.'^b And in another, a youth having been discovered 'sleeping like one dead,' 'That's lucky,' said one of the Forty Dhrakos; 'we shall sup finely to-night!' 'Never,' cried another, 'it is not honourable to kill him while he sleeps. We must first awaken him, and fight him one by one.' 'No,' replied the eldest brother, 'that will not do either, for one to fight against forty; but we will kill him if we beat him at feats.' 'Very well,' said all the brothers. And the hero having beaten them all in playing at ball, 'Our word is our word,' said they, and they married him to their sister.^c

Finally, as to (3) Patriotic Self-devotion and Brotherly Fidelity, all the Historical Ballads and Legends may be cited in evidence. Evidence the Ballads also, indeed afford of occasional treacheries among the Klephts themselves^d and occasinal ferocities against their Turkish foes.^e But incomparably more fully do they attest that generation after generation, mothers have sent their sons to battle against the Turks, and that, to mothers less heroic, sons have cried:

'I tell thee, mother, ne'er will I to base Turks be enslavéd;
I cannot bear it, mother mine—my heart would die within me.
My gun I'll take, and I will go—I'll go and be a Klephti'—^f

^a Vol. ii., p. 105.

^b *Ibid.*, p. 171.

^c *Ibid.*, p. 69.

^d Vol. ii., pp. 350, 360.

^e *Ibid.*, p. 342.

^f Vol. i., pp. 377, 387.

—attest that in Klephtic bands innumerable

‘They’ve made an oath upon the sword, three oaths on the
tophaiki,
That when a comrade should fall sick, then would they all stand by
him.’^a

and that rarely has such an oath not been sacredly
kept :—attest that, generation after generation, there has
arisen from patriot ranks the Homeric shout :

Λεβέντες κάμετε καρδιά, σα χριστιανοὶ φανήτε !
Τους Τούρκους γὰ παστρέψομε !^b

‘Take heart, my warriors, and show that ye are men and Christians !
We’ll clear the Turks from out the land !’

—and that this has been not sworn only, but in so great
part done that but little more is needed to complete the
heroic task.

§ 5c. But even if it be granted, as I think it must be,
that regard for some Others is no less original a correlate
of regard for Self than consciousness of some Others is
of consciousness of Self, the question may still arise,
Whether the regard for Others which makes Conduct
moral is, if not originated by Supernatural Grace, fostered
by Supernatural Sanctions? To such a question with
reference to the Morality of Greek Folk-life, the answer
is supplied by our Second Class of facts illustrative of
the Moral Characteristics of Greek Folk-poesy. These
facts show that the regard for Others, which makes
Conduct moral, is generally and effectually fostered,
among the Greek Folk, not by Supernatural, but *only*
by Natural Sanctions—the penalties, namely, which, in
the case of Conduct disregardful of Others within certain
limits, regard for Others automatically inflicts, first, in

^a Vol. i., p. 347.

^b Vol. i., p. 308. As I have, there, noted (^b) ‘the true equivalent
of the *χριστιανοὶ* of the text would be “Greeks” rather than Chris-
tians.’

the remorse which it excites in the individual, and, secondly, in the detestation which it excites in his social environment. And these are some of the facts I would submit as evidence of this possibly somewhat startling proposition. So far, at least, as the Customs and Poesy of the Greek Folk testify, there is no practical, as distinguished from merely professed, belief in the *sine quâ non* of the Christian, as of all other Supernatural, Sanctions—a separable and immortal ‘soul,’ destinable to endless torment or endless bliss. I would refer more particularly to the whole body of the Charonic lyrics, and of the *Moirológia*, or Dirges, and also to the pieces relating to Vampires, and testifying to belief in the ‘soul,’ if so we may call the life, of the Corpse, being still in it, and rendering it capable even of rising from the Grave. To die, therefore, is simply to be carried off from home and friends, and all the joys of ὁ ἄνω κόσμος, the Upper World, by the remorseless Charon. In the *Moirológia*, the mourners in no single instance console themselves with the hope or belief that the beloved dead are in a state of bliss. Even in the Songs specially distinguished as Θρησκευτικὰ—Religious, or Christian—there is seldom other difference made between the condition in the Other-world of Good and Bad, or rather, as indeed with Jesus himself, Poor and Rich,^a than that the Poor are in the warm sunshine, and the Rich in the chilly shade.^b In one instance, indeed, in the foregoing Collection, such a Hell as that of the *Gospels*^c is described;

^a See Renan, *Vie de Jésus*, p. 179. ‘Le pur ébionisme, c’est-à-dire la doctrine que les pauvres (*ébionim*) seuls seront sauvés, que le règne des pauvres va venir, fut donc la doctrine de Jésus. Malheur à vous, riches, disait il, car vous avez votre consolation. Malheur à vous qui êtes maintenant rassasiés, car vous aurez faim,’ etc.

^b See *The Visit to Paradise and Hell*, vol. i., p. 106.

^c As people are now apt not only to forget, but to deny, that eternal damnation was one of the chief doctrines preached by

but it is in such a way as to make one suspect not belief in, but revolt at its horrors, and therewith satire on Christian morality.^a Nor only are the Saints, and particularly St. George,^b and even the *Panaghta*,^c described as anything but Divine personages; but God Himself is represented as a pander;^d and when, as an Old Man, He offers Himself as Godfather to a child, He is rejected by its father as not the 'Just One' he seeks.^e Death is the only 'Just One,' and Fate, rather than Providence, rules the world. After numberless sufferings and dangers, all, indeed, ends happily for the Heroes of the Stories.^f 'But,' adds the narrator, with pleasantly cynical unbelief in Virtue's sure reward, 'I was not there, and neither were you, so you need not believe it.'^g With similar,

Christ Himself, it may be well to recall a few passages: 'The Son of man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them that do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth' (*Matt.* xi. 41, 42) . . . 'shall be cast into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth' (*Ibid.*, viii. 12). 'It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched' (*Mark* ix. 43, 44).

^a The girl sees her mother in one of the cauldrons with lurid fires under them, and takes hold of her to rescue her. For this she is punished, as she had been told she would be, if she thus gave way to natural affection. 'No one can save her now,' says Christ to the heart-broken daughter. But, as she herself was safe, 'Be thou glad at heart,' He says, 'and go home to thy house.'

^b Who, for instance, when more highly bribed by the Turkish youth than by the girl he has hidden, discovers her hiding-place to the ravisher. See vol. i., p. 105.

^c "Thou dog! Thou gipsy dog!" says the Blessed Virgin, with an amusing unconventionality. Vol. i., p. 116.

^d Sigropoulos prays to God that he may find the man, whose wife he covets, undressed and defenceless. 'And as he prayed, so it fell out, for Yiannakos was sleeping.' Vol. i., p. 240.

^e See *above*, p. 408.

^f Mr. NUTT has very suggestively contrasted the optimistic and happily ending Idylls and Tales of Folk-poesy with the fatalistic and tragic character of the great heroic Legends and Ballads. HYDE'S *Beside the Fire, Postscript*, lvi., lvii.

^g See, for instance, *above*, pp. 207 and 282.

but more serious unbelief, Cretan patriots, undismayedly fronting their Turkish foes, exclaim,

‘Belike you may the victors be, for miscreants are you!’

‘And so,’ the ballad continues,

‘And so the parley ended, and began the battle’s din!’^a

Life seems, indeed, in Greek Folk-poesy, ever to be regarded with a Classical sanity,^b without Christian, or other, unverifiable illusions. There is no pessimistic outcry, and what Life offers of Good is frankly enjoyed. But for all that, Life’s three great events—Birth, Marriage, and Death—are characterized as what, in fact, for the vast majority, they have, for unnumbered millenniums, been, and still are—*Tὰ τρία κακά τῆς Μοιρῆς*, ‘The Three Evils of Destiny.’^c

APPENDIX.

CLASSES OF ZOÖNIST, SUPERNALIST AND MAGICIANIST FACTS.

I.—ZOÖNIST FACTS.

(I.) OBJECTS AS RESPONSIVELY SENTIENT POWERS.

1. *Sympathetic Inanimates.*

THE Sun is represented as pityingly addressing a sad and lonely Deer (i., 52); as sleeping on the hill (i., 172); as having a Mother (i., 82); and as angry with the Moon and Stars (i., 87). The Morning Star is spoken of as a man whom a widow’s daughter desires for her husband (i., 121); and as the sweetheart of the North Wind’s Mother (i., 170). The Moon weeps in sympathy

Vol. i., p. 304.

^b I regret that I can here only commend to the reader a comparison of the world-view of Modern Greek Folk-poesy with that of Classical Greek Culture-poesy.

^c HEUZEY, *Le Mont Olympe et l’Acarnanie*.

with the sorrowing Virgin (i., 114); is prayed to by a child going to a night-school in the bad times of Turkish oppression (i., 282, 283); and discovers the kiss of lovers (i., 137). The Stars are brimming with tears (i., 114); and the words used in speaking of the setting of the Morning Star, as likewise of the Sun—*βασιλεύω* and *βασιλευμα*—denote also reigning as a king (i., 64). Earth opens her mouth three times to swallow the murderers of Dimos, and three times vomits them forth again, 'for murderers she liked not' (i., 420). The Wind questions the Mountains (i., 310); and sleeps on the plain (i., 172). The Mountains also ask and answer questions (i., 311); grieve for the absence of the Klephts (*ibid.*); or are wrathful when their inhabitants are carried away captive (i., 352). Proudly Olympos disputes with Kissavos, and boasts of his glories (i., 57); or, falling in love with his fellow-mountain, now called by the feminine name of Ossa, they become the parents of the Klepht Vlachava (i., 327), whose head, when he is slain, his faithful dog carries to his mother Ossa, and buries in the snows of her bosom. Fountains, pouring out tears, lament the death of the Klephts who formerly frequented them (i., 128). Lovers would fain transform themselves into Rivers, and so consciously embrace their mistresses and rid themselves of the poison of passion (i., 128). And even the Dead are conceived as still conscious in their tombs (i., 98); and they occasionally issue therefrom as Vampires (i., 77, 243; ii., 168). Nor these greater 'Inanimates' only, as we conceive them, but things inanimate of all kinds—Inanimates of Art as well as of Nature—are represented as living, and sympathetically living. A Bridge is rent in twain, and a Stream ceases to flow on hearing the sad lament of a widow (i., 200). A Ship is fascinated by the song of a Siren (i., 61); or stops sailing, horrified by the groan of a galley-slave (i., 284); or compelled by the magic of a wish (ii., 4). Her Pillow and Couch sympathetically respond to the complaint of a forsaken wife (i., 194). A Knife, Cord, and Stone respond to and counsel a distressed Princess (ii., 44). Doors open wide from fear (i., 116). And even a Gravestone feels and speaks (i., 76).

2. *Sympathetic Plants.*

To pass from what we ordinarily consider inanimate to animate Nature, Vegetable and Animal. Trees, and especially the Cypress (i., 57), Apple (i., 58), and Rose-tree (i., 129); and Fruits—Lemons and Apples (i., 118); and Flowers—Sweet Basil and Carnation, are all endowed with human feeling and speech. The Cypress beneath which a Bishop is beheaded dies of grief (i., 285); and—as in Scotland the 'Flowers of the Forest,' after the battle of Flodden (1513), so, in a contemporary ballad, the flowers after a Cretan battle (i., 305) lie withered on the ground.

3. *Sympathetic Animals.*

It is Birds—Eagles (i., 289), Partridges (i., 316), and Crows (i., 376), Cuckoos (i., 361), Blackbirds (*ibid.*), and Nightingales

(i., 278)—who sing the dirges of the slain, or give warning to the living of death or betrayal. 'That he may gossip with birds' (*νάχω μὲ τὰ πουλιὰ κουβέντα*) the dying Klepht begs that he may be carried up to a mountain ridge to die (i., 385). A Bird, *πουλι*, bewails her hard lot in colloquy with a king's daughter (i., 55); an Eagle predicts the fortune of a Princess (ii., 40); a Partridge reproves an erring Bulgarian girl (i., 132); an Owl heralds the approach of Vampires (i., 77); and a Stork assists St. Demetra to find her daughter (ii., 172). And so, among Beasts, Lions (ii., 215) as well as Dogs (ii., 257) come to the assistance of heroes; nor are Horses less helpful: a Horse understands the entreaties of his mistress and wins a wager for his master (i., 55); counsels his master how to win a maiden (i., 272); or warns a maiden against his master (i., 142); a Deer complains to the Sun of the cruel hunter who has killed her child and her husband (i., 52); a Mouse advises and saves from danger a Prince (ii., 258); a Snake suggests the remedy for a wounded youth (ii., 10); and a Golden Fish teaches a powerful charm to a Halfman (ii., 159). Finally, even Insects, such as Bees and Ants, are associated with heroes as their helpers (ii., 210).

(II.) THE SOLIDARITY OF OBJECTS THROUGH MUTUAL INFLUENCES.

1. *Life-Correlates.*

What I have termed Life-Correlates may be distinguished as (1) *External-accidental*, (2) *Personal*, and (3) *External-essential*.

The first, or *External-accidental*, may be illustrated by the following farewell charge of a Klepht to his mother:

'And plant for thee a rose-bush fair, and plant a clove carnation,
And while they blossom, mother mine, and while they put forth
flowers,
Know that thy son is living still and 'gainst the Turks is fighting.
But when that sad, sad day shall come, when comes that bitter
morning,
The morn when both those plants shall die, and faded fall their
blossoms,
Know that thy son all wounded lies, in weeds of black array
thee' (i. 342).

What I would distinguish as (2) *Personal Life-correlates* may be illustrated by the following:

'The Stork, which had helped him (the hero) so well, then fell upon the prostrate Agha, pecked out his eyes, and plucked out a white hair which was visible in the black tuft with which his head was surmounted. On this hair depended the life of the Turkish Magician, who immediately expired' (ii. 175).

The third kind of Life-Correlates, the *External-essential*, are such as that of the Half-man-half-iron:

'My strength,' he said, 'is in a wild boar which lives on such and such a mountain. It has a silver tusk ; in this tusk is a hare ; the hare has in its inside three pigeons, and in them resides my strength' (*Women of Turkey*, ii. 334).

The first of the above distinguished three sets, or species, of Life-Correlates includes the facts usually detailed under the title 'Life-token, or Life-index' (HARTLAND, *Perseus*, ii.), while the third includes those illustrative of what, as I think, is most misleadingly termed 'The External Soul' (FRAZER, *Golden Bough*, ii. 296). I think, however, that it is of great importance for the due understanding of all these sets of facts to bring them under such a general head as that of *Life-Correlates*. And I submit that their explanation is to be found, not in an hypothesis of the 'divisibility of Personality' (*Perseus*, ii., pp. 56 fol., iii., pp. 185 fol.), but in the fact that the notion of an *isolated* Personality has not yet arisen, and that, instead of it, we find the conception of a *universal* Solidarity.

2. *The Evil Eye.*

The belief in the power to exert a malign influence by a mere look and wish, and the power, on the other hand, of certain acts, gestures, words, and objects to counteract such malign influence, is evidently a further illustration of belief in the Solidarity and Mutual Influence of persons and things. It is, of course, in Folk-custom rather than in Folk-poesy that illustrations are to be found of this belief. For illustrations in Folk-custom I would refer generally to ELWORTHY, *The Evil Eye*, and also to our *Women and Folklore of Turkey* for illustrations not only among Christians (i. 145, 191, 339), but Jews (ii. 68), and Moslems (ii. 469, 475). The most curious feature perhaps about this notion is, that the malign influence is so generally believed to be exerted by eulogistic words, that, if no evil is meant, it is customary to say or do something of a contrary character (*Women of Turkey*, ii. 475). partly, perhaps, because of distrust of fair words, and partly because of such general experience of evil that it is feared lest the Fates or Charon be provoked either by eulogium of others, or congratulation of oneself.

In illustration of the former I may recall :

'Two brothers had a sister dear, through all the world renownéd,
The envy of the neighbourhood, the belle of all the village ;
And Charon looks with jealous eye, and for himself he'd take
her' (i. 93).

And in illustration of the latter, or of what would in Scottish phrase be called *forespeaking oneself*, I may cite :

'There boasted once a cherished one, she had no fear of Charon ;
For she had nine tall brothers bold, and Konstantine for husband.
And Charon somehow heard of it, some bird the tale had told
him,
And he set forth and came to them while seated at their dinner'
(i. 89).

Or again,

‘ From towering mountain-summit down there strolled a young
levéntö,
 His fez on one side cocked he wore, and loosely hung his gaiters.
 And Charon looked at him, he looked, and much was he dis-
 pleased,
 And seized him by his flowing hair and by his right hand held
 him’ (i. 90).

3. *Blood-Correlates.*

But if, as we have seen, the conception of a general Solidarity is testified to by such facts as have been indicated under the heads of *Life-Correlates*, and the *Evil Eye*, we may expect it to be especially illustrated in the case of those of the same blood. Hence we find such passages in the Folk-songs as the following :

‘ By Brotherhood the hills are rent, and torn the spreading tree-
 roots ;
 Out in pursuit goes Brotherhood and triumphs over Charon’ (i. 93).
 Again—

‘ The river swept two brothers down, with kisses intertwined ;
 And one unto the other said, and one said to the other :
 “ O tightly, tightly grasp me now, nor, brother, from me sever,
 For, if we once should separate, we’d ne’er be reunited ”’ (i. 94).

Even by death this Solidarity is not always dissolved, and Konstantine hears in his grave his mother’s cry :

‘ Arise, arise, O Konstantine, arise and bring her to me !’

And

‘ The tombstone cold a horse becomes, and the black earth a saddle,
 The worms are changed to Konstantine, who goes to fetch his
 sister’ (i. 244).

With such Solidarity there naturally goes speciality of Mutual Influence, which may be thus illustrated in the case of a father and his sons :

‘ Andronikos at table sat, there came to him a presage :
 The bread which in his hand he held grew hard as ’twere a pebble ;
 The wine which in his hand he held became like blood and
 troubled.
 “ Now somewhere in the world the Turks do sore oppress my
 children ” !’ (i. 238).

And so with the father of Konstantine, when his son was shut up in a tower of iron—

‘ And as his father sat at meat, away in Babylonia,
 The wine, as he was drinking it, turned turbid in the wine-cup.
 “ Now know I that this day my son within a trap is taken ” !’ (i. 236).

But it is Folk-custom rather than Folk-poesy that testifies to the feeling of Solidarity among those of the same Blood, and hence to the Mutual Influences believed to be exerted by members of the kindred or tribe. And, indeed, unless they are referred to this conception of *identity of Blood*, and hence *speciality of Mutual Influence*, the more characteristic Folk-customs are wholly inexplicable. And I would refer especially to customs connected with Puberty, particularly that of girls ; with Marriage ; with Child-birth, and particularly the *Couvade* in its more general meaning (see *above*, p. 498) ; with Bloodmingling, and with Death.

(III.) OBJECTS AS UNLIMITEDLY TRANSFORMATIVE POWERS.

1. *Environment-Transformations.*

A Nereid Queen who has emerged from a citron is, when thrown by a Negress into a Well, transformed into a Golden Eel. When the Eel has been killed and eaten, its bones, thrown into the Garden, become a Lemon-tree covered with fruit and blossom. The Lemon-tree is rooted up and its branches lopped off, but out of the Trunk the Nereid again appears in her original form (ii. 23). In one Cinderella story, when the two wicked sisters have killed and eaten their mother, the Heroine subjects her bones for forty days to fumigations with Incense, and then finds them changed to jewels and beautiful clothes. In another version Cinderella, after she is slain by her sisters, emerges from her Burial-place in the shape of a bird. The bird is shot, but three drops of its blood which fall in the Courtyard become an apple-tree which in a year's time bears fruit. The tree is cut down, but from one of its Apples, which has been begged by a passing old woman, Cinderella again emerges as beautiful as ever, and with her betrothal ring still on her finger (ii. 116). An *Archonta's* daughter, of whom it has been foretold that she shall marry her father, to prevent this, compasses his death. But an apple-tree grows up from his Grave, and in consequence of eating of its fruit she becomes the mother of a child. This last illustrates that transformation to which under the title of the *Supernatural Birth* Mr. HARTLAND has devoted vol. i. of his 'Legend of Perseus.' But as I have said, in the text, it is to be regarded rather as an *abnormal* than as a *supernatural* incident.

2. *Self-Transformation.*

In return for services rendered, a Hero receives from a community of Ants, and from an Eagle, the power of transforming himself at will into an Eagle, or Ant (ii. 212). A Magician and his servant acquire by drinking a certain Red Water the faculty of transforming themselves alternately into a pigeon, an eagle, a fly, a fly-catcher-bird, a carnation, a venerable old Turk, millet, a hen and chickens, a fox, and a handsome Prince (ii. 146). A Frog is able to assume human form, and again to become a Frog at will (ii. 48).

3. *Other-Will-Transformation.*

Two princes are transformed respectively into a Horse and a Dog by the stroke of a Wand (ii. 86). Another Wand, when struck on the pavement by a Frog-princess, becomes a golden coach with horses (ii. 51). A Curse pronounced by an offended mistress transforms a Prince into a Snake (ii. 157). And, in order to hide him from a Drakos, a slap from a captive maiden turns a Hero into the Oriental equivalent of a Birch-broom (ii. 148).

II.—SUPERNALIST FACTS.

(I.) OBJECTS AS THEMSELVES SUPERIOR POWERS.

1. *Inanimates—Greater or Less.*

Such Elemental Powers as those to which Prometheus appealed (*above*, p. 485), Sun and Moon and Stars, Earth and Sea, Rivers and their Fountains, etc.

2. *Plants and Animals.*

The Oak and Corn, etc. ; the Horse and Cow, etc.

3. *Persons—Men and Women.*

Individuals who, either as belonging to a higher Race, or as otherwise differing, impress themselves as possessed of superior powers.

(II.) PERSONIFICATIONS AND INCARNATIONS OF ENERGIES.

1. *Fates, etc.*

The three Fates ; the Fatescribe ; Good Luck. The three Stoicheia of the World. Charon, and the Mother of Charon ; the Mother of the Sun ; the Mother, also the Stoicheion, of the Sea ; the Mother of the North Wind ; the Lamia of the Sea ; of the Almond, and Walnut-tree ; and the Stoicheion of the Plane-tree, Gorgons, Sirens, etc.

2. *Kings.*

Weather Kings ; Kings of Fire and Water ; Kings of the Wood, etc.

3. *Gods and Goddesses.*

Adonis, Attis, Osiris, Dionysos, Demeter and Persephóné, Lityersas (see *Golden Bough*, i. ch. 3).

(III.) PERSONS REMEMBERED AS SUPERIOR POWERS.

1. *Higher Races.*

If, for instance, Matriarchal Women were generally of a Higher White Race, then, as I have suggested (*Women of Turkey*, v. II, *Origin of Matriarchy*), *Swan-maidens* may be a mythical reminiscence of them.

2. *Tribal Ancestors and Inventors of Arts.*

For instance, the later 'Gods of Samothrace' may have been originally the first Metallurgists (see ROSSIGNOL, *Les Métaux dans l'Antiquité, Origines religieuses de la Metallurgie*, and my *Gods of Samothrace*, *Contemporary Review*, April, 1882).

3. *Lower Races.*

For instance, as Mr. MACRITCHIE particularly has shown to be, at least, probable, an Early Dwarf Race, possessed of what appeared magical powers, were the origin of stories of *Fairies*.

* * * * *

But it is impossible here to give anything like an adequate statement, or even indication of those facts of Folk-mythology which, due as they are to the Zoönist Folk-conception of Nature, were the basis of the later Culture Mythology, and of Religions in which fictitious Gods rather than actual Powers of Nature were worshipped.

III.—MAGICIANIST FACTS.

Of these facts, the explanation of which forms the chief verification of the above generalizations as to the Zoönist conception of Nature, I can here only indicate the three chief classes :

- (I.) Magic of Operation.
- (II.) " " Divination.
- (III.) " " Co-operation.

By this last I mean to indicate the ceremonies at the Folk-Festivals of Nature. (See FRAZER, *Golden Bough*.)

[*Exigencies of space and of expense make it impossible here to give more than, as above, the first of those three Sections which I have indicated in the Preamble as necessary for a complete demonstration of the Survival of Paganism (pp. 469-70-71). Nor, though the investigation has, in fact, been completed in those other divisions of it which should have formed the subjects of two other Sections, can I here do more than refer the reader to the Analytical Table (pp. 527, 528) for an indication of what the contents would have been of such complementary Sections. And in the Summary to which I now proceed, I can only, in the briefest manner, state the general results of the studies complementary to that of which the results with reference to the Characteristic Conceptions of Paganism have been given in some detail in the foregoing First Section.*]

SUMMARY.

THE HISTORICAL RESULT OF THE INVESTIGATION.

WHAT is the origin of the notion of Supernatural Gods? The facts and conclusions indicated, or stated, in the foregoing First *Section* and its *Appendix*, are, if verifiable, of revolutionary importance with respect to current answers to this question, and hence with respect to current theories of the origin and nature of Religion even when defined—not as it usually implicitly or explicitly is, as ‘Christianity,’ but—as more broadly by Dr. Tylor—as ‘the belief in Spiritual Beings.’^a For the general result of these facts and conclusions is, that the primitive Folk-conception of Nature is a notion of it as made up of mutually influencing Powers; a notion,

^a *Prim. Cult.*, i. 383.

therefore, of the predictableness of the events, and controllableness of the forces of Nature by knowledge of these Powers; and hence a notion the very antithesis of that derived from a belief in Spiritual Beings whose action on Nature is wilful and arbitrary, or, in a word, Supernatural. Neither, then, the notion of Spirits, nor the notion of Supernatural Action, is of a primitive character, or to be found in Folk-beliefs uninfluenced by Culture-conceptions. What was the true origin of these notions? I submit that the answer to this question, as to so many other questions not verifiably answerable on current Theories of the Origin of Civilisation, is to be derived only from the facts on which I have insisted as the main condition of these Origins—the facts implied in the Conflict of Higher and Lower Races. It was under the Conditions of this Conflict that the Folk-conception of Supernals—Superiorly powerful Things and Persons, or personified Energies of such Things and Persons—was developed into the Culture-, rather than Folk-conception of Spiritual and Supernatural Beings. For materially conceived Supernals were naturally less and less concretely conceived by more intellectually developed Races or Classes, and hence, from Material, were transformed into Spiritual, Beings. And naturally also the Higher Races, breaking up the social conditions, and hence the Morality, of the Lower Races, were, with conscious or unconscious purpose, impelled, for their own preservation, and that of the new social economy which they founded, to supplement Natural by Supernatural Sanctions, in developing Supernal into Supernatural Beings, Lords of Otherworld Heavens and Hells, Gods who could be appeased only by the Priests of the Higher Races. *Primos in orbe Deos fecit timor.* Nay! Fear is by no means the natural emotion of

Man amid the powers of Nature. On the contrary, nothing is at once more remarkable and more charming in Folk-lore than the faith expressed, now, in the sympathy of the Nature-powers, and now, in Man's ability to control them when antagonistic.^a It would appear, therefore, more true to say that it was the Gods who created Fear. And it was the Higher Races who, in their conflict with the Lower, created the Gods, and elaborated the Hells.

But to a question no less deep-reaching than that as to the origin of the notion of Supernatural Gods, our investigation of the Survival of Paganism suggests an answer—the question as to the origin of the notion of Natural Causation. For consider, first, some of the more famous statements in which this notion has been expressed. *Οὐκ ἔσκει δ' ἡ φύσις ἐπεισοδιώδης διυσα ἐκ τῶν φαινομένων ὥσπερ μοχθηρὰ τραγούδια*—('Nature is not episodic in its phenomena, like a bad tragedy,') said Aristotle.^b 'Actioni contrariam semper et

^a Very significant is, I think, in this relation, that wonderful contemporary engraving of Palæolithic Man not only standing up, in his nakedness, to the Mammoth, but attacking him with such a dart as our bravest hunter now would not trust to as his sole weapon. One recalls also that story of Sir Walter Scott being found, as a child, no whit terrified by a thunderstorm, but lying on his back exclaiming, as he witnessed the lightning flashes, 'Bonny, bonny!' And one may likewise note how remarkably fearless animals are even still with each other, and after all hereditary experiences—how some children, and girls as well as boys, go up to and caress strange cattle, horses and dogs, however large; and how small terriers, and even kittens, will face, nay, amaze by attacking, in play, or earnest, big St. Bernards. Animals are, indeed, physically, and, therefore, mentally discomposed by unusual electric, and other atmospheric conditions; and so doubtless was primitive man. But such occasional discomposures could hardly be *alone* adequate to produce permanent religious fear. And my contention is, that fear was not specially developed and exploited till the establishment—at what is now an approximately dateable period—of the Hell-Religions of Civilization.

^b *Metaph.*, xiii., iii.

æqualem esse reactionem: sive corporum duorum actiones in se mutuo semper esse æquales et in partes contrarias dirigi' — ('Action and reaction are equal and opposite: or the actions of two bodies on each other are always equal and directed to opposite parts'), said Newton,^a and demonstrated, not the idea merely, but the Law of Mutual Attraction. 'I have long,' said Faraday, 'held an opinion almost amounting to conviction that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest . . . are so directly related and mutually dependent, that they are convertible, as it were, one into another, and possess equivalence of power in their action.'^b Already Joule had stated the mechanical equivalent of heat;^c and the further demonstration of the equivalence of work done, and force expended was generalised in the Principle of the Conservation of Energy.^d And this Principle of Conservation which, as at present stated, is a Law of Transformation, I have stated as a Principle of Co-existence^e—and in these terms: *Every Existent determines and is determined by Co-existents.*^f And now

^a *Principia*, vol. i., p. 15.

^b *Experimental Researches*, vol. iii., p. 1; and *Philosophical Trans.* 1846 (read November 20, 1845).

^c In his first paper on *The Mechanical Value of Heat*, 1843.

^d See HELMHOLTZ, *Erhaltung der Kraft*, 1847; or translation by L. PERARD, *Conservation de la Force*, 1869.

^e Implicitly in my *Proposal of a General Mechanical Theory of Physics*, founded on the conception of Mutually-determining Centres of Energy, and read at the Meeting of the British Association, 1859, *Reports—Physical and Mathematical Section*, p. 58; and explicitly in *The New Philosophy of History* (1873), p. 158.

^f As I have above said (vol. i., p. 14), it is this principle, developed in correlative conceptions of the Atom, the Organism, and the State, that I would make the basis of the Sciences of Evolution. But its metaphysical application also may be briefly indicated by the following extracts. 'While Kaul denied to the mind any sort of knowledge antecedent to, or independent of, experience, he still maintained that the Mind possesses certain

if, after reflecting on these Culture-expressions of the notion of Natural Causation, one recalls the Folk-expressions of the notion of Mutual Influence, the answer to the question as to the origin of the notion of Natural Causation will hardly, I think, seem doubtful. It is but a developed and verified form of the Folk-intuition of the Solidarity of Nature. And securely established as Supernaturalist Religions seemed to be on the fears of men, Folk-lore and Culture-lore afford ample evidence, the one for the Lower, the other for the Higher Races or Classes, that Supernaturalist Beliefs were never universal. Neither in the one Class nor in the other, and least of all among the Priests of the higher ranks, was the primitive Zoönist Conception of Nature ever lost—the conception of Natural Objects as mutually influencing Powers. Magic was still practised by the Folk; and, on the basis of the fundamental intuition of Magic, Science was developed by the Priests. A very superficial view, therefore, it is, which represents the origin of European Philosophy and Science with Thales and the Hylozoists as due merely to the splendour of Greek genius. It was but part of the general Revolution of the Sixth Century B.C., and a publication and

“Forms,” destined to enfold, though requiring to be supplemented by the “Matter” of Experience. In opposition to this, it would, from the above principle, follow that the Mind is to be conceived as, not only in its *knowledge*, but in its *constitution*, dependent on the World; that this constitutional dependence, however, is not, as with the Materialists, a contingent and *sequential relation*; but such a necessary and *systematic correlation* that, not only our Cognitions, but our Faculties would not be such as they are, were not the World such as it is. . . . Thought and Existence are thus conceived as neither independent, as the Materialist maintains; nor identical as the Idealist contends; but correlative’ (*The New Philosophy of History* (1893), pp. 168-9). And I submit that the discovery of the true primitive intuition, but false primitive conceptions, of the Oneness of Nature, is an historical proof of this metaphysical theory.

development of ideas far from unknown in Priestly Colleges, notwithstanding the mythologic forms of their exoteric Cosmogonies. But synchronously with this New Philosophy developed by nameable individual thinkers, and recorded, not in mythic, but in scientific language, and not in hieroglyphic, but in alphabetic writing, there arose those New Moral Religions which made of this great Revolution the true Epoch from which date the Modern as distinguished from the Ancient Civilisations. Among these New Religions of the Sixth Century B.C. was one in which the general revolt against Mythologic Polytheism took the form of a specially absolute and anthropomorphic Supernaturalism — the Yahvehism of the Jews after the Babylonian Captivity. And the Semitic conception of a Creator-God outside and independent of Nature, becoming 500 years later the intellectual core of Aryan Christianity, such an antagonism was set up between the fundamental conceptions of Religion and of Science as to this day endures.

Within what time the full development at once and victory of the conception of Natural Causation—the conception of the Mutual Determination of the differentiated Energies of a Kosmos—will be general and assured, we cannot tell. But we may at least say that—notwithstanding the immense economic and political forces on the side of a discredited and uncredited Supernaturalism—the ultimate triumph of that Science which is but the splendid verification of the primitive Folk-intuition of the Solidarity of Nature appears as if it were in the drift of things. But if so, then, surveying Human History, do we not see before us three great Stages in the development of Human Thought—three Stages which, rationally connected, will form an Ultimate Law of

History? The First Stage is that which is still found in contemporary Thought—even as Archaian rocks are found cropping up through the latest strata—the Stage of the Primitive Folk-intuition of the Oneness of Nature, the Stage of the true intuition, but generally false conceptions of Mutual Influence. Then, there is the great Middle Stage, beginning with, or at least having its roots in, the earliest Chaldean and Egyptian Civilisations—the Stage of the Supernaturalist Religions, and of the long conflict between the Supernatural and Natural conceptions of Causation, a conflict which, since the Sixth Century B.C., has been especially marked by the differentiation of Philosophy and Religion, and, in Philosophy, of Idealism and Materialism. And now, see we not before us a Third Stage in that above indicated of the development and verification of the Primitive Folk-intuition? And what has led to this? There has been a more important interaction between Folk- and Culture-conceptions than that which I indicated in the *General Preface* to these Researches. For what has distinguished the great heroes of Science? It has been uniformly a profound conviction, with reference at least to some special class of phenomena, of that Oneness, that unepisodic character, that Solidarity of Nature which we have found to be a primitive intuition. But is the triumph of this Folk-conception the destruction of all Religions? Nay, it will only make evident that Religion must be otherwise and more largely defined than as ‘the belief in Spiritual Beings.’ It must be defined as what I submit that it has always in fact been, ‘an Ideal of Conduct derived from some general conception of the Environments of Existence.’ The Supernaturalist Conception of the Environments of Existence was not a primitive, but a secondary and

transitional, conception. But to that Supernaturalist Conception of the Environments of Existence, another is now succeeding, which should be indicated in that definition of the Third Stage of Human Thought which must constitute the last clause of an Ultimate Law of History. And whether the following is a verifiable statement of such a Law it will be the work of the rest of my life to inquire, and with the assistance, I would fain hope, of competent critics. *From the Primitive Intuition of the Oneness of Nature in unverified conceptions of the Mutual Influences of undifferentiated Sentient Powers, THOUGHT—after the differentiation of Psychical from Physical Development, as result of certain Conflicts of Higher and Lower Races—has advanced and advances, under the conditions of a Conflict between Folk- and Culture-conceptions, through differentiated and progressively antagonistic and abstract conceptions of Natural Powers and Supernatural Agents, to the truth of that Primitive Intuition in verified conceptions of the Mutual Determination of the differentiated Energies of a Kosmos.*^a

^a Whatever corrections may still have to be made in the statement of this Law, the twenty-three years of further research since my first statement of it (1873) do not seem to have been without result in developing it, at least, into a more fully verifiable form. For these were the terms of my first statement of this Law. *Thought, in its Differentiating and Integrating Activity, advances under Terrestrial conditions, from the conception of Onesided Determination, through the Differentiation of Subjective and Objective, to the conception of Mutual Determination—The New Philosophy of History* (1873), p. 191. The definition of the First Stage as one in which there was a general conception of 'Onesided Determination' was due to my too-hasty acceptance of Mr. Spencer's and Dr. Tylor's theory of 'Spirits.' This has been corrected by an independent and prolonged study of Folk-lore, and the editing of five Folk-lore Volumes. And the further corrections and amplifications in the statement now of this Law are due to those studies of the immense new results of research with reference to the primitive origins of Civilization to which I was impelled by the results of my own explorations, in 1880 and 1881, in Northern Hellas, and conclusions as to the derivative origins of Hellenic Civilization.



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